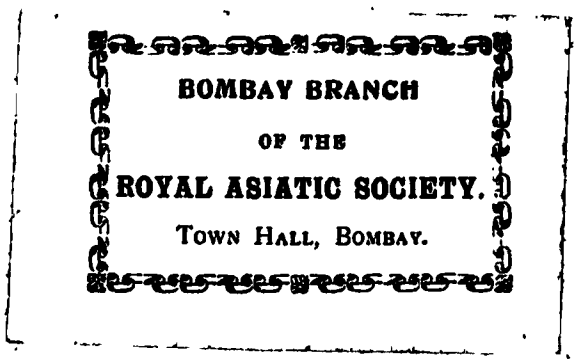
00081620



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018

Bombay Medical
Literary Society of Bombay

COMEDIES

OF

PLAUTUS,

TRANSLATED INTO

FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE,

By the Gentleman who translated THE CAPTIVES.

PLAUTUS
ARTES TUTETUR——
HOR. Lib. II. Epist. 1.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

81620
V-e-1.

LIBRARY OF THE ASIATIC

LONDON:
Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, in the Strand.

M DCC LXXII.

00081620

TO

DAVID GARRICK ESQUIRE

THIS TRANSLATION

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE REMAINING

COMEDIES OF PLAUTUS

BEING A CONTINUATION OF A WORK

SUCCESSFULLY BEGUN BY THE LATE

BONNELL THORNTON ESQUIRE

IS INSCRIBED

AS AN INSTANCE OF HIS SENSE OF

THE UNINTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP

WITH WHICH HE HAS LONG FAVOURED HIM

AS WELL AS IN PARTICULAR OF

HIS KIND ADVICE IN THE PROSECUTION OF IT

BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT

RICHARD WARNER

COMEDIES

CONTAINED IN

The THIRD VOLUME.

MENÆCHMI. *The* TWIN BROTHERS.
EPIDICUS. *The* DISCOVERY.
MOSTELLARIA. *The* APPARITION.
PSEUDOLUS. *The* CHEAT.

The FOURTH VOLUME.

STICHUS. CONJUGAL FIDELITY.
CISTELLARIA. *The* CASKET.
CURCULIO. *The* PARASITE.
TRUCULENTUS. *The* CHURL.
POENULUS. *The* CARTHAGINIAN.

ERRATA.

Third Volume.

Page 11. note l. 6. for *after* read *for*. p. 16. note l. 7. for *ſient* read *ſient*. p. 37. note l. 3. for *veſtri* read *veſtes*. p. 63. note l. 6. for *Æneus* read *Oeneus*. p. 65. v. 3. for *then* read *there*. p. 67. note l. 15. for Scene 1. read Scene IV. p. 70. l. 5. dele *ſolens*. p. 96. note l. 1. for *ſertum* read *ſcortum*. p. 113. l. 10. for *mihi* read *meum*. p. 128. note l. 3. after *love* add *with*. p. 155. note l. 9. for *curiales* read *eſcuriales*. p. 157. note l. 4. for *ſtarted* read *ſtartled*. ibid. l. 7. for *expect* read *ſuſpect*. p. 210. v. 17. dele *of us*. p. 215. l. 3. for *Vol.* read *Act*. p. 241. note l. 13. for *of* read *on*. p. 268. v. 268. after TRA. dele *apart*. p. 271. note l. 2. for *aura* read *ara*. p. 286. note l. 5. for *liber* read *libet*. ibid. for *madias* read *medio*. ibid. l. 26. before *Epiſt.* add OVID. p. 296. note l. 2. for *minimè* read *maximè*. p. 300. note l. 11. after *una* add *omnes*. ibid. for *parte* read *peſte*. p. 312. l. 9. for *tonat* read *tonant*. ibid. for *rauſinoque* read *rauciſonoque*. p. 321. note l. 3. after *qui* add *vitia*. ibid. l. 8. for *are* read *is*. p. 327. note l. 5. for *demiſerat* read *demitterent*. p. 309. v. 109. for *is* read *on*. p. 369. note l. 2. for ΚΝΩΘΥ read ΓΝΩΘΙ. p. 393. note l. 18. for II. read III.

Fourth Volume.

Page 20. note l. 1. for *deter* read *defer*. p. 31. note l. 2. for 107. read 93. p. 36. note l. 7. for *who* read *which*. p. 100. v. 27. for *too* read *two*. p. 116. note l. 20. for *mentis* read *ruentis*. p. 117. note l. 12. for *hunc* read *huc*. p. 138. note l. 21. for *augetur* read *augetur*. ibid. note l. 17. for *bf* read *of*. p. 201. v. 88. for *where* read *when*. p. 231. note l. 9. for *aſtro* read *oſtro*. p. 237. note l. 1. for *vox* read *vos*. p. 260. note l. 7. for *convivium* read *convicium*. p. 343. l. 10. dele *the*. p. 345. note l. 6. for *ignorat* read *ignoſcat*. p. 367. note l. ult. for *ſpake* read *ſpoke*.

PREFACE.

THE late Mr. THORNTON, in his preface to the firſt volume of this tranſlation, has been ſo explicit in his account of PLAUTUS, and his manner of writing, that little is left for me to ſay on that ſubject. The loſs of ſo good a ſcholar, ſo worthy a man, muſt ever be regretted by the publick in general, and by his friends in particular. Had he lived to have compleated his tranſlation of all the Comedies of PLAUTUS, I ſhould never have entertained a thought of offering mine to the publick, as he has indeed with great truth mentioned in his preface.

In the ſecond edition of his tranſlation, I inſerted an advertiſement concerning my intended

profecution of the work; and to that I beg leave * to refer the reader; adding only, in regard to Mr. THORNTON, and applying to

* The advertiſement, referred to, is, for the ſake of the purchaſers of the ſecond edition, inſerted here, by way of *note*; and is as follows:

To the READER.

At the time the late Mr. THORNTON advertiſed, that he was preparing for the preſs a tranſlation of the Comedies of PLAUTUS, I had myſelf tranſlated ſeveral Comedies of that author into proſe. Theſe were *The Aulularia*, *Rudens*, *Epidicus*, *Ciſtellaria*, *Moſtellaria*, *Stichus*, almoſt the whole of *The Trinummus*, with a ſmall part of the *Menæchmi*. I had alſo made no inconſiderable progreſs in the *Captivi*, in the ſame kind of familiar blank verſe which Mr. COLMAN had adopted in his deſervedly admired tranſlation of TERENCE, and Mr. THORNTON intended in his of PLAUTUS. This I communicated to him; who, after I had compleated the tranſlation in the ſame manner, accepted of the *Captivi* with the notes, and printed it with his own tranſlations, and that of the *Mercator* by Mr. COLMAN, in the firſt edition of this work. Had he lived to have continued it, he intended to have inſerted in his next publication, my tranſlation of the *Moſtellaria*, which for that purpoſe was new written by me in the ſame kind of familiar blank verſe, and put into his hands not long before his death.

This ſecond edition, in regard to the memory of my deceaſed friend, I have undertaken to reviſe and correct, the *Mercator*, by Mr. COLMAN, excepted. I have made no change in what Mr. THORNTON had tranſlated, a very few words only excepted, the alteration of which had been ſubmitted to him, and approved of. I have alſo inſerted in their proper places, the corrections mentioned in his table of *Errata*. In my own tranſlation of the *Captivi*, ſome alterations have been made, I truſt for the better; and ſome addition to the former notes, as well as ſome new ones, more fully to explain and illuſtrate the author.

Among

myſelf what *Lucretius* ſays, apoſtrophizing *Epicurus* as then living.

Te ſequor, O Graiæ *gentis decus, inque tuis nunc*
Fixa pedum pono preſſis veſtigia ſignis,
Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quod te imitari aveo. Quidenim contendat hirundo
Cygnis? aut quidnam tremulis facere artubus hœdi
Conſimile in curſu poſſint, ac fortis equi vis—
Lib. iii. V. 3.

The chiefeſt glory of the *Græcian* ſtate
I ſtrictly trace, willing to imitate,
Not contradict!—For how can larks oppoſe
The vigorous ſwan? They are unequal foes.
Or how can tender kids with feeble force
Contend in racing with the noble horſe?

CREECH.

Among the papers of the deceaſed tranſlator, have been found the firſt and ſecond acts of the *Menæchmi*, with the *Prologue*; and the whole firſt act, with the firſt ſcene, and ſomewhat more of the ſecond act of the *Epidicus*. Theſe are put into my hands. And as the admirers of PLAUTUS, by the unhappy loſs of a gentleman, who had ſhewn himſelf in all reſpects equal to ſo difficult an undertaking, have been deprived of a continuation of the work by ſo able a hand, they are deſired to accept of it from one much inferior; which I therefore propoſe to give the publick, preſerving all that Mr. THORNTON had left, and adding notes.

RICHARD WARNER.

Woodford Row, Eſſex,
July 15, 1769.

It

It will be proper for me to acquaint the reader, from what ſources I have drawn the notes; what aſſiſtances I have had from *French* tranſlations, and from the favours of friends.—Beſides what I have taken from the *Delphin* edition by M. *De L'Oeuvre* (whoſe text I have in general followed,) I have either extracted from, or elſe abridged the notes of *Lambin*, *Taubman*, and the *Variorum*, publiſhed by *Gronovius*. I have alſo had ſome aſſiſtance of the ſame ſort from the notes of *Marolles*, *Gueudeville*, and *Limiers*, in their reſpective tranſlations of this author into *French*. To the latter of whom I am obliged for the thought, and, in a great meaſure, for the execution of the analyſis at the end of each act. To theſe I have added not a few notes of my own; and ſome that have been kindly communicated to me by particular friends; whoſe names, had I the liberty of mentioning, would add the greateſt credit to the work.

One worthy friend indeed, I have liberty to bring the reader acquainted with; the editor of RHAZÈS *de Variolis et Morbillis* in *Arabic* and *Latin*. This gentleman has kindly undertaken that ſmall part of the *Punic* in the fifth Act of

The Carthaginian, which M. BOCHART had left unattempted. He has alſo very obligingly added notes to thoſe ſcenes of the comedy where any *Punic* occurs, in ſupport of his tranſlation, which differs very conſiderably from that given by Monſ. PETIT. The *Punic* tranſlated by the moſt learned M. BOCHART, is extant in his own *Phaleg*. and from thence printed in many of the ſubſequent editions of PLAUTUS; to which the reader is referred.

Theſe two volumes are offered to the publick in general, and to the admirers of PLAUTUS in particular, with the utmoſt deference to their judgement and candour. If they are ſo fortunate as to meet with their approbation, and the tranſlator ſhall be judged not abſolutely to have failed in ſo arduous an undertaking, the remaining Comedies, four in number (which, with the fragments, will compleat all that is left of the author) are in great forwardneſs for the preſs; and ſhall be laid before the publick with all convenient ſpeed.

A very tedious and ſevere indiſpoſition having confined me in the country, during almoſt the whole time this work was printing off, too many

many errors have escaped the press. The least considerable, the reader will be so indulgent as to excuse and correct with his pen. Some of more consequence are mentioned in a table of *Errata*. There are others which I cannot trust to so general an apology; but shall mention them in this place. These are as follows:

Third Volume.

Page 37. note l. 2. for *younger* read *elder*. p. 45. l. 3. for *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum* read *Erotium*. p. 116. note l. 14. for *Dure ima* read *Dum sine*. p. 129. note l. 2. for *The Cheat* read *The Carthaginian*. p. 146. note l. 7. for *Cheribulus* read *Stratippocles*. p. 194. v. 31. for *then anew* read *new again*. p. 200. note l. 4. read *Nam vobis expedit esse bonas, nis quibuscum res est non sinunt*. p. 218. note l. 5. after *mittere* add *operto*. p. 229. note l. 4. for *nocte* read *nec te*. p. 234. v. 92. after *aside* read THEU. p. 247. v. 123. for *as it* read *as if it*. p. 263. v. 7. after *because* add *I'm*. p. 291. note l. 6. for *victor* read *viator*. p. 295. v. 156. before *'Tis* add CAL. p. 329. v. 120. for CALL. read SIM. p. 344. v. 22. for *supposes* read *surpasses*. p. 345. note l. 17. for *cum* read *quod*. p. 349. v. 42. for CHA. read CAL. ibid. for *head* read *hand*. p. 369. v. 19. for *evil* read *civil*. p. 381. note l. 10. for *have any spirit* read *are wise*.

Fourth Volume.

Page 15. note l. 5 for *Pinacium* read *Dinacium*. p. 16. note l. 5. for Γελασιμον read Γελασιμος. ibid. l. 17. for *teaches him all arts and sciences* read *teaches every art*. p. 30. note l. 4. for *tapestry* read *carpets*. p. 37. v. 19. for *me* read *your*. p. 41. note l. 5. for *father-in-law* read *father*. p. 62. note l. 3. for *The Counterfeit*, read *The Cheat*. p. 90. after v. 62. add *exit* PHA. p. 93. l. 5. for HALISCA read MELÆNIS. p. 120. v. 95. for *these* read *then*. p 136. v. 11. for *brandish* read *banish*. p. 143. note l. 8. for *Thermopolio* read *Hermopolio*. p. 149. note l. 2. after *on*, add *The Captives*. p. 159. note l. 6. for *they are*, read *he is*. p. 192. v. 23. for *he* read *she*. p. 193. v. 31. for *seeks* read *sees*. p. 233. note l. 19. for *three* read *five*. p. 335. note l. 8. for *receives* read *salutes*. p. 353. v. 96. for *And ben't* read *Nor be*.

RICHARD WARNER.

Woodford-Row, Essex,
Aug. 1, 1772.

THE

THE TWIN BROTHERS

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

MENÆCHMUS, *of* Epidamnum.
OLD MAN, *Father-in-Law of* MENÆCHMUS.
PENICULUS, *a Paraſite, a Hanger-on to* MENÆCHMUS.
SERVANT *of* MENÆCHMUS.
PHYSICIAN.
CYLINDRUS, *a Cook.*
MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.
MESSENIO, *Servant of* MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

WIFE *of* MENÆCHMUS *of* Epidamnum.
MAID-SERVANT *of* MENÆCHMUS *of* Epidamnum.
EROTIUM, *a Courtezan, Miſtreſs of* MENÆCHMUS *of* Epidamnum.
SERVANTS *of* MENÆCHMUS *of* Epidamnum.

SCENE, *in* Epidamnum, *a city of* Macedonia.

*PROLOGUE.

SPECTATORS;—firſt and foremoſt;—may all health
And happineſs attend both you and me!
I bring you *Plautus*, with my tongue, not hand;
Give him, I pray, a fair and gentle hearing.
Now learn the argument, and lend attention:
I'll be as brief as may be.—'Tis the way
With poets in their comedies to feign
The buſineſs paſs'd at *Athens*, ſo that you
May think it the more *Græcian*.—For our play,
I'll not pretend the incidents to happen
Where they do not: the argument is *Græcian*,

* Tranſlated by the late BONNELL THORNTON, Eſq;

And yet it is not *Attic*, but *Sicilian*.—
So much by way of preface to our tale,
Which now I'll deal out to you in full meaſure,
Not as it were by buſhels or by pecks,
But pour before you the whole granary;
So much am I inclined to tell the plot.
There was a certain merchant, an old man,
Of *Syracuſe*. He had two ſons were twins,
So like in form and feature, that the nurſe
Could not diſtinguiſh them, who gave them ſuck,
Nor ev'n the mother that had brought them forth,
As one inform'd me, who had ſeen the children;
Myſelf ne'er ſaw them, don't imagine it.
When that the boys were ſev'n years old, the father
Freighted a veſſel with much ſtore of merchandize;

V. 12. —— *but Sicilian.*] In the time of *Plautus*, it ſhould ſeem, ſays M. *De L'Oeuvre*, that the language of the *Sicilians* was *Greek*, yet not *Attic*, or ſuch as was uſed in *Athens*, but leſs pure, as our mother tongue, than what is uſed at *Paris*, (for he was a *Frenchman*,) or at court: from which dialect the further it is, the leſs elegant. In *Cicero's* time, the language of the *Sicilians* was partly *Latin*, partly *Greek*. *Apuleius* calls the *Sicilians* treble-tongued, as they made uſe of *Greek*, *Latin*, and one peculiar to themſelves, which they called *Sicilian*.—— Mr. *Cook* in his Diſſertation on the life of *Terence*, from this paſſage makes no doubt but that *Plautus* tranſlated this play from *Epicharmus*; or at leaſt imitated that author in it. *Epicharmus* was a *Sicilian*; and *Horace* tells us,

Dicitur——
Plautus *ad exemplar* Siculi *properari* Epicharmi.
Lib. II. Epiſt. I. V. 58.

Plautus as rapid in his plots appears
As *Epicharmus*. FRANCIS.

V. 20. —*the nurſe*—] The original is *mater*, which here means foſter-mother, that is, nurſe.

Put

Put one of them on board, and took the child
Along with him to traffick at *Tarentum*,
The other with his mother left at home.
When they arrived there at this fame *Tarentum*,
It happen'd there were ſports; and multitudes,
As they are wont at ſhews, were got together.
The child ſtray'd from his father in the croud.
There chanc'd to be a certain merchant there,
An *Epidamnian*, who pick'd up the boy,
And bore him home with him to *Epidamnum*.
The father, on the ſad loſs of his boy,
Took it to heart moſt heavily, and died
For grief of 't, ſome days after, at *Tarentum*.
When news of this affair was brought to *Syracuſe*
Unto the grandfather, how that the child
Was ſtolen, and the father dead with grief,
The good old man changes the other's name,
So much he lov'd the one that had been ſtolen:
Him that was left at home, he calls *Menæchmus*,
Which was the other's name; and by the ſame
The grandſire too was call'd; I do remember it,
More readily, for that I ſaw him cry'd.
I now forewarn you, leſt you err hereafter,
Both the twin brothers bear the ſelf-ſame name.

V. 28. *To traffick at Tarentum.*] *Tarentum* was a city of *Calabria*, part of *Italy*, and the moſt ſouthern part of the kingdom of *Naples*, once inhabited by the *Lacedemonians*, now called *Taranto*.

V. 36. *to Epidamnum.*] See Act II. Scene I. note on V. 38. 43.

V. 40. *brought to Syracuſe.*] *Syracuſe* was anciently the capital city of *Sicily*.

Now muſt I foot it back to *Epidamnum*,
That I may clear this matter up exactly.
If any of you here have any buſineſs
At *Epidamnum* you want done, ſpeak out,
You may command me;—but on this condition,
Give me the money to defray the charges.
He that don't give it, will be much miſtaken;
Much more miſtaken will he be that does.
But now am I return'd whence I ſet forth,
Though yet I ſtand here in the ſelf-ſame place.
This *Epidamnian*, whom I ſpoke of, he
Who ſtole that other boy, no children had
Except his riches, therefore he adopts
This ſtranger-boy, gave him a wife well-portioned,
And makes him his ſole heir, before he died.
As he was haply going to the country,
After an heavy rain, trying to ford
A rapid river near unto the city,
Th' rapid river rap'd him off his legs,
And ſnatch'd him to deſtruction: a large fortune
Fell to the youth, who now lives here: the other,
Who dwells at *Syracuſe*, is come to day
To *Epidamnum* with a ſlave of his,

V. 51. *Now muſt I foot it back to Epidamnum.*] The original is, *Nunc in Epidamnum pedibus redeundum eſt mihi* which *Lambin* and M. *De L'Oeuvre* have a ridiculous conceit, may be taken two ways; as the word *pedes*, means the feet we walk with, and alſo feet which are the meaſure of verſes. But it does not appear to us that *Plautus* meant any ſuch thing.

V. 69. *Th' rapid river* &c.] The original is, *Rapidus raptori pueri ſubduxit pedes*, in which the reader perceives a jingle of words in *rapidus* and *raptori*, which we have aimed at imitating.

In queſt of his twin brother. Now this city
[*pointing to the ſcenes.*]
Is *Epidamnum*, while this play is acting;
And when another ſhall be repreſented,
'Twill be another place; like as our company
Are alſo wont to ſhift their characters.
While the ſame player at one time is a pimp,
And then a young gallant, an old curmudgeon,
A poor man, rich man, paraſite, or prieſt.

THE

*TWIN BROTHERS.

†ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter PENICULUS, *the Paraſite.*

OUR young men call me *diſhclout*, for this reaſon,
Whene'er I eat, I wipe the tables clean.
Now in my judgment they act fooliſhly,
Who bind in chains their captives, and clap fetters
Upon their run-away ſlaves: for if you heap
Evil on evil to torment the wretch,

The

* *Plautus* calls this comedy MENÆCHMI.—The characters of the Twins, being each of them called *Menæchmus*, the one of *Epidamnum*, the other *Menæchmus Soſicles.*——We have therefore given it the name of *The Twin Brothers.*

† This Act tranſlated by the late BONNELL THORNTON, Eſq;

V. 1. *call me* diſhclout,] The original is, *Juventus nomen fecit Peniculo mihi.* Now *Feſtus* obſerves, that *Peniculus eſt ſpongia oblonga, caudæ ſimilis, ad excutiendum pulverem, quales ſunt caudæ vulpinæ et bubulæ.* The word *Peniculus* means an oblong ſponge, like a tail, uſed to bruſh off the duſt: ſuch are the tails of foxes or oxen.

It

The ſtronger his deſire is to eſcape.—
They'll free them from their chains by any means:
Load them with gyves, they file away the door,
Or knock the bolt out with a ſtone.—'Tis vain this:
But would you keep a man from 'ſcaping from you,
Be ſure you chain him faſt with meat and drink
And tye him by the beak to a full table.
Give him his fill, allow him meat and drink
At pleaſure, in abundance, every day;
And I'll be ſworn, although his crime be capital,
He will not run away: you'll eaſily
Secure him, while you bind him with theſe bonds:
They're wondrous ſupple theſe ſame belly-bonds,

It might have been tranſlated *Bruſh*. The word occurs in *Terence*.

Thraſo. *Quid, ignave? peniculon' pugnari, qui iſtum huc portes cogitas?*

Sanga. *Egon'! Imperatoris virtutem noveram, et vim militum: Sine ſanguine hoc fieri non poſſe, qui abſtergerem vulnera.*

EUNUCHUS, Act. IV. Sc. 7.

Thraſo. Think'ſt thou to combat with a *diſhclout*, ſlave!
That thus thou bring'ſt it here?

Sanga. Ah! Sir, I knew
The valour of the general and his troops;
And ſeeing this affair muſt end in blood,
I brought a clout *to wipe the wounds withal*.

COLMAN.

Now here it plainly means a *clout* or *diſhclout*; and Mr. *Colman* has very judiciouſly rendered it ſo; therefore, the ſame word is adopted here. Had *Plautus* wrote now, he might poſſibly have called him *Doyley*.

V. 16. *although his crime be capital.*] The original is, *tametſi capital fecerit.*

Feſtus tells us, that *capital facinus eſt quod capitis pœna luitur.* What is called a capital crime, is a crime that is puniſhed by the loſs of the head.

The

The more you ſtretch them, they will bind the harder.
For inſtance, I'm now going to *Menæchmus*,
Moſt willingly I'm going to be bound,
According to his ſentence paſt upon me.
Good ſoul! he's not content with giving us
A bare ſupport and meagre ſuſtenance,
But crams us even to ſatiety;
Gives us, as 'twere, new life, when dead with hunger.
O he's a rare phyſician: he's a youth
Of lordly appetite; he treats moſt daintily,
His table's bravely ſerved; ſuch heaps of diſhes,
You muſt ſtand on your couch to reach the top.
Yet I've ſome days been abſent from his houſe;
Homely I've liv'd at home with my *dear* friends,
For all I eat or buy is *dear* to me,
Yet they deſert the very friends that rais'd them.
Now will I viſit him: but the door opens:
And ſee! *Menæchmus'* ſelf is coming forth.

V. 29. *he treats moſt daintily.*] The original is, *Cereales cœnas dat.* He gives ſuppers fit for the feaſt of *Ceres*. As *Ceres* was the goddeſs of corn and of plenty, the entertainments made in honour of her, were plentiful and ſplendid.

V. 32. *Yet I've ſome days* &c.] This the commentators mention as a difficult paſſage, We have followed the ſenſe M. *De L'Oeuvre* has put upon it.

V. 33. *Homely I've liv'd at home.*] The original is *Domi domitatus fui*; in which there ſeems to be a *double entendre*, as well as a *jingle of words*. Something like it is aimed at in the Tranſlation. And *Milton* has ſomething not very different from it in his Maſk at *Ludlow* Caſtle.

It is for homely creatures to keep home,
They have their name thence——

COMUS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter MENÆCHMUS *of* Epidamnum, *with a robe, ſpeaking to his wife within.*

Were you not good for nothing, were you not
An aſs, a ſtubborn ideot, what you ſee
Diſpleas'd your huſband, would diſpleaſe you too.
From this day forward, if you uſe me thus,
I'll turn you out of doors, and ſend you back
A widow to your father: for whenever
I would go forth, you hold me, call me back,
Aſk where I'm going, what 'tis I'm about,
And what's my buſineſs, what I want abroad.
I've married ſure ſome officer o' th' cuſtoms,
I'm ſo examin'd—what I've done—what do—
Too kindly you've been treated hitherto;
I'll tell you how you ſhall be—Since I allow you
Maids, jewels, cloaths, wool—Since you want for nothing,
If you were wiſe, you'd dread the conſequence,
And ceaſe to watch your huſband. So, that you
May watch me to ſome purpoſe, for your pains,
I'll dine abroad now with ſome trull or other.

PEN. *(aſide.)* He means to gall his wife by what he ſays:

V. 6. *A widow.*] *i. e.* divorced. See *Conjugal Fidelity*, Act I. Scene I. V. 3. Note. Vol. IV. of this Tranſlation.

V. 10. *Officer o' th' cuſtoms*, &c.] The original is, *Portitorem domum duxi. Portitor, Nonius* tells us, is a Cuſtom-Houſe Officer, who is always examining thoſe who embark, or land at any port, to find if they have any merchandize conceal'd about them; after which a duty is to be paid.

But

But me he ſpites; for if he dine abroad,
On me he recks his vengeance, not on her.

MEN. EPI. Victoria! by my tauntings, I at length
Have driven her from the door.—Where, where are all
The intriguing huſbands? why do they delay
To bring me gifts, and thank me for my proweſs:—
I've ſtol'n this robe here of my wife's, and mean
To carry it to my miſtreſs.—So we ought
To trick theſe crafty huſband-watching dames:—
'Tis a fair action, this of mine, 'tis right,
'Tis pleaſant faith, and admirably carried.
With plague enough, I've ta'en it from one plague,
To give it to another.—Thus I've gain'd
A booty from the foe, without our loſs.

PEN. *(aloud.)* What portion of the booty's mine, young Sir?

MEN. EPI. Undone! I'm fall'n into an ambuſcade.

PEN. You've lighted on a ſafe-guard: never fear.

MEN. EPI. Who's that?

PEN. 'Tis I.

MEN. EPI. O my moſt welcome friend,
Save you.

V. 26. *I've ſtol'n this robe.*] *Pallam ſurripui. Feſtus* tells us, that the habit which modeſt women wore over their other garments, was called *palla*. *Palla* (ſays he) *eſt honeſtæ mulieris veſtimentum.*

V. 32. *To give it to another.*] The original is, *ad damnum referretur*; a metonymy—the adjunct for the ſubject—*damnum* for *damnoſum*. So in many of the beſt authors, *Cicero* in particular, *ſcelus* is uſed for *ſceleſtus*. So our author again, V. 28 of this ſcene, *commoditas* for *commodo*, *opportunitas* for *opportuno*.

PEN.

PEN. And you.

MEN. EPI. How fares it?

PEN. Let me take
My genius by the hand.

MEN. EPI. You could not come
More opportune than now.

PEN. It is my way:
I know to hit each point and nick of time.

MEN. EPI. Shall I acquaint you with a ſaucy prank?

PEN. Saucy? what cook has dreſt it? I ſhall know
If he has marr'd it when I ſee the relicks.

MEN. EPI. Now prithee tell me, have you never ſeen
The picture of an eagle bearing off
Jove's Ganymede, or *Venus* with *Adonis?*

PEN. Ay, many a time. But what are they to me?

MEN. EPI. Look at me.—Do I bear reſemblance to them?

PEN. What means that robe?

MEN. EPI. Say I'm a pleaſant fellow.

PEN. Where ſhall we dine?

MEN. EPI. Poh, ſay what I command you.

PEN. Well then,—thou art a pleaſant fellow.

V. 47. *Jove's Ganymede.*] The original is, *Catamitum.* Why *Ganymede* is ſo called, the learned reader need not be informed. He was the ſon of *Tros*, king of *Troy*, whom *Jupiter*, in the form of an eagle, ſtole, and made him his cup-bearer inſtead of *Hebe*. See *Ovid.* Met. Lib. X.

MEN.

MEN. EPI. What,
Canſt add nought of thy own?

PEN. Yes, joyous fellow.

MEN. EPI. Proceed.

PEN. Not I, i'faith, unleſs I know
Why there's a falling out 'twixt you and Madam.
I take great care to have this from yourſelf.

MEN. EPI. Tell me without the knowlege of my wife,
Where ſhall we kill, where bury, time?

PEN. Come, come;
You ſay right; I will dig its grave: the day's
Already half-expired.

MEN. EPI. 'Tis mere delay,
Your chattering thus.

PEN. Knock out my only eye,
Menæchmus, if I ſpeak one other word,
But what you bid.

V. 57. *Where ſhall we kill?*] *Comburamus diem*, burn the day, *i. e.* ſup. He ſuppoſes the day to be dead, *i. e.* ended; for, the large meal, the ſame as our dinner, the ancients made at night.

V. 59. *Already half-expired.*] The original is, *Dies quidem jam ad umbilicum eſt dimidiatus mortuus. Umbilicus* properly ſignifies the navel; and, as *Limiers* has obſerved from *Gronovius*, is in the middle of the body, ſo it is uſed to ſignify the middle of any thing. And it is ſo uſed in other authors.

Jam primum Ætolos, qui UMBILICUM *Græciæ incolerent, in armis eum inventurum; Anteſignanos aſperrima quæque belli paratur.*
T. Livii, Lib. xxxv. c. 18.

Firſt he would find the *Ætolians*, who inhabit the *middle* of *Greece* in arms, and ready to undergo the greateſt hardſhips of the war.

Within the *navel* of this hideous wood
Immur'd in cypreſs ſhades, a ſorcerer dwells.
MILTON's Maſk at *Ludlow* Caſtle. *Attendant Spirit.*

MEN.

MEN. EPI. Draw hither from the door:
PEN. I will.
MEN. EPI. Draw hither.
PEN. Well.
MEN. EPI. Come quickly hither,
Come from the lioneſs's den.
PEN. 'Fore heav'n,
You'd make a dext'rous charioteer.
MEN. EPI. Why ſo?
PEN. You look behind you, leſt your wife ſhould follow.
MEN. EPI. What ſay you now?
PEN. What ſay I?—what you will I ſay and unſay.
MEN. Were your noſe to any thing,
Could you not make a ſhrewd gueſs by the ſmell?
PEN. Aye, ſurely: the whole college, Sir, of Augurs
Have not ſo quick a ſcent at divination.
MEN. EPI. Come then, and ſmell this robe which I have here.
What does it ſmell of? (*holding it up.*) won't you take it? Hey-day!
PEN. A woman's garment ſhould be ſmelt at top;
The ſcent is elſe too ſtrong for any noſe.
MEN. EPI. Come, ſmell it here then, good *Peniculus*:—
How you make faces at it!

V. 65. *You'd make a dext'rous charioteer.*] The original is, *eſſes agitator probus.* The charioteers, or drivers of chariots at the Circean games, were called *agitatores*; and they often looked back, to ſee how near behind them their opponents were, in order to puſh on to arrive firſt at the goal.

PEN.

PEN. I can't help it.

MEN. EPI. What does it ſmell of? anſwer.

PEN. It ſmells ſtrong
Of theft, of whore, and dinner.

MEN. EPI. I'm now going
To carry it to my miſtreſs, my *Erotium:*
I'll bid her to provide a dinner for us,—
For me, for you, and for herſelf: we'll there
Carouſe it till the morrow's morning ſtar.

PEN. O bravely ſpoken!—ſhall I knock?

MEN. EPI. You may.—
Yet hold a while.

PEN. The cup was juſt at hand;
'Tis now a thouſand paces off.

MEN. EPI. Knock ſoftly.

PEN. Are you afraid the door is made of crockery?

MEN. EPI. Hold, prithee hold:—herſelf is coming forth.

PEN. Oh, Sir, you look upon the ſun: your eyes
Are blinded with her brightneſs.—

V. 86. *'Tis now a thouſand paces off.*] The paraſite now (M. *Gueudeville* from M. *De L'Oeuvre* obſerves) begins to loſe all patience. He complains of, and reproaches *Menæchmus*, who by his delay keeps him from the entertainment, and from his ſhare of the cup in his turn.

V. 87. *Are you afraid the door is made of crockery?*] The original is, *metuis credo, ne fores Samiæ ſient.* You fear perhaps the doors are *Samian*. *Samos* was a place famous for making earthen veſſels. See Vol. I. *The Captives*, Act II. Scene II. V. 59, note.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter EROTIUM.

My *Menæchmus!*
My love! good morrow!

PEN. Won't you welcome me too?

EROT. You rank not in the number of my friends.

PEN. Yet treat me as a ſupernumerary.

MEN. EPI. We mean to pitch a field with you to-day.

EROT. Aye, that we will.

MEN. EPI. And prove, with pitcher fill'd,
Which is the mightier warriour at the bowl:
Yourſelf ſhall be commander; you ſhall chooſe,
Which you will paſs the night with.—O my ſweet,
When I look on you, how I loath my wife!

ERO. And yet you cannot chuſe, but you muſt wrap you
In ſome part of her gear.—Pray what is this?

MEN. EPI. A caſt ſkin of my wife's to be ſlipt on
By thee, my roſe-bud.

EROT. You've the readieſt way
To win preheminence in my affection,
From all that pay me ſuit.

V. 4. *As a ſupernumerary.*] A metaphor from the army. Among the ancients, thoſe ſoldiers only whoſe names were written in the muſter-roll, could claim any benefit from their profeſſion; others who followed the camp, had not the ſame advantage. LIMIERS.

V. 5. *pitch a field.*] Another metaphor from the army. He means ſup with her.

PEN. Right harlot this!
An harlot's ſure to coax, whene'er ſhe finds
There's any thing to get.—If you had loved him,
You would have bit his noſe off by this time
With ſlobbering.—
MEN. EPI. Take my cloak, *Peniculus*;
For I muſt dedicate the ſpoils I've vow'd.
PEN. Let's ſee't.
MEN. EPI. *(putting on the robe)* But prithee now,
you'll afterwards
Dance in your robe.
PEN. I dance in't?—
MEN. EPI. You are mad.
PEN. Are you or I moſt mad?
MEN. EPI. Well, if you won't,
Then pull it off. I ran a mighty riſk
In ſtealing of this robe: in my mind truly
Young *Hercules* ran not an equal hazard, when
He ſpoil'd the bold *Hippolita* of her girdle.
(giving the robe to Erotium.)
Take it, ſince you alone of women living
Suit your affection gently unto mine.
True lovers ſhould be thus diſpoſed.

V. 22. *Let's ſee't*, &c.] This, and the next lines are in different editions, given to different ſpeakers---We prefer the diſpoſition of them in that of *Aldus*, and have tranſlated them accordingly.

V. 28. *He ſpoil'd the bold Hippolita of her girdle.*] *Hippolita* was a queen of the *Amazons*, whoſe girdle, after he had defeated her army, *Hercules* took off, and had her married to *Theſeus*.

PEN. Provided
They would run headlong into beggary.
MEN. EPI. 'Tis not a year paſt, ſince it ſtood me in
Four *minæ* for my wife.
PEN. Four *minæ* then,
By your account, are plainly gone for ever.
MEN. EPI. Know you what I would have you do?
EROT. I know;
And will take care according to your wiſh.
MEN. EPI. Let dinner be provided for us three;
Send to the market for ſome dainty morſel,
A gammon, ſome ſow's kernels, a hog's cheek,
Or ſauſages, or ſomething of that kind,
Which, when they're brought to table, may ſuggeſt
A kite-like appetite:—about it ſtrait.
EROT. 'I faith I will.
MEN. EPI. We're going to the Forum,
We ſhall be here directly: while 'tis dreſſing,
We will amuſe us with a whet i'th' interim.
EROT. Come when you will, dear, all things ſhall be ready.
MEN. EPI. Quick, follow me.
PEN. Yes, yes, I'll have an eye to you,
Cloſe at your heels, I warrant; I'll not loſe you,
Not for the wealth of all the gods.
[*Exeunt* MENÆCHMUS *and* PENICULUS.
EROT. Call forth
The cook *Cylindrus*, bid him come this inſtant.

V. 43. *A kite-like appetite.*] *Milvinam ſuggerant.* As hungry as a hawk, is now a common ſaying.

SCENE IV.

Enter CYLINDRUS.

EROT. Take the hand-baſket; and, d'ye mind? here are
Three pieces for you,—you have hold of them.

CYL. I have.

ERO. Go to the market and provide
Enough for three; now let there be ſufficient,
And nought to ſpare.

CYL. What kind of gueſts, pray, are they?

ERO. I, and *Menæchmus*, and his paraſite.

CYL. Nay, there are ten then;—for the paraſite
Will lay about him equal to eight men.

V. 2. *Three pieces for you.*] *Eccos, tris nummos habes.* See the table of ſums in Vol. I.

V. 7. *Nay, there are ten then.*] *Muretus* is of opinion, that *Plautus* has here imitated a paſſage in *Eubulus*, an ancient *Greek* poet. The paſſage is in *Athenæus*, Lib. I. Sect. IV.

Εὔβουλος, ὁ κωμικός, φησι·
Εἰσὶν ἡμῖν τῶν κεκλημένων δύο
Ἐπὶ δεῖπνον ἄμαχοι, Φιλοκράτης καὶ Φιλοκράτης.
Ἕνα γὰρ ἐκεῖνον ὄντα δυό λογίζομαι,
Μεγάλους, μᾶλλον δὲ τρεῖς.

Eubulus, a comic poet, ſays;
Two of the gueſts I have invited, are
At ſupper, ſcarce to be out-done. Their names
Philocrates—Who elſe? *Philocrates*.
'Tis true he is but one; yet I eſteem him,
The ſame as two, or rather, a large three.

EROT.

EROT. I've told you what's the number of our
guests:
You will provide accordingly.
CYL. I warrant.
'Tis dreſt already: you've but to ſit down.
ERO. You'll come back quickly.
CYL. I'll be here this inſtant.

*** This Act is opened by *Peniculus*, a paraſite of *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*, in a ſoliloquy in praiſe of good eating and drinking, and enlarging on the praiſes of his patron, whom he ſees coming out of his own houſe, after he had been quarrelling with his wife on an affair of jealouſy. He brings a robe with him which he had filched from her, and is now going to preſent it to his miſtreſs, *Erotium*, and to order a dinner; which he does, when ſhe makes her appearance in the next ſcene. This, after *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum* and *Peniculus* had left her, to go to the Forum, ſhe orders her cook *Cylindrus* to do, and the firſt interval is filled up with the time neceſſary for that purpoſe.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, *and* MESSENIO, *his Servant.*

MENÆCHMUS SOCICLES.

NO greater joy have voyagers, *Meſſenio*,
Than, from the deep far off, to ſpy out land.
MESS. To ſpeak the truth, 'tis ſtill a greater joy
To find that land, when you arrive, your country.
But wherefore come we now to *Epidamnum?*
Muſt we go round each iſland like the ſea?
MEN. SOS. I am in queſt of my twin brother.
MESS. Good now,
When will there be an end of ſearching for him?
This is the ſixth year ſince we ſet about it;
The *Iſtrians*, the *Illyrians*, the *Maſſilians*,
The *Spaniards*, the whole Adriatic gulf,
With fartheſt *Greece*, and each *Italian* coaſt,
That

* This Act, tranſlated by the late BONNELL THORNTON, Eſq;

V. 4. —— *Your country.*] What *Menæchmus* obſerves of land in general, *Meſſenio* refers to one's own country; by that means to deter *Menæchmus* from purſuing his intended journey in ſearch of his brother. DE L'OEUVRE.

V. 10. *The Iſtrians, the Illyrians*, &c.] *Iſtria* was a country of *Italy*, in the gulf of *Venice*, on the confines of *Illyricum*; *Illyria* was a country on the borders of the *Adriatick* ſea, over-againſt *Italy*, including *Dalmatia*, *Sclavonia*, and ſome other countries; the *Maſſilians* were inhabitants of a city in France, now called *Marſeilles*. Our *Shakſpeare*, who moſt undoubtedly took his

Comedy

That the ſea waſhes, have we travers'd round.
Had we been looking for a needle, ſure
We ſhould have found it long ago, if viſible.
So ſearch we for a dead man 'mong the quick;
For we had found him long ago, if living.

MEN. SOS. Would I could find out one, that might aſſure me
Of his own knowledge, that my brother's dead!
Then I'd forego my queſt, not otherwiſe:
But, while I live, I'll never ſpare my pains,
Nor ever will deſiſt from ſearching for him.
How dear he's to my heart, too well I feel—

MESS. You in a bull-ruſh ſeek a knot—'tis vain;
Come,

Comedy of Errors from this play, or, at leaſt, the tranſlation of it, printed in 1595, which has been already mentioned by Mr. THORNTON, in his preface, Vol. I. makes his *Ægeon* ſay,

Five ſummers have I ſpent in fartheſt *Greece*,
Roaming clean thro' the bounds of *Aſia*,
And coaſting homeward came to *Epheſus*.

Act I. Scene I.

V. 24. *You in a bull-ruſh*, &c.] *In ſcirpo nodum quæris*—A proverbial expreſſion, uſed to ſignify making a difficulty when there is none. The ſtem of a bull-ruſh is quite ſmooth and without knots—We meet with it applied in the ſame way in *Terence*.

—*nodum in ſcirpo quæris.*—

Andria, Act V. Scene IV. V. 38.

—You puzzle a plain cauſe.—

COLMAN.

It is alſo, in old *Ennius*.

Quæris et in ſcirpo, ſoliti quod dicere, nodum.

ENNII *Fragmenta*.

You in a bull-ruſh, as the ſaying is,
Are ſeeking for a knot.—

In another ſenſe, of ſeeking for a thing where it is impoſſible to find it, we have a Proverb comes near it, viz. *You're ſeeking for a needle in a bottle of hay*. But ſo excellent and plain a Pro-

Come, let's return; unleſs you mean to write
A book of voyages.

MEN. SOS. No fine, ſubtle ſpeeches,
Or you ſhall pay for't. Don't be impertinent.
None of your *freedoms*.

MESS. By that ſingle word
I know, I am a *ſlave*: 'tis briefly ſaid,
Plainly, and fully:—yet I can't refrain
From ſpeaking.—Mind me, Sir!—Our purſe, look here,—
'Tis light enough, 'twon't make us ſweat: now verily,—
If you return not home; when nothing's left,

verb ſhould be adopted into our language, *You're looking for a knot in a bull-ruſh.*

V. 25. *A book of voyages.*] The original is,

—Niſi ſi hiſtoriam ſcripturi ſumus.

Unleſs we are to write a hiſtory.

Boxhornius thinks this may allude to the celebrated voyage of *Ulyſſes*, a hiſtory of which could not be wrote without an exact knowledge of all the places, and being moſt accurately ſkilled in Geography. We have therefore given the paſſage that turn, as thinking it more agreeable to a modern reader. He does not ſeem to have known, that there were other accounts of countries wrote before that time.

V. 32. *—'twon't make us ſweat.*] *Viaticati ad modum æſtivi ſumus.* We are furniſhed with neceſſaries as it were for a ſummer journey. They had lighter garments, and carried fewer proviſions for a ſummer, than for a winter journey, not only becauſe they were not ſo long on the road, but becauſe the heat of the weather would not let them overload themſelves.

You'll chafe for this wild chaſe of your twin brother.
As for the people here, theſe *Epidamnians*,
They're errant debauchees, moſt potent drinkers;
Cheats, paraſites abound here; and they ſay
Such wheedling harlotries are no where met with;
And therefore is this place call'd *Epidamnum*,
Becauſe there's no one comes here, but ſays *damn 'em.*

MEN. Sos. I'll look to that: give me the purſe.

MESS. The purſe?
What would you do with it?

MEN. Sos. I've apprehenſions
'Bout you, from what you ſaid.

MESS. What apprehenſions?

MEN. Sos. Leſt you ſhould cry in *Epidamnum*, *damn 'em.*

V. 34. *You'll chaſe for this wild chaſe of your twin brother.*] The original is, *geminum dum quæris, gemes.* While you are in ſearch of your twin brother, you will lament your being in want of proviſions. This is one of our author's puns, and conſiſts on a play on theſe words, *geminum* and *gemes.* It cannot be tranſlated, and we fear we have endeavoured but lamely, at imitating it.

V. 37. *Cheats, paraſites abound here.*] Our *Shakſpeare* in his *Comedy of Errors*, makes *Antipholis* of *Syracuſe* give much the ſame account of *Epheſus:*

They ſay, this town is full of cozenage;
As nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working ſorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body,
Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many ſuch like liberties of ſin.

Act I. Scene III.

V. 39. 44. *Therefore is this place call'd* Epidamnum.]
Leſt you ſhould cry in Epidamnum, *damn 'em.*

The

You are a mighty lover of the wenches:
I'm cholerick, quite a madman when provok'd:
Now when I have the caſh in my own hands,
'Twill guard againſt two harms, you'll not offend:
Nor I be angry with you.

MESS. Take and keep it.---
With all my ſoul.---

SCENE II.

CYLINDRUS *entering.*

I've marketed moſt rarely,
And to my mind: I warrant, I ſerve up
A dainty dinner to the gueſts.—But hold—
I ſee *Menæchmus*. Woe then to my back!
The

The original is,

Propterea huic urbi nomen Epidamno *inditum eſt.*
Quia nemo fermè huc ſine damno devortitur—
—Ne mihi damnúm in Epidamno *duis.*

Epidamnus, or *Epidamnum*, (for it was called ſometimes one, and ſometimes the other) was a town in *Macedonia*, on the *Adriatick* ſea; well known for its convenient paſſage from thence into *Italy*. It was ſo called from *Epidamnus*, a king of that name; but afterwards became a colony of the *Romans*, who changed its name to that of *Dyrrhachium*; and for the reaſon alluded to in this paſſage. Of this, we have the authority of *Pomponius Mela*, and the elder *Pliny*.

Urbium prima eſt Oricum, *ſecunda* Dyrrhachium, Epidamnus *ante erat.* Romani *nomen mutavere, quia velut in damnum ituris, omen id viſum eſt.*

Pomponius Mela de vita orbis. Lib. II. cap. III.

Its principal city is *Oricum*, the ſecond *Dyrrhachium*, which before was called *Epidamnus*. The *Romans* changed the name,

The gueſts are walking here before the door,
e I return from market.—I'll accoſt them.
Save you, *Menæchmus!*

MEN. SOS. Save you! Do you know me?

CYL. No, to be ſure! *(ironically)* Where are the other gueſts?

MEN. SOS. What gueſts do you mean?

CYL. Your Paraſite.

MEN. SOS. My Paraſite? Surely the man is mad.

MESS. Now ſay, my maſter,
Did I not tell you there were many cheats here?

MEN. SOS. Whom mean you by my Paraſite?

CYL. Why, *Diſhclout.*

MESS. See, ſee,—I have him ſafe here in the wallet.

CYL. *Menæchmus*, you are come too ſoon to dinner:
I am but now return'd from marketing.

as it appeared to them an omen, that they ſhould go thither to their loſs.

—Epidamnum *colonia, propter inauſpicatum nomen a* Romanis Dyrrhachium *appellata.*

Plinii Nat. Hiſt. Lib. III. cap. 23.

—The colony *Epidamnum*, which, on account of that unlucky name, was called by the *Romans*, *Dyrrhachium.*

It is remarkable for being the place to which *Cicero* was baniſhed; it is now called *Durazzo.*

The literal tranſlation would be, Therefore is this place call'd *Epidamnum*, becauſe ſcarce any one comes to it but to his loſs. —And,

Leſt you ſhould meet with in *Epidamnum* ſomething to your loſs.

This indeed would give the ſenſe, but not preſerve the author's punning between *Epidamnum* and *Damnum.* How far we may be thought to have aimed at it, muſt be left to the candour of the reader.

MEN.

MEN. SOS. What is the price, pray, of a hog for ſacrifice?

CYL. A piece.

MEN. SOS. I'll give it: make a ſacrifice
At my expence; for ſure you muſt be mad
To croſs a ſtranger thus, whoe'er you are.

CYL. I am *Cylindrus:* know you not my name?

MEN. SOS. Or Cylinder, or Cullender;—begone:
I know you not, nor do I want to know you.

CYL. Your name's *Menæchmus*, that I know.

MEN. SOS. You talk
As one that's in his ſenſes, calling me
Thus by my name. But where, pray, have you known me?

CYL. Where have I known you?——you, who have a wench here,
Erotium, my miſtreſs.

MEN. SOS. I have not,
Nor know I who you are.

CYL. Not who I am?
I, who ſo oft have handed you the cup,
When you carous'd here.

V. 16. *—a hog for ſacrifice.*] The antients, when they had any mad perſon in their family, were uſed to ſacrifice a hog to their houſhold gods. See V. 40.

V. 17. *A piece.*] *Nummum.*—See the table of coins beforementioned.

V. 21. *Or Cylinder, or Cullender.*] Imitating our author's pun, is here again aimed at; which in the original carries with it an alluſion not quite ſo decent. M. *De L'Oeuvre* thinks this line more in character for *Meſſenio*; we think ſo too, and that the next line ſhould be given to *Menæchmus.*

MESS.

MESS. O that, I have nothing
To break his head with!

MEN. SOS. How? you've handed me
The cup? when till this day I never came
To *Epidamnum*, never ſet my eyes on't.

CYL. Will you deny it?

MEN. SOS. Yes, I muſt deny it.

CYL. Don't you live yonder?

MEN. SOS. Plague upon their heads
That live there!

CYL. Sure he's mad, to curſe himſelf.
Hark'ye, *Menæchmus?*

MEN. SOS. What ſay you?

CYL. If you would
Take my advice, that piece you promiſed me,
Buy a hog with it for yourſelf to ſacrifice:
For ſure you are not in your perfect mind,
To curſe yourſelf.

MEN. SOS. Thou'rt mad.—vexatious fellow!

CYL. In this wiſe will he often jeſt with me;
He's ſuch a wag, he,—when his wife's not by.

MEN. SOS. Prithee now.

CYL. Prithee now, is this proviſion
Sufficient, what you ſee here, for you three?
Or would you have me to provide yet more,
For you, your paraſite and wench?

MEN. SOS. What wench,
What paraſite d'ye ſpeak of?

MESS. Raſcal! what
Provokes thee to moleſt him thus?

CYL. What buſineſs

V. 40. *You are not in your perfect mind.*] See note on V. 16.

Haſt

Haſt thou with me? I know thee not: I'm talking
To him I know.

MESS. You are not in your ſenſes.

CYL. I'll get theſe ready out of hand: [*pointing to the proviſions*] then go not
Far from the door. Would you ought further with me?

MEN. Sos. Go hang yourſelf.

CYL. Go you and ſeat yourſelf,
While to the violence of Vulcan's rage
I theſe oppoſe—I'll in, and let *Erotium*
Know you are here, that ſhe may fetch you in,
Rather than you ſhould ſaunter here without doors.
[*Cylindrus goes in.*]

SCENE III.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, *and* MESSENIO.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

So,—is he gone?—I find there is ſome truth
In what you told me.

MESS. Do but mind.—I fancy,
Some harlot dwells here; ſo this crack-brain ſaid
Who went hence even now.

MEN. Sos. But I do marvel,
How he ſhould know my name.

MESS. I'faith no wonder.

V. 55. *While to the violence*, &c.] In plain Engliſh, he means while dinner's cooked.—

V. 1. *So—is he gone?—*] Moſt of the editions keep this, as far as the entrance of *Erotium*, to the ſame ſcene.—But we have taken the liberty to make it begin a new one.

This

This is the way of courtezans: they ſend
Their lacqueys and their wenches to the port:
If any foreign ſhip arrive, to aſk
Whoſe is it, what's its name? Then inſtantly
They ſet themſelves to work, they ſtick like glue.
If they can lure ſome gull to their embraces,
They turn him out anon, undone and ruin'd.
A pirate veſſel lurks within this port,
Which we in my opinion ſhould beware of.

MEN. SOS. You counſel right.

MESS. It will be known at laſt
How right it is, if you as rightly follow it.

MEN. SOS. Softly a while: the door creaks: let us ſee
Who's coming forth.

MESS. Mean while I'll lay this down;
[*lays down his wallet on ſome oars.*]
Pray keep it ſafe, ye water-treading oars.

SCENE IV.

Enter EROTIUM, *ſpeaking to her Servants within.*

Leave the door thus: I would not have it ſhut:
Begone: make ready: ſee that ev'ry thing
Be done that's wanting: lay the couches ſmooth;

V. 19. *Ye water-treading oars.*] *Navales pedes*—he calls them ſo, becauſe, like feet, they are the cauſe of the boat's motion. Mr. *De L'Oeuvre* has a conjecture, that, inſtead of *pedes*, *Plautus* might have wrote *pædes*—and ſo might mean ſea-boys, ſea-ſervants. He did not conſider, that, in *Plautus*, the laſt word in the line is an *Iambic*; though from Scene 5. V. 6. it ſhould ſeem as if he meant ſo, allegorically at leaſt.

V. 1. *I would not have it ſhut.*] *Douza* obſerves that it is no difficult matter to gueſs the reaſon why *Erotium* orders the door

Let the perfumes be ſet on fire. 'Tis neatneſs
Lures the fond lover's heart. A ſpruce appearance
Is damage to the lover, gain to us.
But where, where is he, whom the cook inform'd me
Was at the door? I ſee him; he's a gentleman,
From whom I draw much ſervice and much profit;
And therefore I'm content, that he ſhould hold,
As he deſerves, with me, the higheſt place.
I'll go and ſpeak to him. My life! my ſoul!
I marvel you ſhould ſtand here at the door,
That's open to you more than is your own;
Your own it is.—Sweet, ev'ry thing is ready
Which you deſir'd: nothing to ſtay you, love:
The dinner, which you order'd, we have got:
Then, whenſoe'er you pleaſe, you may ſit down.

MEN. SOS. Whom does the woman ſpeak to?

EROT. Why, to you.

MEN. SOS. What buſineſs have I ever had with you?
What buſineſs have I now?

EROT. 'Tis *Venus'* will,
I ſhould prefer you before all my lovers;
Nor on your part unmerited, for you,
You only with your gifts enrich me.

door to be left open, ſince ſhe knew by experience, that gallants like nothing worſe than to find the doors of their miſtreſſes houſes ſhut. But it may be obſerved, ſhe would not have the door ſhut, becauſe ſhe expected *Menæchmus* to go in again with her directly.

V. 5. *A ſpruce appearance.*] The original is, *amœnitas*; and, according to *Feſtus*, thoſe places were called *amœna*, which allured to love.

MEN.

MEN. Sos, Sure
This woman's either mad or drunk, *Meſſenio*,
Thus to accoſt a ſtranger ſo familiarly.
MESS. Such practices are common here, I told you.
Theſe are but leaves; but if we tarry here
Three days, the trees themſelves will tumble on you.
The courtezans here are all money-traps.—
But ſuffer me to ſpeak to her.—Hearkye, woman!
A word with you.
EROT. What is't?
MESS. Where did you know
This gentleman?
EROT. Where he has long known me;
In *Epidamnum* here.
MESS. In *Epidamnum?*
He never ſet his foot in't till to-day.
EROT. Ah! you are pleas'd to joke, my dear *Menæchmus*.
But prithee, ſweet, come in; 'twere better for you.

V. 28. *Theſe are but leaves.*] According to *Tanbman*, the meaning is, that if you compare what happens now, to what will happen three days hence, the compariſon will be juſt as the leaves of a tree are to the tree itſelf. Mr. *De L'Oeuvre* thinks by leaves, he means words; by trees, deeds. It ſeems plainly to be an allegorical way of expreſſing, that what happens at preſent, will be nothing to what will happen in future. Or, Have a regard to ſmaller inconveniencies, leaſt by neglecting them, we run ourſelves into greater. According to the *Greek* Adage,

Εἰ μὴ φυλάσσεις μικρὰ ἀπόλεις τὰ μείζονα.

If you keep not ſmall things in ſafety, you will loſe the greater.

To which may be added, another to the ſame purpoſe,

Ψιχάδες οὐ βρον γεννωσι.

The ſmalleſt drops of rain grow into a large ſhower.—
Manuccii Adagia, page 169.

MEN. SOS. 'Fore heav'n the woman calls me by my name.
I marvel what this means.

MESS. She ſmells the purſe
Which you have there—

MEN. SOS. That's rightly put in mind.
Here, take it. I ſhall know now if her love's
To me, or to the purſe.

EROT. Let's in to dinner.

MEN. SOS. 'Tis a kind invitation, and I thank you.

EROT. Why did you bid me then to get a dinner?

MEN. SOS. I bid you get a dinner!

EROT. Yes, moſt certainly,
For you and for your paraſite.

MEN. SOS. A plague!
What paraſite?—Why ſure the woman's crazy.

EROT. *Peniculus.*

MEN. SOS. Who's that *Peniculus?*

EROT. The paraſite; in other words, the *Diſh-clout.*

MEN. SOS. O, what they wipe their ſhoes with?

EROT. He, I ſay,
Who came with you this morning, when you brought me
The robe that you had ſtolen from your wife.

V. 49. *In other words, the* Diſhclout.] There is nothing to anſwer this verſe in the original, but, like V. 12. in Scene II. it is neceſſary to make *Menæchmus'* reply intelligible.

V. 50. *O, what they wipe their ſhoes with?*] *Qui extergentur baxeæ.* The Commentators tell us, that the ſhoes or ſlippers uſually worn by philoſophers, were called *baxeæ.*

MEN.

MEN. SOS. How ſay you? I preſent you with a robe,
That I had ſtolen from my wife? art mad?
The woman ſure, walks like a gelding, ſleeping.
EROT. Why are you pleas'd to hold me for your ſport?
And why do you deny what you have done?
MEN. SOS. What is it I deny? What have I done?
EROT. Given me a robe belonging to your wife.
MEN. SOS. I ſtill deny it: I never had a wife,
Nor have I: neither have I ſet my foot
Within your doors, ſince I was born. I din'd
On ſhip-board, thence came hither, and here met you.
EROT. Ah! woe is me!—what ſhip is't you are talking of?
MEN. SOS. A wooden one, oft weather-beaten, oft
Bethump'd with mallets, like a taylor's pin-cuſhion
Peg cloſe to peg.
EROT. I' prithee, now have done
With jeſting thus, and come along with me.
MEN. SOS. Some other man you mean, I know not whom,
Not me.

V. 55. *Walks, like a gelding, ſleeping.*] The original is,
Certi hæc mulier cantherino ritu aſtans ſomniat.
Literally, certainly this woman like a gelding, ſleeps ſtanding. What we call a gelding, the *Romans* called *cantherius.*
—equi qui ſemine carent, ii canterii *appellati: ut in ſuibus, maiales: gallis gallinaceis, capi.*
Varro De Re Ruſtica. Lib. II. cap. 7.
—Geldings were called *canterii*, as barrow pigs were called *maiales*, and dung-hill cocks, when cut, *capons.*
The metaphor, therefore, is from a gelding, who often ſleeps ſtanding.

EROT. What! don't I know thee? not *Menæchmus*,
The ſon of *Moſchus*, who went born, thou ſay'ſt,
At *Syracuſe*, in *Sicily*, where erſt
Reign'd king *Agathocles*, and after *Pinthia*,
And next him *Liparo*, who by his death
The kingdom left to *Hiero*, now king.

MEN. Sos. 'Faith what you ſay is true.

MESS. O *Jupiter!*
Is ſhe not come from thence, ſo well ſhe knows you?

MEN. Sos. I can hold out no longer.

MESS. Stay, Sir, ſtay;
For if you croſs her threſhold, you're undone.

MEN. Sos. Be quiet: all is well: I will aſſent
To whatſoe'er ſhe ſays, ſo I but get
Good entertainment, and a fair reception.
(To Erotium.) For ſome time wittingly I have oppos'd you,
Fearing this fellow here, leſt he ſhould tell
My wife concerning all—the robe and dinner:
Now when you pleaſe, we'll enter.

EROT. Then you do not
Stay for the paraſite?

MEN. Sos. I neither ſtay,
Nor care a ruſh for him; nor would I have him
Be let in when he comes.

EROT. With all my heart.—
But do you know, ſweet, what I'd have you do?

MEN. Sos. Command me what you will.

EROT. That robe you gave me
I'd have you carry it to the embroiderer's,

V. 91. —*to the embroiderer's.*] *ad Phrygionem.* The *Phrygians* were reckon'd the moſt expert in works of embroidery or needle-work;

To be made up anew; with ſuch additions,
As I ſhall order.

MEN. SOS. What you ſay is right:
So will it not be known, nor will my wife,
If ſhe ſhould ſee you with it in the ſtreet,
Know you have got it.

EROT. So then by and by,
Sweet, you ſhall take it with you, when you go.

MEN. SOS. I will.

EROT. Let's in now.

MEN. SOS. I'll attend you preſently,
I would juſt ſpeak a word with him.

[*Erotium goes in.*]

SCENE V.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, MESSENIO.

MEN. SOS. *Meſſenio!*
Come hither.

MESS. What's the matter?

MEN. SOS. 'St!—ſhall I
Impart it to you?

MESS. What?

MEN. SOS. 'Tis ſuch a chance.

MESS. What chance?

work: hence *Phrygio* came to ſignify an embroiderer. For this we have the authority of *Pliny* the younger.

Pictas veſtri jam apud Homerum *fuiſſe, unde triumphales natæ. Acu facere, id* Phryges *invenerunt, ideoque* Phrygiones *appellati ſunt.*
Nat. Hiſt. Lib. VIII. cap. 48.

In the time of *Homer*, they made uſe of embroidered garments. The *Phrygians* were the inventors of needle-work, and hence embroiderers were called *Phrygiones*.

MEN. Sos. I know what you will ſay.

MESS. I ſay

So much the worſe for you.

MEN. Sos. I have got it, boy; 5
I have already made a rare beginning.
Quick as you can, go carry theſe my ſhip-mates
Directly to ſome place of entertainment.
Then come to me e'er ſun-ſet.

MESS. Maſter! maſter! 10
You're unacquainted with theſe harlotries.

MEN. Sos. Peace, prithee. If I play the fool, 'tis I,
Not you, ſhall ſuffer. Why, this woman here
Is a mere ſimpleton, an arrant ignorant,
As far as I have prov'd her hitherto.—
She is our game, my boy.

MESS. 'Tis over with us. 15

MEN. Sos. Will you be gone?

V. 7. *Some place of entertainment.*] *Tabernam diverſoriam*, a tavern or inn.

V. 8. *Then come to me.*] The original is, *ut venias advorſum mihi*. We are told, that *advorſum ire vel venire*, is not only to meet, but to go in ſearch of any one to a place appointed, and is chiefly uſed for ſervants going to fetch their maſters home.

——*non redit hac hoſte a cœna Æſchinus,*
Neque ſervolorum quiſquam, qui advorſum ierant.
Terentii Adelphi—Act. I. Sce. I. V. 1.

——Then *Æſchinus*
Never return'd, it ſeems laſt night from ſupper;
Nor any of the ſlaves who went to meet him.

COLMAN.

On which paſſage that gentleman obſerves, from *Donatus*, that the ſervants who went to meet their maſters and defend them home, were called *adverſitores*.

MESS. He is undone, that's certain.
This pirate veſſel has the boat in tow,
But I'm a fool, that I ſhould ſeek to rule
My maſter: for he bought me to obey,
Not govern him. Come, follow me, that I
May wait upon him at the time he order'd. *

[*Exeunt.*]

* Thus far, tranſlated by the late BONNELL THORNTON, Eſq;

*** This Act is opened by *Menæchmus Soſicles*, who had been five years in ſearch of a twin brother, and was juſt arrived at *Epidamnum*. His conference with *Meſſenio* his ſervant, conduces not a little to the knowledge of the ſtory of this Comedy. *Cylindrus* the cook coming from market with proviſions, firſt opens this Comedy of Errors, by miſtaking *Menæchmus Soſicles*, for *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*, who was to dine with his miſtreſs. *Erotium* herſelf in the fourth Scene, which is a very entertaining one, makes the ſame miſtake; and the Act ends, with *Menæchmus Soſicles* going to partake of the dinner prepared for, and by the order of *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*; the time for eating of which, fill's up the ſecond interval.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter PENICULUS, *the Paraſite.*

I Have ſeen thirty years and more, yet never
Play'd I ſo fooliſh or ſo vile a trick
As I have done this day, in mixing with
The crowd in the aſſembly of the people.
Where while I ſtood ſtaring about, *Menæchmus*
Gave me the ſlip, I fancy to his miſtreſs;
Nor took me with him.—Gods confound the man!
Firſt took it in his head, to inſtitute
Theſe meetings to engage the moſt engag'd.
'Twere better only to elect the idle
Who ſhould be fin'd in caſe of non-attendance.
There are enough who eat their meals alone;
Who've nought to do, who nor invited are
Nor e'er invite.—Theſe were the men to hold

V. 10. *the idle.*] See *The Churl*, Act I. Scene II. V. 60. and the Note. Vol. II. of this tranſlation.

V. 11. *Who ſhould be fin'd.*] At *Rome*, when the Senators did not attend, part of the reward they uſed to have for their attendance, was retained, and that was divided among thoſe who were preſent. This they called *pignoribus captis multari*, to be fined by taking of forfeits. The *Paraſite*, would have the ſame thing done to thoſe who are obliged to frequent publick places; making uſe of the word *cenſus*, revenue, inſtead of *pignus*, forfeit. *Limiers* from *Gronovius.*

Aſſem-

Aſſemblies, and attend at the *Comitia.*—
Had this been ſo, I had not loſt my dinner,
Which he'd as ſure have giv'n me, as I live.
I'll go however—Hope of the very ſcraps
Comforts my mind—But ſee, *Menæchmus* comes
From dinner, with a wreath—All's ta'en away,
And I am come at a fine time indeed!

SCENE II.

Enter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, *with a robe.*

MEN. Sos. If I return it neatly fitted up,
[*ſpeaking to Erotium within.*]
So that you ſcarce ſhall know it is the ſame,
And that this very day, ſhall you not then
Be ſatisfied?

PEN. [*apart.*] He's carrying the robe
To the embroiderer's—And dinner's done—
The wine drank off, and the poor paraſite bilk'd,
By *Hercules!* if I put up with this,
And not revenge, I'm not the man I am.
Let's firſt ſee what he'll do, and then accoſt him.—

V. 15. *at the* Comitia.—] The aſſembly of the *Roman* people to chuſe officers, or make by-laws, was called *Comitia.*

V. 20. *with a wreath.*] See *Amphitruon*, Act. IV. Sce. I. V. 23. Vol. I. of this tranſlation.

V. 8. *I am not what I am.*] *Non is ſum qui ſum.* A ſort of aſſeveration, or oath. I am not *Peniculus*, I am not a *paraſite*, they could not treat me thus inhumanely, in taking away my ſupper, when I am hungry, and faſting.

Limiers from *De L'Oeuvre.*

MEN.

MEN. Sos. Immortal Gods! is there a man on whom
You've in one day beſtow'd more good, or one
Who leſs could hope for it? I've din'd, I've drank,
I've feaſted with my miſtreſs, have born off
This robe, which ſhe no more ſhall call her own.

PEN. [*apart.*] He ſpeaks ſo ſoftly, I can ſcarce diſtinguiſh
What 'tis he ſays: ſure, now his belly's full,
He talks of me, and of my ſhare at dinner.

MEN. Sos. She told me, I had given her the robe
And that I'd ſtol'n it from my wife: tho' I
Knew ſhe was wrong, I ſeemingly aſſented
To all her ſtory, as if both of us
Had been joint parties in the whole tranſaction.
Said as ſhe ſaid—What need of many words?
I never in my life have far'd ſo well,
And at ſo ſmall expence.

PEN. I will accoſt him.
I'm out of patience till I quarrel with him.

MEN. Sos. Who is it that is coming to accoſt me?

PEN. Tell me, inconſtant, lighter than a feather,
Thou worſt of men, moſt wicked of mankind,
Baſe man, deceiver, void of faith and honour!
Have I deſerv'd this of thee? For what cauſe
Haſt thou undone me? Say, have I deſerv'd,

V. 14. *Which ſhe no more ſhall call her own.*] The original is,
Cujus hæres nunquam erit poſt hunc diem.
Literally, of which ſhe ſhall never after this day be heir to. We learn from *Feſtus*, that *hæres*, heir, among the Antients, meant the ſame as *dominus*, maſter. *Hæres* (ſays he,) *apud antiquos pro domino ponebatur*; and inheritance can never be ſuppoſed without property.

That

That thou ſhould'ſt ſteal thyſelf away from me,
Now at the Forum? Thou haſt buried too
The dinner in my abſence, to the which
I was joint heir—How dare you ſerve me thus?
MEN. Sos. Prithee, young man, what haſt to do with me?
Abuſing thus a man thou doſt not know—
You'd have me wreak this inſult then hereafter?
PEN. You have done that already.
MEN. Sos. Anſwer me.
Tell me your name, young man.
PEN. Still mocking me?
As if you did not know my name?
MEN. Sos. In troth,
I know not till this day I ever ſaw thee,
Nor art thou known to me, whoe'er thou art,
It ill-becomes thee to be troubleſome.
PEN. Not know me?
MEN. Sos. If I did, I'd not deny it.
PEN. Awake, *Menæchmus.*
MEN. Sos. 'Troth, I do not know,
That I'm a-ſleep.
PEN. Not know your paraſite?
MEN. Sos. Thy head is turn'd, young man, in my opinion.
PEN. Anſwer me, did you not this very day,
Steal from your wife that robe, and give't *Erotium?*

V. 33. *Thou haſt buried too*
The dinner in my abſence.] *Feciſti funus prandio*, &c. As if he had ſaid, You have devour'd, nay buried too, the dinner, and I who am heir to the deceas'd, you have not invited me to his funeral; as is the cuſtom to invite relations, and friends, but principally the heir, to pay their laſt duties to the deceaſed.
De L'Oeuure. Guendeville.

MEN.

MEN. Sos. Neither have I a wife, nor robe have ſtol'n,
Nor given to *Erotium.*
PEN. Are you mad?
Have you your ſenſes? Why the thing's apparent!
Did I not ſee you coming from the houſe,
The robe upon you?
MEN. Sos. Woe upon thy head!
'Cauſe you're a rogue, think you we all are ſuch?
Say you, you ſaw me with this robe upon me?
PEN. I did, by *Hercules!*
MEN. Sos. Go, and be hang'd
As you deſerve, or elſe go purge your brain;
For thou'rt the verieſt madman I e'er met with.
PEN. By *Pollux'* temple, nothing ſhall prevent me,
From telling to your wife, the whole that's paſs'd.
And then ſhall all this ſcurril wit retort
Back on yourſelf. Nor ſhall you unreveng'd
Have ſwallow'd down my dinner.
MEN. Sos. What is this?

V. 53. *The thing's apparent?*] The original is, *occiſa eſt hæc res*; literally, cut off, a mode of expreſſion not uncommon in our author, but not always in the ſame ſenſe. It occurs in *The Captives*, Act III. Scene IV. V. 7. But it there means, *our ſtate is deſperate*,—and we have rendered it ſo. See V. 10. Vol. I. of this tranſlation. But here it means, *the thing's apparent*: as apparent as a murder confeſſed, or when the murderer is taken in the fact.

V. 56. *'Cauſe you're a rogue, think you we all are ſuch.*] This is not tranſlated literally; the learned reader will ſee the reaſon.

V. 59. *Or elſe go purge your brain.*] The original is, *Aut te ſiari jubes*, order your brain to be purged. Thus *Limiers* tranſlates it, and we have followed him.

Shall

Shall ev'ry one I ſee, affront me thus?
But ſee, the door is opening.——

SCENE III.

Enter a MAID SERVANT *of Menæchmus of Epidamnum, with a claſp.*

SERV. *Erotium*
Moſt earneſtly entreats of her *Menæchmus*,
('Twill make it but one trouble,) to bear *this*
To the goldſmith, with her orders, that he add
An ounce more gold, and have it clean'd and mended.
MEN. SOS. This, and ought elſe that ſhe would have me do,
Tell her I will take care to execute.
SERV. But, do you know the claſp I'm ſpeaking of?
MEN. SOS. I know it not; but ſee 'tis made of gold.
SERV. 'Tis that, which ſometime ſince, you ſaid you ſtole
And privately, from your wife's cheſt of drawers.
MEN. SOS. That's what I never did, by *Hercules!*
SERV. What, don't you recollect it? then, return it.
MEN. SOS. Stay: I begin to recollect: it was
The ſame I gave your miſtreſs.
SERV. Yes, the ſame.
MEN. SOS. Where are the bracelets which I gave with it?
SERV. You never gave them.
MEN. SOS. But I did, by *Pollux!*
And gave them both together.

SERV. Shall I ſay,
You will take care——
MEN. Sos. Yes; and the robe and claſp
Shall be return'd together——
SERV. Let me, Sir,
Beg you'd preſent me with a pair of ear-rings
Of gold, and of two pieces value; that I may
Look well upon you, when you pay your viſits.
MEN. Sos. It ſhall be done: give me the gold;
I'll pay
Myſelf the faſhion.
SERV. No, I pray you, Sir,
Give it yourſelf, I'll be accountable.
MEN. Sos. I ſay, give me the gold——
SERV. Another time.
I'll pay it back two-fold.
MEN. Sos. I have no money.
SERV. But when you have, you'll pay the jeweller.
Any commands with me?
MEN. Sos. Yes, tell your miſtreſs
I'll take great care of what ſhe has order'd me——
[*Exit Servant.*]
Yes, ſoon as may be, I'll take care to ſell them [*aſide.*]
To the beſt bidder.——Is ſhe now gone in?
She is, and ſhut the door. Sure all the gods
Befriend me, and heap favour upon favour.
Why do I ſtay when time and opportunity
Thus favours me in quitting this vile place,
This place of bawds and panders?
Haſte thee, *Menæchmus*, then; uſe well thy feet,

V. 27. *Give me the gold; I'll pay*
Myſelf the faſhion.] —*Cedo aurum, ego manu pretium et dabo.*
Literally, give me the gold, I'll pay for the making it.

And

And mend thy pace. Let me take off my wreath,
And throw it to the left: that, if I'm follow'd,
They may ſuppoſe, I'm gone that way. I'll now
Find, if I can, my ſervant, and acquaint him
With what the gods are doing in my favour——

[*Exit.*

[a] V. 41. *Let me take off my wreath.*] See Scene I. of this Act, V. 23.

*** After a ſhort ſoliloquy by *Peniculus*, *Menæchmus Soſicles* comes from the dinner with the robe which *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum* had filched from his wife, and preſented to *Erotium*; who, ſuppoſing him to be the ſame perſon, had given it him to carry to the embroiderer's to make ſome additions to it. Here *Peniculus* is the third perſon who miſtakes one *Menæchmus* for the other; and ſuppoſing he is ſpeaking to *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*, his patron, is very angry, and abuſes him for having dined without him, though he was to have made one at the entertainment. The next perſon that is deceived, is a ſervant-maid of *Erotium*; who gives him a claſp, which he had given his miſtreſs, *Erotium*, and from her, deſires him to carry it to the goldſmith's to be repaired, at the ſame time that he carries the robe. This he promiſes, and this is the end of the Act; the third interval being filled with the time neceſſary for him ſo to do.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter the WIFE *of* Menæchmus *of* Epidamnum, *and* PENICULUS, *the Paraſite.*

WIFE.

AND ſhall I tamely then ſubmit to live
In marriage with a man, who filches from me
Whatever's in the houſe, and bears it off
A preſent to his miſtreſs?

PEN. Hold your peace:
I will ſo order matters, that you ſhall
Surprize him in the fact. So follow me.
Crown'd with a wreath, and drunk, he bore away
The robe that he filch'd from you yeſterday,
To the embroiderer's. But ſee, the wreath,
The very wreath he wore—Is it not true?
[*ſeeing the wreath on the ground.*]
He's gone this way; and you may trace his ſteps.
And ſee, by *Pollux'* temple, he returns,
And opportunely; but without the robe.

WIFE. How ſhall I treat him now?

PEN. How? Why as uſual,
Moſt heartily abuſe him.

WIFE. Yes, I think ſo—

PEN. Let's ſtand aſide, and watch him from our ambuſh.

[*they retire.*

V. 10. *The very wreath he wore.*] See Act III. Sce. I. V. 23.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter MENÆCHMUS *of* Epidamnum.

MEN. EPI. How troubleſome it is, thus to indulge
Ourſelves in fooliſh cuſtoms! yet the great,
Thoſe petty gods, too much come into it.
All wiſh to have a number of dependents,
But little care whether they're good or bad.
Their riches, not their qualities, they mind.
Honeſt and poor is bad.——Wicked and rich,
An honeſt man.——Clients, that have regard
To neither law, nor common honeſty,
Weary their patrons—Leave them a depoſit,
They will deny the truſt—Litigious,
Covetous, fraudulent, who've got their wealth

V. 2. *—in fooliſh cuſtoms.*] *—more moroi* A jingle of words. *Plautus* is but too fond of. Μωρος in *Greek* ſignifies a fool. See a jingle on the ſame words, carried rather farther, in the *Treaſure*, Act III. Sce. II. V. 43. V. 63. V. 2. of this Tranſlation, and the note.

V. 3. *Thoſe petty gods.*] The original is, *Optumi maximi.* Epithets taken from the attributes of *Jupiter*, and metaphorically applied here, to the great men of *Rome*, thoſe petty gods among the people.

V. 10. *—Leave them a depoſit.*] The original is, *Datum denegant quod datum eſt.—Pliny* the younger uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe. Speaking of the Chriſtians, he ſays,

—Se ſacramento (a) **** obſtringere, *** ne depoſitum appellati abnegarent.* Lib. X. Epiſt. 97.

—Binding themſelves by an oath, *** not to deny the depoſits in their hands, when they are called upon to reſtore them.

Ld. ORRERY.

(a) *ſacramento*, i. e. *by the* SACRAMENT, the word we now uſe.

By uſury or perjury—Their ſoul's
Still in their ſuits—A ſummons for defence
Once iſſu'd, 'tis their patron's ſummons too;
Who 'fore the people, prætor, commiſſary,
Muſt ſpeak in their behalf, however wrong.
Thus was I plagu'd to-day by a dependant,
One of this ſort, who would not let me do
Aught which I wanted in my own affairs;
Holding me cloſe to his, he ſo detain'd me—
When I had battled for him 'fore the *Ædiles*,
With craft had pleaded his bad cauſe, had brought
To hard conditions his opponent, nay
Had more or leſs perplex'd the controverſy,

V. 16. —*commiſſary.*] *i. e.* Deputy, one in commiſſion for another.

V. 16. —*'fore the people, prætor, commiſſary.*]
— *aut ad populum, aut in jure, aut ad judicem res eſt.*]

Limiers obſerves, that the *Romans* had three different tribunals, before which cauſes were pleaded: before the people, *comitiis centuriatim calatis*, in the general aſſemblies, *in jure*, before the prætor, who was the common judge, or *apud judicem*, before a judge delegated by the prætor, or arbitrators choſen by the parties themſelves.—Theſe three different ſorts of tribunals are thus diſtinguiſhed by *Cicero:*

Si quis ſtatuit eſſe oratorem, qui tantum modo in jure, aut in judiciis poſſit, aut apud populum, aut in ſenatu copioſe loqui; tamen huic ipſi multa tribuat, et concedat neceſſe eſt.

De Oratore, Lib. I. Sect. 48.

Though one lays it down as a principle, that an orator ought only to be qualified to ſpeak fully on any point before the *prætor*, before the *judges*, or before the *people*; yet admitting this, the qualifications of an orator muſt neceſſarily be great and various.

And

And brought it e'en to making their depoſits:
What does he do?—Why gives in bail—I never
Saw in all my life a villain more barefac'd
In all reſpects.——Three witneſſes ſwore plumb,
And prov'd againſt him every accuſation.
The gods confound him! for thus making me
Loſe all my time: ay, and confound myſelf,
For having ſeen the Forum with theſe eyes!
The nobleſt day is loſt: a dinner's order'd;
My miſtreſs waits.—I know it, and as ſoon
As e'er I could, I've haſt'ned from the Forum.
Doubtleſs ſhe's angry with me; but the robe
Filch'd from my wife to-day, and ſent to her,
Shall make all up.

PEN. What ſay you now?

WIFE. Unhappy!
In having ſuch a huſband.——

PEN. Did you hear
Diſtinctly what he ſaid?

WIFE. Very diſtinctly.

MEN. EPI. I ſhall do right, if I go in directly
And here refreſh myſelf.

WIFE. Wait but a little,
And I'll refreſh you better, [*to him.*] You ſhall pay;
Yes, that you ſhall, by *Caſtor!* and with intereſt,

V. 26. —*to making their depoſits.*] It was the cuſtom, when at law, for both parties by conſent to depoſit each a ſum of money, to engage their ſtanding tryal; the iſſue whereof was, that he who was caſt in his ſuit, loſt his money too. This depoſit was called *ſponſio.*

V. 38. —*ſent to her.*] *huic Erotio,* to this *Erotium.*

For that you filch'd from me, you've thus your due.
What, did you fancy you could play ſuch tricks
In ſecret?

MEN. EPI. What's the buſineſs, wife?

WIFE. Aſk that
Of me?

MEN. EPI. Why, would you that I aſk of him?

PEN. No ſoothing now. Go on.

MEN. EPI. Say, why ſo penſive?

WIFE. You can't but know the reaſon—

PEN. Yes, he knows,
But cunningly diſſembles.

MEN. EPI. What's the matter?

WIFE. The robe.—

MEN. EPI. The robe? what—

WIFE. Ay, the robe.—

PEN. Why pale?

MEN. EPI. I pale! unleſs the paleneſs of the robe
Has made me ſo.

PEN. I too am pale, becauſe
You eat the ſupper, and ne'er thought of me.
To him again. [*to the Wife.*]

V. 46. —*you've thus your due.*] The original is, *ſic datur*; which ſeems to require this ſignification. The ſame occurs again, V. 83.

V. 52. —*cunningly diſſembles.*] The original is, *malus*, which uſually means, one miſchievouſly or wickedly cunning, not a downright villain.

V. 54. —*unleſs the paleneſs of the robe*
Has made me ſo.]
—*niſi unum palla pallorem incutit.*
There is a jingle in the words between *palla* the robe, and *pallor* paleneſs, which can only be imitated in a tranſlation.

MEN.

MEN. EPI. Won't you be ſilent?

PEN. No.

He nods to me to hold my tongue. [*to the wife.*]

MEN. EPI. Not I,

By *Hercules!* I neither wink'd nor nodded.

WIFE. I'm an unhappy woman!

MEN. EPI. Why unhappy? Explain.—

PEN. A rare aſſurance, that denies
What yourſelf ſees.——

MEN. EPI. By *Jove*, and all the gods!
I nodded not——Are you now ſatisfied?

PEN. And to be ſure, ſhe now will give you credit.
Go back again—

MEN. EPI. And whither?

PEN. Whither elſe
But to th' embroiderer—Beyond all doubt
I think you ought—Go, and bring back the robe—

MEN. EPI. What robe do you ſpeak of?

WIFE. Since he don't remember
What he has done, I have no more to ſay.

MEN. EPI. Has any of the ſervants been in fault?
Has any of the men or women ſlaves
Given you a ſaucy anſwer?—Say, ſpeak out,
He ſhall not go unpuniſh'd.

WIFE. Sure, you trifle.

V. 78. *Given you a ſaucy anſwer?*] The original is, *reſponſant*. *Reſponſare*, we are told, is more than barely *reſpondere*. It means, *to anſwer ſaucily*, with *impudence* or *impertinence*.

V. 79. *Sure you trifle*, &c.] The *Delphin*, the *Variorum*, and moſt of the editions give this, and what follows concerning *trifling*, to *Peniculus*: but that of *Aldus* gives them to the *Wife*: and we have followed him.

MEN. EPI. You're out of humour: that I'm not quite pleas'd with.

WIFE. You trifle ſtill.

MEN. EPI. Has any of the family Done ought to make you angry?

WIFE. Trifling ſtill.

MEN. EPI. Angry with me then—.

WIFE. Now you trifle not.

MEN. EPI. 'Troth I've done nothing to deſerve it of you.

WIFE. Trifling again.

MEN. EPI. What is it gives you pain? Tell me, my dear.

PEN. He ſooths you: civil creature!

MEN. EPI. Can't you be quiet? I don't ſpeak to you. [*to* PENICULUS.]

WIFE. Off with your hand.

PEN. Ay, thus you're rightly ſerv'd— [*aſide.*] Dine then again in haſt when I am abſent! And rally me before the houſe when drunk! A wreath too, on your head!

MEN. EPI. By *Pollux'* temple! I have not din'd to-day, nor have I once Set foot within the houſe.

PEN. You dare deny it?

MEN. EPI. I do, by *Hercules!*

PEN. Conſummate impudence! Did I not ſee you with a wreath of flowers, Standing before the houſe here; when you ſaid My head was turn'd: when you denied you knew me, And when you'd paſs upon me for a ſtranger?

MEN.

MEN. EPI. I do aſſure you, ſince I ſlip'd away
This morning from you, I've not been till now
At home.
PEN. I know you, Sir: but you knew not
I'd wherewithal to take revenge upon you.
I've told your wife the whole, by *Hercules!*
MEN. EPI. What have you told?
PEN. I know not. Aſk of her.
MEN. EPI. What's this, my dear? What is it he
has told you?
You anſwer not—Why don't you ſay what 'tis?
WIFE. As if you know not. Why, a robe has been
Stol'n from me in my houſe.
MEN. EPI. A robe ſtol'n from you?
WIFE. Do you aſk me?
MEN. EPI. In troth, I ſcarce ſhould aſk it,
Was I aſſur'd it was ſo.—
PEN. Wicked man!
How he diſſembles! but you can't conceal it,
I know the whole affair; and I have told it
All to your wife.
MEN. EPI. What is all this about?
WIFE. Since you have loſt all ſhame, and won't
confeſs
The thing yourſelf, hearken to me, and hear it;
I'll tell you what has made me out of humour,
And every thing he has diſcover'd to me.
They have done well for *me*, they've ſtol'n my robe.
MEN. EPI. Done well for *you* by ſtealing of your
robe!
PEN. Obſerve his ſubterfuge: 'twas ſtol'n for
her, [*meaning Erotium.*]

And not for *you*: Had it been ſtol'n for *you*,
It had been ſafe.

MEN. EPI. I've nought to do with you,
But what ſay you? [*to his wife.*]

WIFE. I ſay, I've loſt from home
A robe.

MEN. EPI. Who took it?

WIFE. He who ſtole it, knows.

MEN. EPI. And who is he?

WIFE. One who is call'd *Menæchmus.*

MEN. EPI. Spitefully done! And who is this *Menæchmus?*

WIFE. Yourſelf, I ſay.

MEN. EPI. What! I?

WIFE. Yes, you.

MEN. EPI. Who ſaid ſo?

WIFE. My ſelf.

PEN. And I; and that you had carried it
Off to your miſtreſs, to *Erotium.*

MEN. EPI. I?
I give it her?

PEN. You, you, I ſay. Shall I
Go fetch an owl, to hoot in at your ears,
You, you? for we are both quite tir'd.

V. 127. — *Shall I*
Go fetch an owl, to hoot in at your ears,
You, you?]
— vin' afferri noctuam,
Quæ, tu, tu, *uſque dicat tibi?*

The commentators have obſerved, that this paſſage is a proof, that the *u* among the *Romans*, ought to be pronounced *ou*, the ſame as the *Italians* and *Germans* pronounce it at this day. And to this, that verſe in *Auſonius* is ſuppoſed to allude:

Cecropiis ignota ſonis, ferale ſonans U.
The mournful *U*, a ſound unknown at *Athens.*

MEN.

MEN. EPI. By *Jove*, and all the gods, I ſwear, my dear,
I never gave it her: Will that content you?
PEN. And I, I ſwear by *Hercules!* that we
Say nought but truth.
MEN. EPI. I did not give it her,
I only lent it.
WIFE. 'Troth, I never lend
Your coat, nor cloak abroad. 'Tis right for women
To lend out women's garments; men, their own.
Won't you return my robe?
MEN. EPI. The robe, I'll ſee
Shall be return'd——
WIFE. 'Tis the beſt way.—For you
Shall never ſet a foot within your doors,
Unleſs you bring my robe.
MEN. EPI. Not ſet a foot
Within my doors?
PEN. [*to the Wife.*] What recompence for me,
Who have aſſiſted you?
WIFE. When you have had
A loſs like mine, I'll do the ſame for you.
PEN. By *Pollux'* temple! that will never be;
For I have nought at home to loſe. The gods
Confound you both, both of you, wife and huſband!
I'll hie me to the Forum: for I find
'Tis now quite over with me in this family.
[*Exeunt* Peniculus *and the* Wife, *ſeverally.*
MEN. EPI. My Wife then thought ſhe'd done a mighty matter,
In threatning thus, to ſhut me out of doors;
As if I had not a far better place,
Where I ſhall be admitted. Well, if I

Diſpleaſe

Diſpleaſe you, my dear wife, I muſt e'en bear it:
But I ſhall pleaſe *Erotium*; and ſhe ne'er
Will ſhut me out, but rather ſhut me in.
Well, I'll go in, and pray her to return
The robe I juſt now gave her, and inſtead
Of that, I'll purchaſe her a better. Ho!
Who's porter here? Open the door, and call
Erotium hither.

SCENE III.

Enter EROTIUM.

EROT. Who inquires for me?

MEN. EPI. 'Tis one, who to himſelf is more an enemy,
Than ſuch to you.

EROT. My dear *Menæchmus*, why
Do'ſt ſtand before the door? Follow me in.

MEN. EPI. Stay here a little. Do you know the reaſon
I now come to you?

EROT. I know it very well:
'Tis to amuſe yourſelf along with me.

MEN. EPI. That robe I lately gave you, prithee, love,
Reſtore it.—For my wife hath been appris'd,
And knows the whole affair from firſt to laſt.
I'll buy one for you twice as rich, you'll like—

EROT. I gave it you but now, to carry it
To th' embroiderer's; with it, a bracelet
To give the jeweller to ſet a-new.

MEN. EPI. You gave to me a bracelet, and the robe?
Never—

Never—For when I'd giv'n the robe to you,
I went directly to the market-place:
Now firſt return I; nor have ſeen you ſince.
EROT. I ſee through your deſign: becauſe I truſted you,
You would deceive me; that 'tis you would do.
MEN. EPI. I do not aſk you for it to defraud you,
But tell you, that my wife knows all the affair.
EROT. Nor did I aſk you for it: you yourſelf
Gave it me freely; as a gift, you gave it;
And now demand it back. Well, be it ſo:
Let it be your's, take it; make uſe of it,
You or your wife, preſerve it as your eyes:
But don't deceive yourſelf; after this day
You never ſhall ſet foot within my doors,
Since you have treated with contempt a woman,
Who has not merited ſuch uſage from you.
Next time you come, be ſure bring money with you,
You ſhall not have to viſit me for nothing.
Henceforth find ſome one elſe to diſappoint.
MEN. EPI. You are too haſty—Hark you!—Stay
—Come back
EROT. Still are you there? and dare on my account
Still to return? [*Exit Erotium.*
MEN. EPI. She's gone—has ſhut the door.
Now I'm turn'd out indeed: nor can I gain
Credit, or from my miſtreſs or my wife.
I'll go, conſult my friends in the affair. [*Exit.*

V. 26. —*preſerve it as your eyes.*] The original is, *Etiam in oculos compingite.* Literally, *ſhut it up, even in your eyes*; an hyperbolical expreſſion, for, *take great care of it*; nothing being more eſtimable to any perſon than the eyes.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, *with the robe.*

MEN. Sos. 'Twas fooliſh in me when but now I truſted.
My purſe with all that's in it, to *Meſſenio.*
He has got, I doubt, into ſome brothel with it.

Enter the WIFE *of* Menæchmus *of* Epidamnum,

WIFE. I'll now ſee if my huſband is come home.
But ſee, he's here! All's well, he brings my robe.
MEN. Sos. I wonder where *Meſſenio* can be got!
WIFE. I'll go, and talk to him as he deſerves.—
Art not aſham'd, vile man, to appear before me,
And with this robe?
MEN. Sos. Why, what's the matter, woman?
What is't diſturbs you!

V. 1. *'Twas fooliſh*, &c.] This, all the editions we have ſeen, make the beginning of the fifth Act. By which they ſtretch it out into an immoderate length, in proportion to the others. But that is not all: there are inſtances, and thoſe not a few, in *Plautus*, where that is the caſe, and yet the Acts ſeem to be divided not improperly. It is true, *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum* going off at the end of the preceding ſcene, to adviſe with his friends, what he is to do under the circumſtances he was then in, gives a pauſe to the action; but then not near ſo great a one as ſeems neceſſary at the end of the next ſcene, as we have divided the Act, and of which an account will be given in that place. We have then brought back this and another ſcene; taking them from the fifth Act, and adding them to the fourth.

WIFE.

WIFE. Dare you, impudence! Mutter a ſingle word, or ſpeak to me?

MEN. SOS. What have I done, I ſhould not dare to ſpeak?

WIFE. What! do you aſk me? O, conſummate impudence!

MEN. SOS. Did you ne'er hear, good woman, why the *Grecians* Call'd *Hecuba* a bitch?

WIFE. Not that I know of.

MEN. SOS. Becauſe ſhe did the ſame that you do now;

V. 15. *Call'd* Hecuba *a bitch?*] *Hecuba* was the daughter of *Dymas* king of *Thrace*, and wife of *Priam* king of *Troy*. After *Troy* was taken, ſhe was made priſoner by *Ulyſſes*; and was ſo much enraged, at ſeeing her daughter *Polixena* offered up in ſacrifice on the tomb of *Achilles*, and the body of her ſon *Polydore* murdered by the treachery of *Polymneſtor*, to whoſe care ſhe had entruſted him, that ſhe abuſed the *Grecians* with all ſorts of opprobrious language; ſo that they uſed to follow, and throw ſtones at her as at a bitch, and carved the figure of one upon her tomb, which they called Κυνοσσημα, *the tomb of a bitch.*—For this we have the authority of the elder *Pliny*.

Dein promontorium Cherſoneſi Maſtuſia adverſum Sigeo, cujus in fronte obliqua Cynoſſema, ita appellatur Hecubæ tumulus, ſtatio Acheorum. Nat. Hiſt. Lib. IV. Cap. 11.

Then is the promontory of *Cherſoneſus Maſtiſia*, juſt oppoſite *Sigeum*, in the oblique front whereof is *Cynoſſema*, (for ſo the tomb of *Hecuba* is called,) the road of the navy of the *Athenians*.

To this *Juvenal* alludes.

Exitus ille utcunque hominis, ſed torva canino
Latravit rictu, quæ poſt hunc vixerat uxor.
Sat. X. V. 271.

At leaſt he died a man; his queen ſurviv'd
To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.—
DRYDEN.

Ou

Threw out abuſe on every one ſhe ſaw:
And therefore, rightly did they call her bitch.
WIFE. I cannot bear theſe ſcandalous reproaches:
I'd rather be a widow all my life,
Than bear theſe vile reflections you throw on me.
MEN. SOS. What is't to me, whether you live as married,
Or parted from your huſband? Is it thus
The cuſtom to ſing out ſuch idle ſtories
To ſtrangers on their firſt arrival here?
WIFE. What idle ſtories? No, I will not bear it,
I'd rather live a widow, than endure
Your humours any longer.
MEN. SOS. 'Troth, for me
Long as you pleaſe, you've leave to live a widow:
As long as *Jupiter* ſhall keep his kingdom.
WIFE. You would not own but now, you ſtole that robe,
And now you hold it out before my eyes?
What! are you not aſham'd?
MEN. SOS. By *Hercules!*
You are an impudent and wicked woman,
To dare to ſay this robe was ſtol'n from you;
When it was given me by another woman,
To get it alter'd for her.
WIFE. Yes, by *Caſtor!*
I'll call my father hither, and lay open

On which paſſage, that excellent poet has the following note:

"*Hecuba* his (*Priam's*) queen eſcap'd the ſwords of the *Grecians*, and out-liv'd him. It ſeems, ſhe behaved herſelf ſo "fiercely to her huſband's murderers, while ſhe lived, that the "poets thought fit to turn her into a bitch when ſhe died."

All

All your baſe actions to him. *Decius*, go, [*to a Servant.*]
Seek for my father, bring him with you; ſay,
'Tis proper he ſhould come.—I'll tell him all
Your horrid uſage.—

MEN. SOS. Are you in your ſenſes?
What horrid uſage?

WIFE. How you have filch'd from me
My robe, my gold, from me who are your wife,
And giv'n them to your miſtreſs—Say I not
The very truth?—

MEN. SOS. I prithee, woman, ſay
Where I may ſup, to charm me from your tongue.
I know not whom you take me for—For you,
I know as much of *Parthaon*.

WIFE. Tho' you mock me,
You can't, by *Pollux!* ſerve my father ſo,
Who's juſt now coming hither——Look behind.
Say, do you know him?

MEN. SOS. Juſt as I know *Chalcas*.
The very day that I ſaw you, before
This day did I ſee him—

V. 47. *Where I may ſup.*] The original is, *Monſtra quod bibam.* Literally, *Shew me ſomething to drink.* The *Grecians* called their entertainments, συμποσια, *drinking bouts*, though they conſiſted of *eatables* as well as *drinkables*.

V. 49. *I know as much of* Parthaon.]
Parthaon was the father of *Æneus*, king of *Ætolia*, who was father of *Dejanira*, wife of *Hercules*, uſed here as a perſon unknown, from his having lived ſo long ago.—So,

V. 52. *Juſt as I know* Chalcas,—is uſed in the ſame way.
He was the famous ſoothſayer, who was in the *Grecian* army at the ſiege of *Troy*.

Limiers from *De L'Oeuvre*.

WIFE.

WIFE. Dar'ſt thou deny
That thou know'ſt me, deny thou know'ſt my father?
MEN. Sos. I'd ſay the ſame thing, did'ſt thou bring thy grandfather.
WIFE. By *Caſtor!* you are like yourſelf in all things.

SCENE V.

Enter OLD MAN.

OLD MAN. Faſt, as my age permits, and as the occaſion
Calls, will I puſh my ſteps, and haſten forward.
How eaſily, I eaſily may gueſs.
My ſpeed forſakes me; I'm beſet with age;
I bear a weak, yet heavy laden body.
Old age is a ſad pedlar; on his back
Carrying along a pack of grievances.
It would be tedious to recount them all;
But this affair I cannot well digeſt.
What ſhould this matter be, which makes my daughter
Want me to come to her in ſuch a hurry?
She does not tell me what the buſineſs is,
What 'tis ſhe wants, nor why ſhe ſends for me;
Yet I can give a ſhrewd gueſs, what it is:
I'm apt to think, ſome quarrel with her huſband.
Such is their way, who of their portions proud,
Would keep their huſbands under government.
Nor are the huſbands often without fault.
But there are bounds how far a wife ſhould go.
Nor does my daughter ſend to ſee her father,

But when ſome fault's committed, or perhaps
Some quarrel has ariſen. What it is,
I ſoon ſhall know.—For, look, I ſee her then,
Before the door; and with her too, her huſband,
Whoſe looks are penſive—'Tis as I ſuſpected—
I'll call her.——

WIFE. I'll go meet him—Happineſs
Attend you, father!

OLD MAN. That good will to you!
Am I come here to ſee things go on well?
Wherefore your order, that I ſhould be ſent for?
Why are you penſive, ſay? and what's the reaſon
Your huſband keeps aloof in anger from you?
The reaſon I know not, but there has been
Some bickering between you—Who's in fault?
Tell in few words—No long diſcourſe about it.—

WIFE. I am in nought to blame, be eaſy then
As to that point, my father. But I cannot
Live longer with him, nor ſtay longer here.
Therefore, I beg you take me hence away.

OLD MAN. Say, what's the matter?

WIFE. Matter? I am made
A laughing-ſtock.

OLD MAN. By whom?

WIFE. By him you've made
My huſband.

OLD MAN. So! a quarrel! ſay, how often
I've warn'd you both, not to complain to me,

WIFE. How can I help it, Sir?

OLD MAN. What! aſk you me?

WIFE. Yes, if you'll give me leave.

OLD MAN. How many times
Have I adviſ'd you to conform to your huſband?

Never to watch his actions; where he goes,
Or what he is about.

WIFE. But he's in love,
Here in the neighbourhood, with a courtezan.

OLD MAN. He's wife in that: and by that care of yours,
In thus obſerving him, I would adviſe him
To love ſtill more.

WIFE. He drinks there, too.

OLD MAN. For you,
Think you he'll ever drink the leſs, or there,
Or elſewhere, as he likes? What impudence!
Do you inſiſt, he never ſup abroad,
Nor entertain a ſtranger at your houſe?
Would you, your huſband ſhould obey your pleaſure?
You may as well require him to partake
Your work with you, and ſit among the maids,
And card the wool.

WIFE. I find, Sir, I have brought you
No advocate for me, but for my huſband.

V. 49. —*By that care of yours,* &c.] The original is,

Ob hanc induſtriam, etiam ſaxo amabit amplius.

All the editions we have ſeen, concur in reading *ſaxo.*—

It has been hinted to us, that if inſtead of *ſaxo*, we read *ſaxis*, the ſenſe will be bettered, and the meaning then be clearly this,

In watching him thus heedfully, you'll make him
But love ſtill more.

V. 58. —*Your work with you,*] The original is, *penſum,*—which word properly ſignifies that quantity of wool, which the miſtreſs of a family uſed to give her ſervants to ſpin.

Non fugis, Alcide, victricem mille laborum
Raſilibus calathis impoſuiſſe manum.
Cæſaque robuſto deducis pollice fila,
Æquaque formoſæ penſa rependis heræ.

Ah!

Here ſtand you as a patron in my cauſe,
Yet plead for his.—

OLD MAN. Was he in ought to blame,
I ſhould condemn him more than I do you.
But when I ſee he keeps you richly cloth'd,
Allows you ſervants, and a plenteous table,
A wife thus treated, ſhould in my opinion
Bear towards him a more equal mind.

WIFE. But he
Pilfers my gold, my robe from out my cheſt;
Robs me, and carries to his courtezans
My richeſt ornaments.

Ah! quoties digitis dum torques ſtamina duris,
Prævalidæ fuſos comminuere manus.
Ovid. Epiſt. IX. V. 75.

How think you, to the wond'ring world 'twill ſound,
That at command you turn the ſpindle round?
Your work's ſet out, your miſtreſs you muſt pleaſe,
And your toils dwindle to ſuch *taſks* as theſe.
But your rough fingers break the ſlender thread,
And from the fair, a drubbing oft you dread.—
OLDMIXON.

But in general, it means any work, buſineſs, charge or undertaking. And, in this ſenſe *Plautus* uſes it here—As he again does in the following paſſage.

Penſum meum, quod datum eſt, confeci.
Perſa, Act II. Sce. I, V. 1.
The buſineſs giv'n me to do, I've finiſh'd.

V. 61. *Here ſtand you as a patron in my cauſe,*
Yet plead for his.—

It was the cuſtom for the council to ſtand by the ſide of his client, and plead in that poſture——ſo that the ſpeaker complains here, that her father indeed ſtands by her, like a council, or advocate, but that he does not act as ſuch, in pleading the cauſe of his daughter, but that of her opponent, his ſon-in-law.
GUEUDEVILLE.

OLD MAN. If he acts thus,
He acts amiss: if not, you act but ill,
When you accuse one that is innocent.
WIFE. Why, even at this very instant, Sir,
He has a bracelet, and a robe of mine,
Which he bore off here to this courtezan;
And now he finds I know it, brings them back.
OLD MAN. 'Tis right to know these matters from himself:
I will accost, and speak to him. Say, *Menæchmus*,
What's your dispute? Give me at once to know it.
Why are you pensive? And why is your wife
In wrath against you?
MEN. SOS. Whoso'er you are,
Whate'er's your name, I call great *Jupiter*,
And all the gods to witness——
OLD MAN. Why, and wherefore?
MEN. SOS. That I this woman ne'er have injur'd; her,
Who raves about my stealing from her house
This robe, and bearing of it off. If ever
I've once set foot within her doors, I wish
I may become the veriest wretch alive.
OLD MAN. Have you your senses when you make that wish?
Or, when deny that ever you set foot
Within that house, where you reside yourself?
O, of all madmen the most mad!
MEN. SOS. Old man,
And do you say, that I inhabit here?
OLD MAN. Do you deny it?
MEN. SOS. By *Hercules*, I do!
WIFE. 'Tis impudence to do so. But you mean,

Becauſe you went this night elſewhere.

OLD MAN. Come hither,
Daughter—And you, [*to him*] what ſay you now?
This night went you from hence?

MEN. Sos. Whither? for what I pray you?

OLD MAN. I know not. I.

WIFE. 'Tis plain he banters you.

OLD MAN. [*to her*] What, can'ſt not hold thy tongue? Truly, *Menæchmus*,
You've jeſted long enough: now to the purpoſe.

MEN. Sos. Pray, what have you to do with me? what buſineſs?
Say whence you come; and who you are; and what
I've done to you, or to this woman here,
That ye thus teaze me?—

WIFE. How his eyes ſhine! See!
A greeniſh colour ſpreads o'er all his temples,
O'er all his forehead. See his eyes! they ſparkle!

V. 106. *How his eyes ſhine! ſee!*] The original is,
Viden' tu illi oculos virere?
The commentators will have this to mean, *How green his eyes are!* and have a great deal to prove, that peoples eyes, when they have a tendency to madneſs, have a greeniſh caſt. But there is no need: *virere* ſignifies, to ſhine or ſparkle, as well as to look green.

Ben Jonſon ſeems plainly to have imitated this paſſage.

"Lord, how idly he talks, and how his eyes ſparkle! he looks "green about the temples! do you ſee what blue ſpots he has!
The Silent Woman, Act IV. Scene IV. *Epicœne.*

And *Shakſpeare* too, though his imitations uſually lie more concealed, than *Jonſon's* do, had poſſibly this in view, in the following paſſage—

"Alas! how fiery and ſharp he looks!
Comedy of Errors, Act IV. Scene IX. *Luciana.*

MEN. SOS. [*aſide.*] Since they will have me mad,
what can I do?
Better then feign a madneſs, I may thus
Fright them away.—
WIFE. Look how he yawns and ſtretches!
What ſhall I do, my father!
OLD MAN. Come this way,
As far off from him as you can, my child.
MEN. SOS. Evoï, Evoï! *Bacchus* ſon of *Jove*,
Why doſt thou call me to the wood to hunt?
I hear you, but I cannot ſtir from hence,
This woman on the left ſide, watches me
Like a mad dog; on t'other, this old goat,
Who often in his life has by falſe witneſs
Deſtroy'd the guiltleſs man.—
OLD MAN. Woe on thy life!
MEN. SOS. See where *Apollo* from his oracle
Commands me to burn out both that woman's eyes,
With lighted torches.
WIFE. I'm undone, my father!
He threatens me, to burn out both my eyes.
MEN. SOS. [*aſide.*] Alas! they ſay I'm mad, yet
they themſelves
Are much more mad than I.

V. 113. *Evoï, Evoï!*] *Evius* and *Bromius* were, as *Taubman* informs us, the names of two *Bacchants*, or followers of *Bacchus*. In their Bacchanalian revels, the cry among the antients uſed to be, *Evoë.*—

Evoï Bacche fremens, ſolens, ſolum te virgine dignum
Vociferans.——
Virgil. Æneid. Lib. VII. V. 389.

——Loud ſhe cries,
Evoï! Bacchus! Who alone deſerv'ſt
The virgin bride.——
TRAPP.

OLD

OLD MAN. Hark, you! my daughter!
WIFE. Your pleaſure, Sir? What ſhall we do?
OLD MAN. Suppoſe
I call my ſervants quickly—I'll bring *them*, thoſe
Shall carry him into the houſe, there bind him,
'Ere he make more diſturbance.——
MEN. Sos. On my word, [*aſide.*]
Unleſs I take great care, they'll bear me off
By force into their houſe. Yes, thou haſt order'd me,
Not to forbear the thruſting of my fiſts
Into her face, unleſs ſhe marches off
Far from my ſight, and goes and hangs herſelf.
Yes, yes, *Apollo*, I obey thy orders.
OLD MAN. Run home, my daughter, run into the houſe
Faſt as you can, leſt he belabour you.
WIFE. I fly. I pray you take good heed, my father,
That he eſcape not. An unhappy wife
Am I, to hear all this. [*Exit.*
MEN. Sos. I've ſent her off, [*aſide.*]
Not ill. And now muſt I ſend after her
This more than filthy fellow, this old grey beard,
This totterer, this old *Tithon*, ſon of *Cygnus*—
'Tis thy command that I ſhould break his limbs,
[*aloud.*]
His bones, his joints, with that ſame ſtaff he carries.
OLD MAN. Touch, or come nearer me, and you'll repent it.

V. 143. —*this old* Tithon, *ſon of* Cygnus.] *Tithon* was not the ſon of *Cygnus*, but of *Laomedon*, a king of *Troy*, and brother to *Priam*; he lived to an extreme age. *Plautus* makes the miſtake deſignedly, as the ſpeaker is feigning himſelf mad.

MEN. SOS. Yes, I will do as you have order'd me,
Take up this two-edg'd axe, bone this old fellow,
And cut his bowels piece-meal.
OLD MAN. 'Troth, I muſt
Take care tho' of myſelf—I am afraid;
He'll do a miſchief to me, as he threatens.
MEN. SOS. *Apollo!* faſt thou pour'ſt thy great beheſts—
Now thou command'ſt me, harneſs my wild ſteeds,
Fierce and untam'd; and now to mount my car
And cruſh in pieces this *Getulian* lion,
This ſtinking, toothleſs beaſt.—Now do I mount,
And now I ſhake the reins—I take the laſh;
Now fly, my ſteeds, and let your ſounding hoofs
Tell your ſwift courſe—Shew in the turn your ſpeed.
OLD MAN. And doſt thou threaten me with harneſs'd ſteeds?
MEN. SOS. Again, *Apollo!* thou again command'ſt me
To ruſh upon yon fellow that ſtands there,
And murder him. But who is this, that by
My fluttering treſſes plucks me from my car,
The dire commands revoking of *Apollo?*

V. 155. —*this* Getulian *lion.*]
Getulia was a country in *Africa*, where the largeſt and fierceſt lions were ſaid to be bred.

V. 159. —*Shew in the turn your ſpeed.*] The original is,
Facite inflexa ſit pedum penicitas.
The commentators underſtand it in the ſenſe in which we have tranſlated it. But if, as has been hinted to us, *pedum* is here uſed for *crurum*, it may mean, *bend in your legs as much as poſſible.* The faſter a horſe runs, the more his legs are *bent in*, before he throws them out.

OLD

OLD MAN. A ſharp and obſtinate diſtemper this!
Ye gods! is't poſſible, a man who ſeem'd
So well but now, ſhould fall ſo ſuddenly
Into ſo ſtrange a malady? Away,
I muſt make haſt, and ſend for a phyſician.
[*Exit.*

MEN. Sos. What! are they gone? Are they both fled my ſight?
Who forc'd me in my wits to feign the madman.
What hinders now, to 'mbark me, while I'm well?
I beg you, Sirs, [*to the ſpectators.*] if the old man return,
Not to diſcover, down what ſtreet I took.— 175
[*Exit.*

*** In this Act, the Wife of *Menæchmus of Epidamnum* having been informed by *Peniculus* of her huſband's pranks, whom he imagined he ſaw come out of *Erotium's* houſe from an entertainment, with a wreath of flowers on his head, (though it was really not him, but *Menæchmus Soſicles* that he ſaw,) is going to abuſe him, when he appears on the ſtage; and, by denying, as he well might, every thing that ſhe accuſes him of, gives her an occaſion of increaſing her jealouſy, and her animoſity at the ſame time. She goes off with a threat to turn him out of doors: and *Peniculus* the *Paraſite*, finding nothing more to be had in this family, goes off alſo to the Forum, in ſearch of other patrons. *Erotium* joining *Menæchmus*, he aſks her to return the robe; and is in the utmoſt conſternation, when ſhe tells him ſhe had already given it him, to carry to the embroiderer's; which, as ſhe had really given it to *Menæchmus Soſicles*, ſhe imagined ſhe had done.—His denying to have received it, puts her into a violent paſſion; on which *Menæchmus* determines to adviſe with his friends, what to do under theſe circumſtances. —And this is the foundation of another incident. In the fourth Scene, *Menæchmus Soſicles* brings the robe *Erotium* had given him at his requeſt, ſuppoſing him to be *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*; whoſe wife joins him, ſuppoſing him to be ſo; and, as ſuch, her huſband——This he denies, and alſo that he had filched the

the robe from her—She then goes to call her father; who alſo ſuppoſing *Menæchmus Soſicles* to be *Menæchmus* of Epidamnum, his ſon-in-law——This, *Menæchmus Soſicles* perſiſting in denying that he knows any thing of either of them, or that he ever ſet foot within the houſe, they ſuppoſing him to be mad, he takes the hint; and, in order to eſcape from them, pretends to be ſo——The wife quits the ſtage to be out of the ſuppoſed fury, and the father does the ſame, in ſearch of a *Phyſician*; on which *Menæchmus Soſicles* finding himſelf alone, takes the opportunity of running off.——Thus ends the Act; and the time the old man takes in finding the *Phyſician*, and bringing him to his patient, fills up the fourth interval.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter OLD MAN.

OLD MAN.

MY limbs with ſitting ach, my eyes with watering,
While this ſame Doctor from his patients comes.
Scarcely arriv'd at home, he's telling me,
He was oblig'd to ſet a broken leg
Of *Æſculapius*, and *Apollo*'s arm.
I'm thinking whether I am bringing with me,
Or a phyſician, or a carpenter—
But ſee! he comes, tho' with an emmet's pace.

V. 1. *My limbs*, &c.] This, which in all the editions, is made the middle of the third ſcene of the fifth Act, we have, againſt the authority of all the copies, made the beginning of it. The old man, had, it ſeems, waited a very long time for the phyſician's coming home. When that happened, he had talked with him, and told him in general of *Menæchmus*'s diſorder. He had then quitted him, and was now waiting for him again, while ſome buſineſs within doors detained him. All this requires a long interval of time, as long, at leaſt, as Poets ever ought to ſuppoſe, between two ſucceſſive Acts.

V. 8. —*tho' with an emmet's pace.*]
——*movet formicinum gradum.*
Emmets or ants move very quick, but gain but little ground.
M. DE L'OEUVRE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter PHYSICIAN.

PHYS. What did you ſay was his diſorder, Sir?
Inform me, is he mad, or is he frantick?
Is it a lethargy, or is he hydropical?
OLD MAN. I brought you hither to know that of you,
And that your art ſhould cure him.
PHY. Nought more eaſy.
From this time, I engage he ſhall be well.
OLD MAN. I'd have great care ta'en of him in his cure.
PHYS. My frequent viſits oft will make me puff,
Such great care I ſhall take in curing him.
OLD MAN. But ſee the man!
PHY. Let us obſerve his actions.

V. 2. — *is he mad, or is he frantick?*] *Num larvatus, an territus?* Thoſe who fancied they were continually ſeeing ſpectres, ghoſts or apparitions, and from perſiſting in that imagination, became mad, were called *larvati*. As to thoſe called *territi*, See *Amphitruo*, Act II. Scene II. V. 144. M. *Dacier*'s note on the paſſage, the ſame Scene, Vol. I. of this tranſlation. V. 211, and the note.

V. 9. *Such great care I ſhall take*, &c.] Some commentators, *Boxhornius* in particular, have given another turn to this paſſage, ſuppoſing it a ſtroke of ſatire on phyſicians, and to be taken ironically. But I think with *Limiers*, that is too far fetched: and have adopted the ſenſe he has given it in his *French* tranſlation.

SCENE III.

Enter MENÆCHMUS *of* Epidamnum.

MEN. EPI. This day has been unlucky, and to me
Quite adverſe—what I thought to have done in ſecret,
Has been diſcover'd by this Paraſite,
And brought both fear and infamy upon me.
He my *Ulyſſes* was, and my adviſer;
Yet nought but evil heaps on me his *king*.
His thread of life, if I but live myſelf,
Will I cut off. How like a fool I talk!

V. 5. *He my* Ulyſſes *was,*] *Ulyſſes*, one of the kings who were at the ſiege of *Troy*, was a very experienced general, whom *Agamemnon* always conſulted, and whoſe advice he followed. To this *Plautus* alludes in this paſſage.

V. 9. *Will I cut off.*] —*vitâ devolvam ſuâ.* The alluſion is to the three ſiſters, the poetical deſtinies, called by the antients *Parcæ*, daughters of *Erebus* and *Night*. One held the diſtaff and ſpun the thread of life, another winded it off, and the third, when ordered by the fates, cut it off. The original is, *devolvam*; and I am ſenſible the uſual ſenſe of *devolvere* is *to wind off*. *Virgil* uſes it ſo,

Carmine quo captæ, dum fuſis mollia penſa
Devolvunt.—— *Geor.* Lib. iv. V. 348.

While, with ſuch ſongs delighted, they on reels
Wind the ſoft yarn—— TRAPP.

But from the whole context, Ver. 11. in particular, where he ſays he will be the death of him, it muſt mean here, *cut off, abſolutely deſtroy*. And we have tranſlated it ſo on the authority of *Catullus*, who uſes it in that ſenſe in the following paſſage.

Stimulatus ut furenti rabie vagus animus
Devolvit lenta acuta ſibi pondere ſilice.
De Berecynthia & Atys.

His

His thread of life! His thread of life is mine;
He eats my victuals, lives at my expence,
Yes, I will be the death of him. Beſides,
This wench has acted but in character,
The manner of them all. When I requeſted her
To give me back the robe to give my wife,
She tells me, ſhe already had returned it.
'Troth, I'm unhappy!

OLD MAN. Hear you what he ſays?

PHYS. He ſays he is unhappy.

OLD MAN. Pray go nearer.

PHYS. Save you, *Menæchmus*. Why do you bare your arms?
You know not how it helps on your diſorder.

MEN. EPI. Go hang yourſelf. [*to the old man.*]

PHYS. What think you now?

MEN. EPI. What think?
What can I think?

PHYS. To work a cure requires
More than an acre of good hellebore.
Hark ye! *Menæchmus?*

MEN. EPI. What would'ſt thou with me?

PHYS. Anſwer to what I aſk: Say, do you drink
White wine or red?

MEN. EPI. Go, hang yourſelf.

V. 23. —*an acre of good hellebore.*] Hellebore was an herb uſed by the antients in the cure of mad men. The expreſſion is hyperbolical; and perhaps ſo, that of *Horace:*

Danda eſt ellebori multo pars maxima avaris:
Neſcio an Anticyram *ratio illis deſtinet omnem.*
Lib. ii. Satir. iii. V. 82.

Miſers make whole *Anticyra* their own;
It's *hellebore* reſerv'd for them alone. FRANCIS.

PHYS.

PHYS. I find
The mad fit juſt now coming on.
MEN. EPI. Why not
Aſk me as well the colour of my bread,
Whether I eat it purple, red, or yellow? 30
Whether eat ſcaly birds, or feather'd fiſh.
OLD MAN. Hark! how deliriouſly he talks! or e'er
He grows ſtark ſtaring mad, give him ſome potion.
PHYS. Hold, ſtay a little, I ſhall farther queſtion him.
OLD MAN. More idle talk will quite demoliſh him.
PHYS. Tell me but this; do you ever find your eyes 35
Grow hard?
MEN. EPI. Do you take me for a locuſt, fool?

V. 29. —*purple, red, or yellow*] *Purpureum panem, an puniceum*, literally, *purple* or *red*. The commentators are divided in regard to the ſenſe of this paſſage. Some think it means bread much or little baked. But it is not very material. I have tranſlated it ſo as to give *Plautus*'s idea, and perhaps not amiſs, to an *Engliſh* reader.

V. 35, 36. —*Do you ever find your eyes grow hard?*
MEN. EPI. *Do you take me for a locuſt, fool?*] *Boxhornius* tells us, this alludes to the locuſt having no eyelids. But if we may give credit to the elder *Pliny*, they have no eyes at all.

Inter aves ardeolarum generi, quos leucos vocant, altero oculo carere tradunt. Nigidius *nec locuſtis, nec cicadis eſſe dicit.*
Nat. Hiſt. Lib. xi. cap. 37.

Among birds, thoſe of the heron kind, which are called *leuci*, becauſe they are white, are ſaid to have but one eye. *Nigidius*, ſays, that locuſts and graſhoppers have no eyes at all.

It is to be obſerved, that the outer coat of the eye in all flying inſects, is ſo hard, that it may be called *tunica cornea* with much more propriety, than that which is ſo called in the eyes of men and other animals. The eye of the locuſt, fenced with this coat, is remarkably large and prominent. *Ariſtotle* in his Hiſtory of Animals, Book iv. chap. 2. ſays, after mentioning many differences between

PHYS. Do you find your bowels make a noise ſome-
times?
MEN. EPI. When I am full, my bowels make no
noiſe:
They do, when I am hungry.——
PHYS. By my troth,
In this he does not anſwer like a madman.
D'you ſleep till day-light? When you go to bed,
D'you get to ſleep with eaſe?
MEN. EPI. My debts diſcharg'd,
I ſleep with eaſe. May *Jove* and all the gods
Confound this queſtioner!
PHYS. He 'gins to rave. [*aſide.*
Take heed of what you ſay.
OLD MAN. In what he ſays,
He's much more moderate than he was but now.
'Tis but a while ago, he ſaid, his wife
Was a mad bitch.
MEN. EPI. What did I ſay?
OLD MAN. You're mad,
I ſay.
MEN. EPI. What I?
OLD MAN. You there, who threaten'd me,
You'd trample me beneath your horſe's feet.
I ſaw you do it, and I will maintain it.

between male and female locuſts, τὰ δ'ὄμματα, πάντων τούτων ἅπτ' σκληρόφθαλμα. *The eyes of all theſe are hard.* Theſe locuſts however of *Ariſtotle* (*locuſtæ* they are called by his *Latin* tranſlators,) are clearly lobſters; for the differences he mentions between the male and the female, are the very ſame we find in lobſters. And the other animals, which *Ariſtotle* includes in πάντων τούτων, all theſe are crabs, cray-fiſh, prawns, and ſhrimps. Poſſibly then, the *locuſta* of *Plautus* might be a lobſter.

V. 50. *I ſaw you do it*——] The original is, *Egomet hæc te vidi facere.* We have tranſlated *vidi* literally, *I ſaw*; as it is *Plautus's* idiom. A modern writer would have ſaid, *I heard.*

MEN.

MEN. EPI. And I well know, you've ſtol'n *Jove's*
ſacred crown,
And for the fact have been confin'd in priſon.
And when releas'd, you've been ſeverely whip'd
Under a gibbet. And I know beſides,
You've kill'd your father, and have ſold your
mother.
Think you I am ſo mad, I can't deviſe
The ſame abuſive language againſt you,
As you can do 'gainſt me.
OLD MAN. Doctor, I beg you,
What you intend to do to him, do quickly.
Do you not ſee he's mad?
PHYS. 'Twere the beſt thing,
You know, to have him carried to my houſe.
OLD MAN. Do you think ſo?
PHYS. Why not? I there can treat him
As I think proper.
OLD MAN. Do juſt as you pleaſe.
PHYS. About ſome twenty days, you ſhall drink
hellebore.
MEN. EPI. And you, ſome thirty days, ſhall be
tied up,
And flog'd ſeverely.
PHYS. Go, and call your men,
To bring him to my houſe.

V. 61. — *to have him carried to my houſe.*] The idea is not perhaps very uncommon, and two authors may, without having ſeen each others writings, think alike. But there is a paſſage in Sir *John Vanbrugh* ſo like this, that I cannot help laying it before the reader. 'Tis in *The Relapſe*; When Lord *Foppington* is wounded, he is put under the care of *Syringe*, a roguiſh ſurgeon, who ſays, "Help, help the gentleman to a chair, and carry him to my houſe; "that's the propereſt place [*aſide.*] to bubble him out of his "money." Act II.

OLD MAN. How many men
D'ye think will be ſufficient?

PHYS. As I ſee him
So mad, not leſs than four.

OLD MAN. They ſhall be here
Immediately. Take care of him, good doctor.
PHYS. I'll home to get things ready that are wanting.
Go, bid your ſervants bring him to my houſe.

OLD MAN. I will take care that he ſhall ſoon be there.

PHYS. I'm gone.

OLD MAN. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* PHYS. *and* OLD MAN *ſeparately.*

MEN. EPI. The father-in-law is gone,
And ſo's the doctor. Now I am alone.
How is it, *Jove*, theſe men will have me mad!
Since I was born, I've ne'er been ſick one day.
Nor am I mad, nor do I ſeek for quarrels,
Nor ſtir up ſtrifes. I'm well in health, and ſee
Others the ſame: I know men, and I ſpeak to them.
Is't not, that thoſe who ſay that I am mad,
Are mad themſelves? What ſhall I do? I would
Go home; but then my wife will not permit it.—
My miſtreſs too will not admit me. This
All of it's ill. I'll e'en ſtay here till night,
And I may get admittance in the dark. [*ſtands apart.*

SCENE IV.

Enter MESSENIO.

MESS. 'Tis on all hands allow'd to be the proof
Of a good ſervant, when he takes good care of,

Looks

Looks after, thinks of, and diſpoſes rightly
His maſter's buſineſs. That, when he is abſent,
Things may go on as well, or even better
Than when he's preſent. He whoſe heart is right,
Will think his back of greater conſequence
Than is his gullet: Ay, and to his belly
Prefer his legs. He ought to bear in mind
The wages, ſervants good for nothing, idle,
Or wicked, from their maſters hands receive;
And theſe are, ſtripes and chains, the ſtocks, the mill,
Hard labour, cold and hunger. Such as theſe
Are the rewards of idleneſs. This evil
I'm terribly afraid of; therefore chooſe
Rather to do my duty, than neglect it.
Words I can bear, but ſtripes I hate. I rather
Like to eat that which has been ground by others,
Than grind myſelf what others are to eat.
I therefore execute my maſter's orders
Well; and with ſober diligence I ſerve him:
This turns to my account—Let others act then
As beſt they think it for their intereſt,
I'll ever be that which I ought to be:
This fear I'll ſtill retain, to keep me free
From fault; that whereſoe'er my maſter is,
I may be ready there to wait on him.
Thoſe ſervants who have nothing done amiſs,
Yet keep this fear, ſtill make themſelves of uſe
To their reſpective maſters. But the ſervants

V. 7, 8, 9. *Will think his back,* &c.] Becauſe, if he neglects his duty, the conſequence will be, that his back will feel the rod, and his legs be bound up in chains. TAUBMAN.

V. 28. *Thoſe ſervants,* &c.] See *The Apparition,* Act IV. Scene I. V. 1.

Who never live in fear of doing wrong,
Fear, when they've ſomething done to merit puniſhment.
As for myſelf, I ſhan't live long in fear—
The time draws nigh, when maſter will reward me
For all the pains I have been at to ſerve him.
I've ſerv'd him ſo, as to conſult my back.
Now that I've plac'd the ſervants, as he order'd,
And what they'd want i'th' inn, I'm come to meet him.
I'll now knock at the door, that he may know
I'm here, tho' doubtful whether I can bring him
Safe off from this vile houſe—I fear me much
Leſt I ſhould come after the battle's fought.

SCENE V.

Enter OLD MAN, *with Servants.*

OLD MAN. [*to the Servants.*] By gods and men,
I here conjure you all
To take good care to execute the orders
Given you already; and I now repeat them.
See that man carried to the doctor's houſe;
On pain of both your ſides and legs, obey me.
Be ſure, each of you, not to heed his threats there.
Why ſtand you thus? why heſitate? e'en now

V. 41. *Safe off from this vile houſe.*] *ex hoc ſalto*——literally, this thick wood. Alluding to ſuch places being the lurking holes of thieves and robbers, and therefore dangerous.

V. 42. —*after the battle's fought.*] *depugnato prælio.* Alluding to the proverb, *poſt bellum ſuppetiæ:* Supplies after the battle. The *French* expreſs it by a ſimilar proverb, *après la mort le medecin*; the phyſician after the patient is dead. And we have a proverb to the ſame purpoſe, *When the ſteed is ſtolen, ſhut the ſtable-door.*

He

He ought to've been borne off. I'll go myſelf
Strait to the doctor: when you are got thither,
You'll find me there before you— [*Exit* OLD MAN.
MEN. EPI. I'm undone.
What is the matter? What do theſe men want,
That they run here ſo faſt? What is't you want?
Why do you thus ſurround me? Why thus hale me?
Where would you carry me? Undone! help! help!
Aid me, ye *Epidamnians!* Let me go.
[*to the Servants.*
MESS. Ye gods, what do I ſee! What men are theſe
Who thus unworthily are bearing off
My maſter?
MEN. EPI. What, will no one dare to help me?
MESS. Maſter, I will, and boldly too.— What villainy!
Ye *Epidamnians*, thus to ſeize my maſter,
In the open ſtreet, by day light, undiſturb'd
By tumults in your city—A free man
He enter'd it—Then let him go, I ſay—
MEN. EPI. Whoe'er you are, aſſiſt me, I beſeech you,
Nor let them do ſuch ſignal outrage on me.
MESS. Yes, I'll aſſiſt, defend, and ſuccour you.
'Tis far more juſt, that I myſelf ſhould periſh,
Than ſuffer you to be thus treated, maſter:
Pluck out that fellow's eye, I beg of you,
Who holds you by the ſhoulder. I'll myſelf
Plant in theſe raſcals chaps a crop of blows.
If you perſiſt in bearing him away,
You'll find you'll have the worſt of it. Let him go.
MEN. EPI. I've got hold of the raſcal's eye.
MESS. Why then,

Let in his head the ſocket ſtrait appear.
Rogues! Raſcals!
SERVANTS. You'll murder us. Have mercy!
MESS. Let him go then.
MEN. EPI. What is't ye mean, you raſcals!
By laying hands on me thus violently?
Curry the ſcoundrels with your blows.
MESS. Away,
Begone, go and be hang'd, ye raſcals!
You there, that are the laſt to quit your hold,
Take this along with you as a reward— [*ſtrikes him.*
So, ſo: I think I've on this ſcoundrel's chaps
Written in red letters.—'Troth, I came in time
To your aſſiſtance, maſter.
MEN. EPI. May the gods!
Whoe'er you are, be ever kind to you,
Young man. For without you, I ne'er had ſeen
The ſetting ſun this day.
MESS. By *Pollux!* therefore,
If you do right, you'll give me, Sir, my freedom.
MEN. EPI. Give you your freedom!
MESS. Out of doubt, my maſter,
Since I have ſav'd your life.
MEN. EPI. How's this! young man,
You are miſtaken.
MESS. I miſtaken! how?
MEN. EPI. I ſwear by father *Jupiter*, I'm not
Your maſter.
MESS. Can you ſay ſo?

V. 43. *Written in red letters.*—] The original is, *Nimis autem bene ora commentavi.* Literally, I have made no bad comment. Alluding to the comment on a book, which was at that time uſually in red letters.

MEN.

MEN. EPI. I don't lie.
I never had a ſervant yet; I ſay,
Who ever did for me, what you have done?
MESS. If then you will not own me for your ſervant,
E'en let me go, and have my liberty.
MEN. EPI. As far as in my power, take your liberty,
And go where'er you pleaſe.
MESS. Then you command me?
MEN. EPI. Yes ſure, as far as I've a right to do ſo.
MESS. My patron, thanks!
A SERVANT. I joy to ſee you free, *Meſſenio.*
MESS. In troth I well believe you.
By *Hercules!* I do. And, now, my patron,
I beg, you'd lay on me the ſame commands
As when I was your ſervant. I'll live with you:
And, when you home return, go with you, Sir.
MEN. EPI. No, by no means.
MESS. I'll go now to the inn,
And bring your goods and money to you ſtrait:
The purſe which has your money, is faſt ſeal'd
Within the cloak-bag. I'll go bring it ſtrait.
MEN. EPI. Do ſo, and quickly.
MESS. Sir, I'll bring them back
In the ſame ſtate as when you gave them me,
Wait for me here. [*Exit* MESS.
MEN. EPI. What I've to-day experienc'd
In many inſtances is moſt extraordinary.
Some of them ſay, that I am not the man
I am, and ſhut me out of doors. And here
A man inſiſts upon't, he is my ſervant—
And I juſt now have given him his freedom.

He talks of bringing money to me ſtrait;
Which if he does, I'll tell him he has liberty
To go from me whene'er it ſuits him beſt.
My father-in-law and the phyſician ſay
That I am mad. 'Tis ſtrange what this ſhould be:
It ſeems to me no other than a dream.
I'll now go to this courtezan, and ſee,
Tho' ſhe is angry with me, if I can't
Prevail on her, to let me have the robe
To carry home, and give it to my wife.
[*Exit* MEN. EPI.

SCENE VI.

Enter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES *and* MESSENIO.

MEN. SOS. And do you dare affirm, audacious fellow,
That you have met me any where to-day,
When I had order'd you to meet me here?
MESS. It is ſo true, that I not only met you;
But that e'en now, I freed you from four men,
Before this very houſe, who ſeiz'd on you,
And would have borne you off. You call'd on gods
And men for their aſſiſtance. I ran up,
And ſnatch'd you from them, notwithſtanding all
Their efforts to the contrary, and fought them.
On which account, as I had done you ſervice,
You gave my freedom to me: After that,
You bade me go, and fetch your goods and money.
You've haſten'd on, faſt as you could, before,
To fruſtrate your own deeds——

MEN.

MEN. SOS. And did I bid you
Depart a freeman?

MESS. Certainly.

MEN. EPI. And 'tis
Moſt certain, I'm as much a ſlave myſelf
As e'er I gave to you your liberty.

SCENE VII.

Enter MENÆCHMUS *of* Epidamnum, *from* EROTIUM's *houſe.*

MEN. EPI. Vile woman as you are! tho' you ſhould ſwear
By all that's dear to you, that I this day
Bore off that robe and bracelet, yet you never,
No, never ſhould convince me.

MESS. Gods immortal!
What is it that I ſee?

MEN. SOS. Why, what do you ſee?

MESS. Why, your reſemblance, Sir, as in a mirror.

MEN. SOS. What is't you mean?

V. 2. *By all that's dear to you*—] The original is, *ſi voltis per oculos jurare*, though you ſhould ſwear by your eyes.

The antients, when they would ſwear by any thing moſt precious, or dear to them, would ſwear by their eyes.

Ulmus amat vitem, vitis non deſerit ulmum.
Separor a dominâ cur ego ſæpe meâ?
At mihi te comitem juraras uſque futuram,
Per me, perque oculos ſidera noſtra tuos.
Ovid. Amorum, Lib. ii. Eleg. xvi. V. 41.

Elms love the vines, the vines with elms abide,
Why doth my miſtreſs oft from me divide?
Thou ſwear'ſt, diviſion ſhould not 'twixt us riſe,
By me, and by my ſtars, thy radiant eyes. C. M.

MESS.

MESS. Your image, and as like
As poſſible.
MEN. SOS. 'Troth, if I know myſelf,
'Tis not unlike.
MEN. EPI. Young man, whoe'er you are,
The gods preſerve you! you have ſav'd my life.
MESS. Young man, if 'tis not diſagreeable,
Tell me your name?
MEN. EPI. You have ſo much oblig'd me,
You cannot aſk what I'd be ſlow to grant you.
My name's *Menæchmus*.
MEN. SOS. Mine's *Menæchmus* too.
MEN. EPI. I'm a *Sicilian*, and of *Syracuſe*.
MEN. SOS. I am the ſame: it is my native country—
MEN. EPI. What's that I hear?
MEN. SOS. You hear the very truth.
MESS. I know this gentleman; he is my maſter.
I am his ſervant. But I thought myſelf
The other's ſervant. Sir, [*to* MEN. SOS.] I thought him, you;
And by ſo doing, gave you ſome uneaſineſs.
If I have ſaid ought fooliſh or imprudent,
I pray you pardon me.
MEN. SOS. You're mad, I think.
Don't you remember, that this very day
You diſembark'd with me?
MESS. Nothing more juſt.
You are my maſter. Seek [*to* MEN. EPI.] another ſervant.
[*To* MEN. SOS.] God ſave you, Sir! and you, [*to* MEN. EPI.] good Sir, adieu!
This is, I ſay, *Menæchmus*.
MEN. EPI. I ſay, I am.

MEN. SOS. What comedy is this? What! you *Menæchmus!*

MEN. EPI. I am, Sir!—and my father's name was *Moſchus.*

MEN. SOS. And are you then my father's ſon?

MEN. EPI. I'm ſon
Of my own father, youth. I do not want
To claim your father, nor to take him from you.

MESS. Ye gods! confirm the unexpected hope
Which I'm conceiving. Theſe, if I miſtake not,
Are the twin brothers; for they both agree,
In owning the ſame father, the ſame country.
I'll call aſide my maſter. Sir! *Menæchmus!*

BOTH MEN. Whom is't you want?

MESS. I want but one of you.
But which of you came with me in the ſhip?

MEN. EPI. Not I.

MEN. SOS. 'Twas I.

V. 37. *In owning the ſame father, the ſame country.*] The original is,

Nam & patrem, & matrem commemorant pariter, qui fuerint ſibi.
In owning the ſame father, the ſame mother.

In this reading all the editions concur. Yet it ſeems abſurd, as their mother has not yet been mentioned; nor is ſhe till V. 110 of this Scene. If this is the reading, it is moſt certainly an overſight of the author. But *Lipſius* has conjectured, that inſtead of *matrem* we ſhould read *patriam*; and what, as he obſerves, ſeems to confirm it is, that a few lines farther on, *Meſſenio* ſays,

Poſtea autem eandem patriam ac patrem memorat.
——He owns himſelf of the ſame country,
And claims too the ſame father. V. 49.

This conjecture we think ſo happy a one, that we have made no ſcruple of adopting it; and have tranſlated the paſſage accordingly.

MESS.

MESS. Why then, 'tis you I want.
Come this way.

MEN. SOS. Well, I'm here, what do you want?

MESS. That man is an impoſtor, Sir, or elſe
He's your twin brother. For I never ſaw
Two men, one like the other ſo exactly.
Water is, I aſſure you, not more like
To water, nor is milk more like to milk,
Than he is like to you, and you to him.
Beſides, he owns himſelf of the ſame country,
And claims too the ſame father. Beſt accoſt him,
And aſk him ſome few queſtions.

V. 47. *—is milk more like to milk,*] The ſame occurs again in our author.

Ut Philocomaſio *hanc ſororem geminam germanam alteram,*
Dicam Athenis *adveniſſe cum amatore aliquo ſuo,*
Tam ſimilem quam lacte lacti; & apud te nos hic devortier
Dicam hoſpitio——

Miles Glorioſus, Act II. Scene II. V. 83.

——I will pretend
That a twin ſiſter of *Philocomaſium*
(As like her as one drop of milk to another)
Is with a certain gallant, come from *Athens*,
And that they lodge with you——

The Braggard Captain, Vol. I. Act II. Scene II. V. 122.
THORNTON.

Again——

Non minus ſimiles quam lacti lac——

Bacchides, *Prologus*, V. 49.

Not leſs alike than milk to milk——

It is a proverbial expreſſion, uſed when any two things are quite like one another. The antients alſo ſometimes ſaid the ſame of an egg; and our *Shakeſpeare* of a cherry.

——Sir, your queen
Deſires your viſitation; and to be
Acquainted with this ſtranger; 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry——

King Henry VIII, Act V. Scene III. *Lady.*

MEN.

MEN. SOS. Your advice
Is right, by *Hercules!*—I thank you for it.
Beſeech you, give me farther your aſſiſtance;
And, if you find us brothers, you ſhall have
Your freedom.
MESS. Sir, I hope I ſhall.
MEN. SOS. I hope
The ſame.
MESS. [*to* MEN. EPI.] What was't you ſaid?
I think it was
That you are call'd *Menæchmus?*
MEN. EPI. Yes.
MESS. But he
Is call'd *Menæchmus* too.—In *Sicily*
You ſaid that you was born, a citizen
Of *Syracuſe*—Why there was he born too,
You've likewiſe ſaid that *Moſchus* was your father?
Why, *Moſchus* was his father too. And now
It's in the power of both of you to aſſiſt me;
And, in aſſiſting me, to aſſiſt yourſelves.
MEN. EPI. You have deſerv'd ſo much of me, that what
You aſk, you may command. Free as I am
I'll ſerve you, juſt as if I was your ſlave.
MESS. I hope you're juſt upon the point of finding
That you're twin brothers, born at the ſame time,
Sons of one father, and one mother too.
MEN. EPI. You mention wonders. Would you could effect
That which you've given aſſurance of—
MES. I can.
Come now. To that which I ſhall aſk of you,
Both anſwer me,

MEN.

MEN. EPI. Aſk when you pleaſe, I'll anſwer,
And not conceal one jot of what I know.
MESS. Is then your name *Menæchmus*?
MEN. EPI. Yes, I own it.
MESS. And yours the ſame?
MEN. SOS. It is.
MESS. You alſo ſay
Your father's name was *Moſchus*.
MEN. EPI. Yes, I do.
MEN. SOS. And mine the ſame.
MESS. Are you of *Syracuſe*?
MEN. EPI. Moſt certainly.
MESS. And you?
MEN. SOSS. No doubt of it.
MESS. Hitherto all the marks agree right well.
But let's go on. What's the moſt diſtant thing,
You recollect to have happened in your country?
MEN. EPI. The going with my father to *Tarentum*
I'th' way of merchandiſing: in the crowd
My ſtraying from my father; after that,
My being hither brought.
MEN. SOS. Preſerve me, *Jupiter!*
MESS. Why is that exclamation? Hold your peace.
[*To* MEN. EPI.] Say, when your father from your country took you,
What was your age?

V. 46. *My ſtraying from my father;*—]
So, in the Prologue,
Puer aberravit inter homines a patre. V. 31.
The child ſtray'd from his father in the crowd. V. 33.

MEN.

MEN. EPI. Seven years: for I remember
Juſt at that time my teeth began to ſhed—
Nor from that time have I e'er ſeen my father.
MESS. How many children had your father?
MEN. EPI. Two,
If I remember right.
MESS. Was you or he
The elder?
MEN. EPI. We were both of the ſame age.
MESS. How can that be?—
MEN. EPI. We both were twins—
MEN. SOS. The gods
Are pleas'd to bleſs me——
MESS. If you interrupt me,
I'll ſay no more.
MEN. SOS. Rather than ſo, I'm ſilent.
MESS. Say, had you both one name?
MEN. EPI. Not ſo—My name
Was, as 'tis now, *Menæchmus*. But my brother
They named *Soſicles*.
MEN. SOS. I own the proofs.
I cannot hold out longer. I'll embrace him.—
My brother, my twin brother, hail! 'Tis I
Am *Soſicles*.

V. 91. *Juſt at that time my teeth began to ſhed—*]

Ceterum editis primores ſeptimo menſe gigni dentes, priuſque in ſuperâ fere parte, haud dubium eſt. Septimo eoſdem decidere anno, alioſque ſuffici. *Plin. Nat. Hiſt.* Lib. vii. cap. 16.

There is no doubt that children breed their fore teeth in the ſeventh month after they are born, and thoſe in the upper jaw firſt: Likewiſe that they ſhed the ſame teeth about the ſeventh year of their age, and others come out new in the place.

MEN.

MEN. EPI. If ſo, why was you afterwards
Menæchmus call'd?
MEN. SOS. When afterwards we heard
You and your father both were dead, my grandfather
Changing my name, gave me the ſame as yours.
MEN. EPI. Well, I believe 'tis all juſt as you ſay.
But in your turn now anſwer me.
MEN. SOS. Your pleaſure.
MEN. EPI. What was our mother's name?
MEN. SOS. 'Twas *Theuſimarche.*
MEN. EPI. All this agrees. Hail, my unlook'd-for brother!
Whom after years of abſence, I now ſee.
MEN. SOS. The ſame all Hail! to you, my deareſt brother!
For whom I've ſearch'd till now with ſo much pains,
And whom I now rejoice to have found at laſt.
MESS. It was on this account, the courtezan
Then call'd you by his name, and taking you
For him, ſhe aſk'd you to her houſe to dinner.
MEN. EPI. 'Troth, I this day had order'd at her houſe
A dinner, to my wife unknown, from whom
I filch'd a robe, and gave her as a preſent.
MEN. SOS. Is this the robe you ſee me have, my brother?
MEN. EPI. How came it in your hands?
MEN. SOS. A common woman
Invited me to dine, and ſaid 'twas I
That gave it her—I eat a hearty dinner,
Drank freely, entertain'd myſelf with her,

V. 126. —*entertain'd myſelf with her,*] *Accubui ſertum.* Plautus uſes the ſame expreſſion in this Comedy. Act III. Scene II. V. 11.

And

And got this robe, this bracelet——

MEN. EPI. I'm glad, brother,
That you have far'd ſo well on my account:
For when ſhe aſk'd you home to dinner with her,
'Twas me ſhe took you for.

MESS. What hinders then,
But, as you promis'd me, I ſhould be free?

MEN. EPI. He aſks but what is right and juſt, my brother,
Do it on my account.

MEN. SOS. Be free.

MEN. EPI. I joy,
Meſſenio, that you have obtain'd your freedom.

MESS. You ſee a better hand than yours was wanting
To make me free for life.

MEN. SOS. Since things are thus
As we could wiſh, let's both return together
To our native country.

MEN. EPI. As you pleaſe, my brother.
I'll make an auction, and ſell all I have.
In the mean time, my brother, let's go in.

MEN. SOS. With all my heart.

MESS. Can you gueſs what I'd aſk?

MEN. EPI. What is it?

MESS. That you'd make me auctioneer.

MEN. EPI. 'Tis granted——

MESS. Well, Sir, ſhall I then proclaim
The auction ſtrait? and for what day?

MEN. EPI. The ſeventh.

V. 136. *To make me free for life.*] The original is
——*ut liber perpetuò ſiem.*

MESS. O yes!—O yes!—This, Sirs, is to give notice.—
The auction of *Menæchmus* will begin
The ſeventh of this month: when will be ſold
Slaves, houſehold goods, farms, houſes, and—et cetera.
All may attend that will; and we ſell all
For ready money. Sell his wife beſides,
If any purchaſer ſhould offer. I ſcarce think
Our auction will amount to fifty times
A thouſand ſeſterces.
[*To the ſpectators.*] Spectators, now
Adieu! and favour us with a loud applauſe.
[*Exeunt.*

V. 154. —*with a loud applauſe.*] *Plautus* concludes his Comedies ſometimes with one verſe, ſometimes with ſeveral. When with one, the *plaudite*, or requeſting the ſpectators for their applauſe, is uſually given to the character who ſpeaks laſt, as in this Comedy, and ſome others: when it conſiſts of ſeveral verſes, he then gives it to the *Comedians* in general, whom he calls *Grex*. As the reader may have obſerved in *Amphitryon*, *The Captives*, and ſome others.

*** This Act opens with the Old Man returning with a Phyſician: when *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum* enters, whom they ſuppoſe to be the madman; and are confirmed in their ſuppoſitions, by ſome ridiculous queſtions and anſwers which paſs between them. *Meſſenio*, the ſervant of *Menæchmus Soſicles*, appears next in ſearch of his maſter; and miſtaking *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum* (whom they are carrying off by force to the Phyſician's houſe in order to cure him) for his maſter, reſcues him out of their hands. For this ſervice he aſks his liberty; which *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum* tells him, as far as is in his power, though he knows nothing of him, he ſhall have; and then goes off to *Erotium*, to prevail on her to let him have *the robe*, to return to his wife. *Menæchmus Soſicles* then joins *Meſſenio*, with whom he is angry for not coming to him;

him; *Meſſenio* expreſſes great ſurprize, ſuppoſing him to be the perſon he had juſt reſcued, and from whom he had received his freedom, that he ſhould deny all this; which leads to the laſt Scene, where the diſcovery is made by *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum* appearing on the ſtage as coming from *Erotium*'s houſe; whom *Meſſenio* immediately ſees; and, ſurprized to the greateſt degree at the likeneſs of the two *Menæchmus*'s to each other, after a few queſtions to each of them, to which he receives ſatisfactory anſwers, he diſcovers that *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum* was the twin brother, that *Menæchmus Soſicles* had ſo long been in ſearch of. The twin brothers mutually acknowledge each other; and *Meſſenio*, in recompence for being ſo inſtrumental in the diſcovery, receives his freedom from his real maſter. Thus ends this Comedy, generally thought one of the beſt of *Plautus*'s; and which a * learned critick ſpeaks of in theſe terms, *feſtiviſſima & eruditæ varietatis fabula*, a Comedy infinitely entertaining, and moſt full of learned variety.

Among the fragments of *Menander* are a few lines from a Play called ΔΙΔΥΜΑΙ, *The Twins*; from which ſome commentators have been of opinion *Plautus* took this Comedy. But it ſeems to be a matter at leaſt of great uncertainty.

There are two imitations of this Comedy on the *French* ſtage; one near a century ago by M. *De Kotrou*, which is ſaid to have ſucceeded; and the other of M. *Regnard*; which was performed with great applauſe in the year 1706.

There is alſo, as Mr. *Thornton* has obſerved in his preface, p. 11. an old tranſlation of this Comedy, printed 1595, by *W. W.* and called *Menæchmi*. See Act II. Scene I., V. 10. note. It is in many places a pretty ſtrict tranſlation, though in not a few the author is only imitated; and, in many, abridged. There are, before many of the Pſalms in the verſion commonly known by the name of that of *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*, the ſame initial letters. It is not impoſſible but in both theſe inſtances, they may ſtand for *William Warner*, who wrote a Poem called *Albion's England*, which he dedicated to *Henrie Carey*, Baron of *Hunſdon*, who was Lord Chamberlain to Queen *Ann*, wife of King *James* I. The edition I have, is printed 1612.

* *Janus Gulielmus.*

We have alſo ſeen a tranſlation of this Comedy into *Spaniſh*, called *Menechmos*, and printed at *Antwerp*, 1555. The tranſlator is not mentioned; but we find by a ſhort copy of commendatory verſes inſcribed to him, that his name was *Gonſalvo Perez*. It is obſervable, that he has not tranſlated the firſt two lines, but begun with the third. The tranſlation is in general pretty literal. There is alſo with it, a tranſlation of *Miles Glorioſus*, *The Braggard Captain*, called *Mili Glorioſo*, by the ſame author. This we preſume, Mr. *Thornton*, who tranſlated that Comedy, Vol. I. of this edition, had not ſeen, as he does not mention it.

The End of the TWIN BROTHERS.

THE

THE

DISCOVERY.

81620

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

PERIPHANES, *an old gentleman of* Platea.
STRATIPPOCLES, *his ſon.*
APOECIDES, *an old gentleman, friend of* PERIPHANES.
EPIDICUS, *ſervant to* PERIPHANES *and* STRATIPPOCLES.
CHÆRIBULUS, *a young gentleman, comrade of* STRATIPPOCLES.
THESPRIO, *Armour-bearer to* STRATIPPOCLES.
A CAPTAIN *of* Rhodes.
A BANKER.

The WIFE *of* PERIPHANES, *mother of* STRATIPPOCLES.
PHILIPPA, *a woman of* Epidaurus, *miſtreſs of* PERIPHANES, *and ſuppoſed mother of* ACROPOLISTIS.
ACROPOLISTIS, *ſuppoſed daughter of* PERIPHANES *and* PHILIPPA.
A MUSICK-GIRL, *ſuppoſed the miſtreſs of* STRATIPPOCLES.
TELESTIS, *daughter of* PERIPHANES *and* PHILIPPA.

0S:18

SCENE, *ATHENS.*

THE

* DISCOVERY.

† ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter THESPRIO, *followed by* EPIDICUS.

EPIDICUS.

HARK ye! young man.

THE. Who pulls me by the cloak,
When I am in haſt?

* *Plautus* calls this Comedy EPIDICUS, the name of a Slave, a principal character in it, and on whoſe rogueries moſt of the incidents depend.—But, as thinking it might be more agreeable to an *Engliſh* ear, we have, in alluſion to an incident near the end of it, called it *The Diſcovery*.——Like ſome other of our author's pieces, it has no Prologue.

† This Act tranſlated by the late BONNELL THORNTON, Eſq;

EPI. A friend,—one of the family.

THE. I think ſo: for you're plaguily familiar.

EPI. But prithee, *Theſprio*, turn your head, and view me.

THE. *(turning.)* Ha! do I ſee *Epidicus?*

EPI. Moſt certainly. 5

You have eyes.

THE. Save you!

EPI. Heav'n grant you all your wiſh, I'm glad you are arriv'd, and well.

THE. What next?

V. 2. ——*one of the family.*] The original is, *familiaris.* All ſlaves to the ſame maſter, were called *familiares*, that is, *of the ſame family. Theſprio* in his reply, takes the word in another ſenſe. The following paſſage from *Seneca*, may ſerve to illuſtrate this. *Ne illud quidem videtis, quam omnem inviaiam majores noſtri dominis, omnem contumeliam ſervis detraxerint. Dominum patrem familiæ appellarunt: ſervos, quod etiam in mimis durat, familiares.*

Do you not obſerve, how our anceſtors have removed every ſubject of jealouſy in regard to maſter, and of contempt, in regard to ſlaves. The maſter, they call the father of the family, and ſlaves, as we learn in their comedies, familiars, or, of the ſame family.

A paſſage ſimilar to this, we find in *Amphitruo*, Act. I. Sce. I. V. 197.

SOSIA. *At nunc abi ſane, adveniſſe* familiares *dicito.*
MER. *Neſcio quam tu* familiaris *ſis niſi actutum hinc abis,*
Familiaris *accipere faxo haud* familiariter.

See Mr. *Thornton*'s tranſlation of this paſſage, and his note upon it.—Vol. I. of this Tranſlation.

V. 6. *Save you!*] *Salve.*—This expreſſion the ancients uſed when any one ſneezed—The words the *Greeks* made uſe of were Ζεῦ σῶσον, *God ſave you:* and the *Romans* ſometimes added the perſon's name. For thus we read in *Petronius*;

Gyton

EPI. The cuſtom; you ſhall have a treat.

THE. I promiſe.

EPI. What?

THE. To accept your treat.

EPI. How fares it with you? Do things go as you'd wiſh?

THE. Behold the proof.

EPI. I underſtand. Well done! You look more plump, More hearty.

THE. Thanks to this. *(ſhewing his left hand,)*

EPI. Which long ago You ſhould have loſt.

Gyton *ſternutavit*, Eumolpus *converſus ſalvere* Gytona *jubet*.

Gyton ſneezed, *Eumolpus* turning to him, ſaid, God ſave you, *Gyton*. DE L'OEUVRE.

I ſhould ſcarce have mentioned this in a note on this paſſage, had it not been to appriſe the reader of the antiquity of this cuſtom: a cuſtom we retain to this very day.

V. 8. *You ſhall have your treat.*] See this explained in a note on *The Apparition*, Act IV. Scene III. V. 8.

V. 12. *Thanks to this.*—] Thieves and pilferers of antiquity, made uſe of the left hand for their buſineſs. For which, *Plautus* in his *Perſa*, Act. II. Sce. II. V. 44. calls the left hand *læva furtifica, the pilfering hand.*

SOPH. *Cedo manum ergo.*

PÆG. *Eſtne hæc manus?*

SOPH. *Ubi illa altera eſt furtifica læva?*

PÆG: *Domi eccam hunc nullam attuli.*

SOPH. Give me your hand then.

PÆG. Say, which hand? What, this? [*giving his right hand.*]

SOPH. No: where's your left? your *pilfering* hand I mean.

PÆG. At home. I've brought no other with me hither.

Another

THE. But now I pilfer leſs,
Than heretofore.

EPI. How ſo?

THE. I rob above-board.

EPI. The gods confound you! what large ſtrides you take!
As ſoon as I eſpied you at the port,
I ſet a running, and could hardly catch you.

THE. You are a milk-ſop.

Another authority too, we meet with in *Ovid*,—

Nec clypeus vaſti cælatus imagine mundi—
Conveniet timidæ, natæque ad furta ſiniſtræ.
Metamorph. Lib. XIII. V. 110.

Nor can his feeble arms imploy this ſpeare;
His ſhield whoſe orbe the figur'd world adornes;
A coward's left arm, us'd to thieving, ſcornes.
SANDYS.

V. 14. *I rob above-board.*] M. *Dacier* has obſerved, that *Plautus* had here imitated a paſſage of *Ariſtophanes*—in his *Plutus*, Act. II. Sce. III. between *Blepſidemus* and *Cremylus*. We will tranſcribe the whole.

Χρ. Σὺ μὲν οἰδ' ὃ κράζεις. ὡς ἐμοῦ τι κεκλοφότος,
Ζητεῖς μεταλαβεῖν. Βλ. Μεταλαζεῖν ζητῶ; τίνος
Χρ. Τόδ' ἐςὶν ὑ τοιοῦτον, ἀλλ' ἑτέρως ἔχον.
Βλ. Μῶν ὑ κεκλοφάς, ἀλλ ἥρπακας.

CHRE. I know what you are croaking to yourſelf. You think I have ſtolen ſomething, and want to ſhare in the booty.

BLEP. I want to ſhare! In what pray?

CHRE. But this is no ſuch thing——it is an affair of quite another nature.

BLEP. O! then you have not ſtolen, you have taken it away by violence. FIELDING *and* YOUNG.

V. 18. *You are a milk-ſop.*] The original is, *ſcurra*; which properly ſignifies, a *buffoon*, or *paraſite*.

EPI.

EPI. You forſooth, I know,
You are a knapſack-ſwaggerer.

THE. Do, be ſaucy;
Say what you will.

EPI. Have you ſtill had your health? 20

THE. Chequer'd.

EPI. I like it not, ſuch chequer'd health;
Whence men are mark'd with ſtripes, like goats and panthers.

THE. What would you have me tell you, but the truth?

V. 19. *You are a knapſack ſwaggerer.*] The original is, *ſcio, te eſſe quidem hominem militarem,* properly oppoſed to *ſcurra,* a *buffoon, paraſite,* or, as we have tranſlated *milk-ſop,* as theſe ſort of people chiefly ſeek after ſoftneſs and luxury, and ſhun the hardſhips of camps, and a military life.

DACIER.

V. 20. *Have you ſtill had your health?*

THES. *Chequer'd.*] The original is, *varie.* The word *varius* was often uſed by the ſlaves of that time in a looſe ſenſe, to ſignify the ſtreaks upon the back after a whipping, which was of various colours. The like expreſſion we meet with again in our author——

Niſi ſomnum ſocordiamque ex pectore oculiſque amovetis,
Ita ego veſtra latera loris faciam ut valde varia ſint.
Pſeudolus, Act I. Sce. II. V. 11.

——Unleſs you throw off
Sleep from your eyes, and baniſh lazineſs,
Your back ſhall be well chequer'd with the ſcourge.—

By *varie* then, the ſpeaker means, ſometimes well, ſometimes ill, or, as we have here tranſlated it, *chequered.* But *Epidicus* takes it in another ſenſe, and takes an occaſion to call thoſe who *varie valent,* whoſe back is chequered, *caprigenam et panthe-rinam genus,* a ſort of goats and panthers.

Echard from *Dacier.*

EPI.

EPI. I'd have you answer what I ask you fairly;
How is our master's son? Is he in health?
THE. Stout as a boxer or a wrestler.
EPI. So.—
You've brought us joyful tidings. But where is he?
THE. I came along with him.
EPI. Where is he, then?
Unless you've brought him in your scrip or wallet.
THE. Confound you!
EPI. I would question you.—Hear me,
And you on your part shall be heard in turn.—
THE. You talk like any judge.
EPI. It suits me well.
THE. You play the prætor on us.
EPI. Is there any one,
In *Athens* better qualified?
THE. Yet, one thing
Is wanting to your prætorship.
EPI. What's that?
THE. I'll tell you what: two lictors, and their fasces
Of elm-twigs for your worship.

V. 30. ——*hear me,*
And you on your part shall be heard in turn.—

THE. *You talk like any judge.*] The original is, *operam da: opera reddibitur tibi---jus dicis.* The phrases, *operam da*, and *opera reddibitur*, are properly terms used in the *Roman* courts of judicature, by the judges on all occasions; and this made *Thespio* answer, *Jus dicis, You talk like any judge.* ECHARD.

V. 33. *You play the prætor on us.*] The *prætor* was an officer among the *Romans*, appointed to judge and determine matters of law between one citizen and another, and was therefore called, *prætor urbanus.*

V. 36. —*two lictors, and their fasces*
Of elm-twigs—] The *prætors* had always attending them, ushers, two at least, whom the *Romans* called *lictors*; usually they

EPI. Out upon you!
But prithee, anſwer—
THE. What is't you would aſk?
EPI. *Stratippocles*'s arms, where are they, ſay?
THE. In troth, gone over to the enemy.
EPI. His arms?
THE. Ay, in a crack too—
EPI. Serioufly?
THE. Yes, ſeriouſly:—the enemy has got them.—
EPI. 'Fore heav'n, it was a ſcurvy deed.
THE. But others,
Have done the ſame before him:—This affair
Will turn out to his honour.
EPI. How?
THE. Becauſe
It has to others, heretofore.
EPI. In troth
'Tis my belief, that *Vulcan* made the arms
Born by *Stratippocles*, they took their flight
So quickly to the enemy: then this ſon

they had fix. Theſe *lictors* carried in their hands, bundles of rods, which were called *faſces*. *Theſprio* is joking on this cuſtom, and tells *Epidicus* that to compleat him as a *prætor*, he wanted two uſhers to attend him with their rods, not to do him honour, but to ſcourge him with.

DACIER.

V. 39. Stratippocles's *arms, where are they, ſay?*] This queſtion would have been impertinent on our ſtage; but *Theſprio* being *Stratippocles*'s armour-bearer, who ought to have had them with him at the time, the queſtion was very proper.

Echard from *Dacier*.

V. 47. —Vulcan *made the arms*] This and a great deal more, is an alluſion to the ſtory of *Achilles*.

Of

Of *Thetis*, let him loſe them; *Nereus'* daughters
Will bring him others. Only let him ſee,
The armourers are provided with materials,
If the enemy ſhall ſtrip him each campaign.
THE. No more now of theſe matters.
EPI. Make an end
Of this diſcourſe then, whenſoe'er you pleaſe.
THE. Aſk no more queſtions.
EPI. Tell me, where's *Stratippocles?*
THE. There is a reaſon why he was afraid
To come along with me.
EPI. And what is that?
THE. He would not ſee his father yet.
EPI. And why?
THE. I'll tell you. From the plunder he has purchas'd,
A captive maid of fair and gentle form.
EPI. What do I hear you ſay?
THE. That which I ſpeak.
EPI. Why did he buy her?
THE. 'Cauſe he had a mind to her.
EPI. How many minds, I wonder, has he got?
For e'er he went from hence to join the troops,
He bade me purchaſe for him of a pandar,
A muſick-girl, with whom he was enamour'd.
I have obey'd his orders.
THE. When at ſea,
Juſt as the wind is, we muſt ſhift the ſail.
EPI. Ah me! he has undone me.
THE. Wherefore? how?
EPI. The girl he purchas'd, how much did ſhe coſt him?
THE. A trifle.

EPI. I don't aſk you that.

THE. What then?

EPI. How many minæ?

THE. So many. *(holds up his fingers.)*

EPI. What! forty!

THES. Yes;—of a *Theban* banker he has taken
The money up at intereſt; and pays
A ſilver mina for it by the day.

EPI. Strange!

THE. And the banker's come along with him,
Who wants his money.

EPI. Gods! I'm finely done for.

THE. Why how now? what's the matter?

EPI. I am loſt.

THE. Loſt? who has loſt you?

EPI. He, who loſt his arms.

THE. Nay, prithee now, why ſo?

EPI. Day after day
He us'd to ſend me letters from the army,
But, mum!—'twere beſt.—'Tis fitter for a ſervant
To know more than he utters.—That is wiſdom.

THE. In troth I know not why you are afraid:
You tremble:—yes, I ſee it in your countenance,
You have done ſomething to deſerve correction,
During my abſence, as it ſeems.

EPI. Nay, prithee!
Can't you refrain from teizing me?

THE. I'm gone.

EPI. Stay, I'll not let you go.

THE. Why do you hold me?

EPI. Loves he the girl he purchas'd?

THE.

THE. What a queſtion?
He doats to death upon her.
EPI. I ſhall have
My ſkin ſtript off my back.
THE. He loves her more
Than ever he lov'd you.
EPI. Now, *Jove* confound you!
THE. Now, prithee let me go; for he has charg'd me
Not to go home, but to our neighbours here,
To *Cæribulus*; bad me wait him there:
Himſelf is coming thither.
EPI. For what reaſon?
THE. I'll tell you.—He'd not ſee, nor meet his father,
Till he has paid the money, that he owes,
For purchaſing this girl.
EPI. An ugly buſineſs!
THE. Diſmiſs me now, that I may hence directly.
EPI. When the old gentleman ſhall know of this
Our bark is fairly caſt away.
THE. What matter
Is it to me what death you die?
EPI. I'm loath
To die alone; I'd have you periſh with me,
Friend with his friend.
THE. Go hang yourſelf
With this your rare propoſal.
EPI. Do thou go for me,
If thou art in ſuch haſt.
THE. I never met
A man I parted with ſo willingly. [*Exit.*

EPI. He's gone: and now thou art alone: thou see'ſt
What ſituation things are in, *Epidicus*:
Unleſs thou find aſſiſtance in thyſelf,
'Tis over with thee: ſuch deſtructive ruins
Hang o'er thee, if thou doſt not prop them firmly,
Thou can'ſt not ſtand; ſuch mountains of diſtreſs
Threaten at once to tumble down upon thee.
Nor can I hit on any likely ſcheme
To extricate myſelf from my embaraſſment.
A luckleſs raſcal! by my artifices
I have prevail'd on our old gentleman,
To think that he has purchas'd his own daughter:
When all the while, 'tis but a muſick-girl,
Whom his ſon lov'd; and order'd me to buy
At his departure. Our young chap, forſooth!
Has brought with him another from the army,
Who ſtruck his fancy. I am flead already.
For when the old gentleman ſhall come to know
That I have play'd him tricks, he'll ſmooth my back,
He'll poliſh it with twigs—Then look about thee,
That's nothing. [*conſidering.*] Pſha, this pate of mine's quite addled.

V. 119. *I have prevail'd on our old gentleman,*] Here *Epidicus* goes on with the narration of what happened before the action began upon the ſtage; and that in ſo few words, and ſo accidentally, that nothing could appear more proper and more natural; and indeed ſcarce any thing ſeems more difficult, than making *narrations* in *monologues* appear neceſſary and natural.

ECHARD.

V. 127. *—he'll ſmooth my back,*] The original is, *dorſum depoliet mihi—Depolire* is properly, to lay the pile of cloth ſmooth.

Thou art a fool, *Epidicus.* [*ſpeaking to himſelf.*] But
what [*in another tone.*]
Provokes thee to call names, good friend?—Becauſe
Thou doſt deſert thyſelf.—What can I do?—
What?—Do you aſk me, you, who heretofore
Were won't to lend advice to others?—What?—
What?—ſomething muſt be found.—But I am ſlow
In meeting my young ſpark, that I may learn
How matters are.—O, here he is, quite grave,
He's walking with his year's mate *Chæribulus.*
I'll ſtep aſide, and liſten to their talk. [*retires.*

SCENE II.

Enter STRATIPPOCLES *and* CHÆRIBULUS.

STRA. I've told you the whole ſtory, *Chæribulus,*
Giv'n you the ſum both of my griefs and loves.
CHÆ. You are a fool, *Stratippocles,* beyond
Your age and courage. Are you then aſham'd,

V. 34. —*to lend advice to others?*—] The original is, *dare conſilia mutua.*

V. 138. —*his year's mate*—] The original is, *æquali ſuo*—*one of his own age*; or as we ſay at ſchool, or at the univerſities, *one of the ſame ſtanding.*

V. 1. *I've told you the whole ſtory,* Chæribulus,] It is to be ſuppoſed, that *Stratippocles* had told his friend *Chæribulus,* all that *Theſprio* had told *Epidicus* in the firſt ſcene. Thus the poet ingeniouſly contrives to make *Stratippocles* go on juſt where *Theſprio* had left off; for if he had told the whole ſtory upon the ſtage, the ſpectators would have been palled and tired out with *repetitions.* ECHARD.

That

That you have bought a captive from the ſpoil,
Of a good family? who is there, that
Will blame you for it?

STRA. By this deed, I've found
All thoſe my enemies that envy me:
Yet have I never offer'd violence,
Or ſtain to her fair chaſtity.

CHÆ. In this
You, in my judgment, ſhew yourſelf moſt honeſt:
Since you maintain a temperance in love.

STRA. The man that comforts a deſponding friend
With words alone, does nothing. He's a friend
Indeed, who proves himſelf a friend in need.

CHÆ. What would you have me do to ſerve you?

STRA. This.
Lend forty *minæ*, to repay the banker,
Of whom I took them up at intereſt.

CHÆ. 'Troth! if I had them, I would not deny you.

STRA. What ſignifies beneficence in words,
If you are cold to help me in reality?

V. 9. *Yet have I never offer'd violence,*] This is very artful in the poet, leaſt when the diſcovery is made in the laſt Act, *Stratippocles* may have been ſuſpected to have been guilty of inceſt: the pretext then, of ſo ſoon informing the ſpectators that he had not offered violence to the girl, is artfully managed.

V. 20. *What ſignifies beneficence in words,*
If you are cold to help me in reality?] The reader may recollect the ſame ſentiment, not very differently expreſſed in *Trinummus, The Treaſure*, Act II. Sce. IV. V. 38.

Nequam illud verbum eſt, benè vult, niſi quod benè facit.
Beſt wiſhes! what avails that phraſe, unleſs
Beſt ſervices attend them.—

THORNTON.

CHR. Nay, but myſelf am teiz'd to death; with duns
Am torn to pieces.
STRA. I had rather ſee
Such friends at bottom of the ſea. But now,
Now would I buy the aſſiſtance of *Epidicus*
E'en at a precious price. I'll ſend the raſcal
To the back-kneaders, and well work'd with yeaſt,
If he procure not for me forty minæ
E're the laſt ſyllable be ſpoke.—the money.

V. 22.—*teiz'd to death; with duns*] The original is, *clamore defatigor.*

V. 24. *Such friends at bottom of the ſea.*—] The original is, *malim iſtius modi mihi amicos, furno merios quam foro.* Literally, *I had rather have ſuch friends in the oven, than the market place.* M. *Dacier* renders it in the words of a *French* proverb, *J'aimerois mieux le voir en terre qu'en prè. I'd rather have them under the earth, than in the meadow:* and *Echard* gives it the more diſtant turn of, *I'd ſooner ſee ſuch friends ſtarve in a priſon, than live in a palace.* We have here given it a turn, which it is preſumed, conveys the meaning, which is only, *that he had rather have ſuch friends dead than alive.* See the ſame expreſſion, uſed in this Comedy, Act V. Sce. II. V. 14.

Dure ima me quæras, quæras mea cauſa vel medio in mari.

——With my free leave,
Ev'n to the bottom of the ſea - provided
You'll not inſiſt upon my company.

V. 27. *To the back-kneaders,*—] The original is, *piſtori.* M. *Dacier* informs us, that *piſtor* in the early times of the republick, was uſed to ſignify, one who kneaded the meal for bread, and not a baker. For which ſhe quotes theſe words from *Varro*, *nec piſtori nomen erat niſi ejus qui ruri far pinſebat,* "they called "him only *piſtor*, who kneaded the meal or flour at the farm." —Every citizen made his own bread, and women were uſually employed for that purpoſe.

EPI-

EPI. [*aſide.*] All's well! his promiſes are fair. I hope
He'll keep them too. [*ironically.*] At no expence of mine
My ſhoulders will be treated.—I'll accoſt him.
[*Going up to* STRATIPPOCLES.]
Epidicus, your ſlave, Sir, greets you well
On your arrival from abroad.

STRA. Where is he?

EPI. Here.—I rejoice, Sir, at your ſafe arrival.

STRA. I do believe you, even as myſelf.

EPI. Have you been well in health, Sir?

STRA. Well in body,
But ſick in mind.

EPI. All that belong'd to me,
I've taken care of; what you order'd me
I've done; purchas'd the maiden, as you often
Urg'd me by letter.

STRA. You have loſt your labour.

EPI. How, wherefore have I loſt it?

STRA. For ſhe is not
Dear to my heart; nor do I like her.

V. 31. —*At no expence of mine*
My ſhoulders will be treated.---] The original is,
Sine meo ſumptu paratæ jam ſunt
Scaphulis ſymbolæ.——Literally, without any expence of my own, every one is ready to pay his reckoning on my ſhoulders—*ſymbolæ* properly means the ſhare each man pays of a reckoning, his club. In this ſenſe *Terence* uſes the word.

——*Eho quid* Pamphilus? *Quid? ſymbolam*
Dedit, cænavit.——

Andria, Act. I. Sce. I. V. 61.

——Well, well,
But what of *Pamphilus?* Of *Pamphilus!*
He ſupt, and paid his reckoning.—— COLMAN.

EPI. Why, then
Was you ſo preſſing in your charges? Why
Write me ſo oft?
STRA. I lov'd her heretofore,
But now my heart's engag'd another way.
EPI. How grievous is it to find a man ungrateful
When you have ſerv'd him?—Thus by a good turn
It ſeems I've done an evil one—'Cauſe your love
Has ſhifted ſides now.
STRA. When I ſent thoſe letters
I was not in my ſenſes.
EPI. And muſt I
Atone then for your folly? Shall my back
Be offer'd up a ſecond victim for it?
CHÆ. What ſignifies this prate? Our youth hath need
Of forty minæ piping hot, directly,
Which you muſt pay, and quickly, to the banker.
EPI. Where would you have me take it up? what banker
Muſt I apply to?
STRA. Where you pleaſe: but if
You get it not e'er the ſun ſet, my doors
You ſhall not enter, but away to the workhouſe,

V. 54. *Be offer'd up a ſecond victim for it?*] *Succedaneum—Victima ſuccedanea* was the ſecond victim, when the firſt offered up in ſacrifice did not appeaſe the gods.

V. 58. —*What banker muſt I apply to?*] *A quo trapezita petam.* All the bankers, who were called by the *Greeks*, *trapezitæ*, and by the *Romans*, *argentarii*, were alſo called *daniſtæ*. But this laſt appellation was uſually applied to thoſe who uſed that particular ſort of buſineſs. And it is in this ſenſe, as *Salmaſius* obſerves, that *Plautus* oftenеſt makes uſe of the word.

DACIER.

EPI.

EPI. 'Tis eaſy talking with a heart at eaſe,
Sans care or danger: but I knew our folks:
And when I'm thraſh'd, it pains me.
STRA. Prithee! now,
Wilt let me kill myſelf?
EPI. No, do not that.
Rather than ſo, I'll put me to the hazard,
And buckle to the daring.
STRA. Now thou lik'ſt me.
Now I commend thee.
EPI. I will undergo
Whate'er you'd have me.
STRA. So.—This muſick-girl
Which you have bought, what's to be done with her?
EPI. Something ſhall be found out, ſome way or other
I'll diſengage, I'll extricate me ſome how.
STRA. Thou haſt a pregnant wit: I know thee well.
EPI. There is a captain of *Euboa*, rich
And ſtrong in caſh; who, when he comes to know
That you've bought this, and brought that other home,
Will preſs you ſtraight, to make this over to him.
But where's that other?
STRA. She ſhall be forthcoming.
CHÆ. What's to be done, now?

V. 74. *There is a captain of* Euboa.] *Euboa* is an iſland, near *Bœotia*, and *Theſſaly*.——This captain, *Plautus* in other parts of this Comedy, calls the *Rhodian* captain—But the ſame perſon is meant. Poſſibly one might be his proper name, the other, that his country.

STRA. We will to your houſe
And have a pleaſant day of't.
EPI. Get you in there. So
[*Exit Stratippocles.*
EPI. Now will I call a council in my breaſt
On ways and means, and ponder againſt whom
To declare war, and raiſe the money.—— Mind
What you're about, *Epidicus*, the buſineſs
Is put upon you haſtily: the time
Is not for ſleep, nor yet delay---but daring---
The project is reſolv'd on.——I'll attack
This ſame old fellow—Go, go, get you in. [*to Charubulus.*]
And caution our young Sir, to keep within doors,
Leſt he ſhould chance to light upon his father.
[*Exit.*

V. 81. *Now will I call a council—*] The alluſion is, to the cuſtom of thoſe times, when it was uſual, eſpecially in time of war, to aſſemble the ſenate, in order to conſult on ways and means to raiſe a ſupply. *Echard* brings it home to our parliament houſe, by making uſe of the very terms of that aſſembly, and tranſlates the paſſage thus: "In the mean time, muſt I "have a committee of the whole houſe to conſider of ways and "means for the raiſing ſupplies to carry on this vigorous war." See the ſame ſentiment in *Moſtellaria, The Apparition*, Act III. Sce. I. V. 158.

*** This Comedy, like many of our author's, has no Prologue. But the firſt Scene explains the ſame to the audience, that the Prologues of *Plautus* generally uſed to do. It is opened by *Epidicus*, and *Theſprio*, armour-bearer to *Stratippocles*. This *Theſprio*, is what the ancients called, *perſona protatica*, a *protatick* character: that is, as *Donatus* explains it, one who appears only once in the beginning of the piece, for the ſake of unfolding the argument, and is never ſeen again in any part of the Play. Such a one is *Soſia* in the *Andria* of *Terence*.

Terence. For a farther account of this *protatick* character, we beg leave to refer the reader to Mr. *Colman*'s note, at the end of the firſt Act, of his tranſlation of that Comedy. *Echard* obſerves, that this Scene, in the original, is very remarkable for an unuſual ſhare of wit and ſharpneſs; and that there are not many Scenes in this author, that come up to it in its fineneſs and neatneſs of raillery. *Epidicus* being left alone, goes on with the narration of what had happened before the action began upon the ſtage: and in the ſecond Scene, *Stratippocles* who is ſuppoſed to have told his friend *Chæribulus*, all that *Theſprio* had told *Epidicus* in the firſt Scene, goes on with the ſtory juſt where *Theſprio* had left off. *Epidicus* going into *Chæribulus*'s houſe to tell his maſter not to come out, cloſes the firſt Act: and the firſt interval is filled up, with *Epidicus*'s preparations to impoſe upon *Periphanes*, and with *Stratippocles*'s waiting at his friend's houſe for the ſucceſs of his enterprize.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter APŒCIDES *and* PERIPHANES.

APŒCIDES.

IT is the way with moſt men: they're aſham'd
Without occaſion: when they ſhould be ſo,
Then ſhame deſerts them. Such a man are you.
What need you be aſham'd to take for wife
One of good family, though her ſtate be mean?
The leſs, ſince, as you ſay, you have at home,
A daughter by her——

* The firſt Scene of this Act, and as far as V. 41. of the ſecond Scene, tranſlated by the late BONNELL THORNTON, Eſq;

V. 1. *It is the way with moſt men:*—] The original is, *Plerique homines, quos cum nihil refert, pudet; ubi pudendum—eſt, Ibi eos deſerit pudor, cum uſus eſt ut pudeat*——which we have here tranſcribed, in order to ſhew the reader, how *Terence* has expreſſed the ſame ſentiment, and to give him an opportunity of comparing them together.

——*Attamen ubi fides?*
Si roges, nihil pudet, hic, ubi opus eſt
Non verentur: illic, ubi nihil opus eſt, ibi verentur.—
Andria, Act. IV. Sce. I. V. 12.

Speak of their broken faith, they bluſh not, they,
Now throwing off that ſhame they ought to wear,
Which they before, aſſum'd without a cauſe.
COLMAN.

And our author uſes pretty much the ſame mode of expreſſion, though in another ſenſe, in *Trinummus*, *The Treaſure*.

Ehèu!

PER. I reſpect my ſon.

APOE. In troth I thought, your ſhame was on account
Of your laſt wife; whoſe grave you never ſee,
But ſtraight you make a ſacrifice to *Pluto*—
Nor without reaſon, ſince you had the luck
To outlive the vixen!

PER. O, while ſhe was with me,

Eheu! ubi uſus nihil erat dicto, ſpondes
Dicebat: nunc hic, cum opus eſt non quit dicere.
Act. II. Sce. IV. V. 102.

——Why how now? when he could
Get nothing by the bargain, he could ſay
Done firſt; and now he's ſure to win, he's ſilent.
THORNTON.

This, as M. *Dacier* has obſerved, is a continuation of a converſation, the old gentlemen have been ſuppoſed to have begun within doors.

V. 7. *I reſpect my ſon.*] It was looked upon as a diſgrace, and even a ſort of crime, for a father, who had ſons grown up to be men, to marry again, and thereby introduce a mother-in-law—particularly ſo, if the father was indigent. *Apœcides*, in his reply, blames *Periphanes* for this ſcruple, and hints to him, that he ought not to be more aſhamed on account of his ſon, than of his late wife; who, as ſhe was dead, could not make him bluſh at a ſecond marriage.—
De L'Oeuvre. Gueudeville.

V. 10. *But ſtraight you make a ſacrifice to* Pluto—] It was a common cuſtom in thoſe days, when a man had got rid of an ill wife, that made way for another, to offer a ſacrifice to *Pluto* for his good fortune. *Echard.*

I was

I was an *Hercules*; and his ſixth labour
Was not more hard than that which I endur'd.
PER. Money's the beſt endowment.—Come—
APOE. I grant you,
Could one but have it ſnug, without the wife.

SCENE II.

Enter EPIDICUS, [*croſſing the ſtage to the door of* CHÆRIBULUS's *houſe.*

EPI. Hiſt! ſilence! be of good heart: Out I go
[*ſpeaking to Stratippocles and Chæribulus within.*]
With moſt auſpicious omen.—I have ſomewhat here,
[*pointing to his head.*]
Sharp as a knife, with which I will embowel
The old man's purſe.—But lo! I ſee him at
Apœcides's door—Both the old fellows
Juſt as I wanted. Now will I convert me
Into a leach, and ſuck their very blood out.
Theſe pillars of the ſenate!

V. 13. —*his ſixth labour*
Was not more hard—] The ſixth labour of *Hercules*, was his combat with the *Amazons*, when he killed their queen, *Hyppolita*, and tore off her girdle. *De L'Oeuvre.*

V. 2. *With moſt auſpicious omen.*——] The original is, *avi ſiniſtra*, a bird on the left hand. Birds which appeared on the left hand, were always eſteemed by the *Romans* the moſt lucky, as that was towards the eaſt, the *Roman* augurs always turning their faces —towards the ſouth.—
M. DACIER.

It was contrary among the *Grecians*. See *Potter*'s Antiquities, Book II. ch. 15.

APOE.

APOE. [*to Periphanes*] Marry him
Forthwith.
PER. I like your counſel.
APOE. For I've heard
His heart is fix'd upon a muſick-girl,
I know not whom.
PER. That, that is torture to me.
EPI. [*aſide.*] I'm help'd, promoted, lov'd by all the gods!
Theſe Dons here ope themſelves a paſſage for me
To trick them fairly of their money.—Come,
Attire thy ſelf, and o'er thy ſhoulders throw
Thy cloak, *Epidicus*: and ſo pretend
Thou haſt been ſearching him thro' all the town.
About it ſtraight. [*aloud.*] Good gods! would I could find
Periphanes at home! I'm tir'd to death
In looking for him the whole city over.
At all the bankers, ſhambles, and perfumers,

V. 10. *His heart is fix'd upon a muſick-girl,*] This is all deſigned by the poet, to help forward *Epidicus*'s cheat, and to make it ſeem more likely and probable.
ECHARD.

V. 15. ——*and o'er thy ſhoulders throw*
Thy cloak——] See *The Captives*, Act IV. Sce. I. V. 18. and the note on the paſſage, in Vol. I. of this Tranſlation.

V. 21. —*ſhambles*—] The original is, *lanienas*, which *Paræus* and ſome other commentators have ſuppoſed to mean ſhambles, butchers ſhops. But M. *Dacier* has obſerved, it means, places where arms are ſold, the places where the gladiators exerciſed themſelves, being called, *laniſtæ*—but it does not appear on what authority.

At

At 'pothecaries, and at barbers ſhops,
The wreſtling place, the forum,—I am hoarſe
With aſking for him, and could hardly keep
My legs, I made ſuch ſpeed.—
PER. *Epidicus!*
EPI. Who calls *Epidicus?*
PER. I am *Periphanes.*
APOE. I am *Apoccides.*
EPI. And I'm *Epidicus*—
Oh! maſter! I am glad I ſee you both;
You're come moſt opportunely.
PER. What's the matter?
EPI. Stay, prithee let me breath.
PER. Well, reſt yourſelf.
EPI. I'm ſick at heart—let me recover breath.
PER. Keep yourſelf ſtill.
EPI. Now mind me.—All the troops
Order'd to *Thebes* have been remanded home.

V. 22. —*'pothecaries,*—] The original is, *medicinas*, phyſick-ſhops. M. *Dacier* tells us, that it means, ſurgeons ſhops. For they were the only phyſicians the antients had any knowledge of, as plainly appears from *Homer*. In theſe ſhops loiterers idled away their time, as they did in thoſe of barbers. It is probably, a general name for all who deal in ſpices, eſſences and perfumes. So *Horace* uſes the word *phamacopolæ*, not for what we commonly call *apothecaries*.

Ambubiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, mimæ.— Lib. I. Sat. II. V. 1.

The tribes of miniſtrels, ſtrolling prieſts and players,
Perfumers, and buffoons.— FRANCIS.

V. 32. ——*All the troops*
Order'd to Thebes *have been remanded home.*] This was no impoſture of *Epidicus*: that would have been too groſs and ſilly; the thing was really as he had related it: but he made uſe of that

APOE. Who knows it to be ſo?

EPI. I ſay, 'tis ſo.

PER. You know?

EPI. I know it.

PER. How d'you know?

EPI. Becauſe

I ſaw the ſoldiers march along the ſtreets
In ſhoals with their accoutrements and baggage.

PER. That's excellent!

EPI. Then what a croud of captives
They bring with them: boys, girls, ſome two, ſome three,
And others five a-piece: the ſtreets are throng'd,
Each perſon looking out to find his ſon.

PER. A brave exploit, by *Hercules!* *

EPI. The tribe
Of courtezans, ſcarce one left in the town,
Appear'd in all their finery, to meet
Their lovers, eagerly to run to them—
And what I chiefly minded, many of them
Had nets beneath their garments. At the port
When I arriv'd, and ſaw her waiting there,
And four muſicians with her——

PER. Her? with whom?

EPI. Her whom your ſon has ſo much been in love with

that circumſtance to attain his ends, and at the ſame time, by that means, accounts for the return of *Stratippocles*. And in this conſiſts the art of our poet. DACIER.

* Here ends all that was tranſlated by the late BONNELL THORNTON, Eſq;

V. 49. *And four muſicians with her.*—] *Epidicus* ſaid this, to frighten *Periphanes*, with the great pride and coſtlineſs of his ſon's miſtreſs, and to bring about his rogueries eaſier.

Echard from *Dacier*.

Theſe

These many years, is dying for; with whom
He's in fair way, to ruin his estate,
His honour, nay himself and you. 'Tis true.
Why, she was waiting for him at the port.
PER. See the inchantress!
EPI. She was dress'd! all o'er
Bedaub'd with gold, so modish, smart and new—
PER. How was she dress'd, then, say? Had she a train
Sweeping the ground behind her as she walk'd,
Just like a princess in a tragedy.

V. 55. *Why she was waiting for him at the port.*] This is supposed, but the deceit is founded on the old gentleman's belief, that the musick girl his son had ever been in love, was the first musick girl, that was at *Athens*, and whom he had himself purchased without knowing her, on a supposition that she was his daughter. DACIER.

58. ——*Had she a train* &c.—] This and what follows, can only be *imitated* in a translation: the reader who is desirous of informing himself of the *literal* meaning, may consult the commentators, in particular, M. *Dacier*.——We shall only give him *Echard*'s account of *impluvium*, or, *vestem impluviatam*, which in V. 59. we have expressed by, *a sack*.—"The word *impluvium*, says he, signifies a *square open place*, which the *Romans* "had in their houses, to let in rain for their use; or, a square "*court-yard* that received the rain in at four water-spouts: "from whence, a habit they had made with four sides, or four "pieces, was called *vestimentum impluviatum*. Here *Epidicus* "takes an occasion from this word, to admire at a woman's "being able to wear a *court-yard* on her back. *Periphanes* carrying on the humour, tells him, 'tis no wonder, since they "frequently wear whole *houses* and *lands*, meaning the value of "them, which their prodigal sparks had bestowed on them."

By substituting the garment our ladies now often wear, which they call a sack, we hope we have endeavoured to convey our author's idea at least; and the same in regard to the rest of the garments, the old gentleman is here enumerating.

Or

Or was't a robe, perhaps a ſack; they have
Different attire, and known by all theſe names.
EPI. A woman bear a ſack upon her back!
That's like a porter?
PER. Well, and where's the wonder?
There's many bear large farms upon their backs,
And make it eaſy to them. Their gallants,
When taxes become due, and are demanded,
Have not wherewith to pay them; and yet find
Enough to pamper their extravagance;
A larger tax by far. And then what names!
New ones each year, by which to call their garments!
Your ſtiffen'd gown, your gown without a lining,
White linnen gown, embroider'd upper gown,
Your night-gown too, your gown of ſaffron colour,
Your gown of marygold! and then your petticoats!
Your upper, and your under petticoat,
Your hood, your royal or your foreign robe,
Your robe ſky-colour'd, or ſtuck o'er with feathers,
Your yellow, or your apple-bloſſom robe!
Trifles indeed! They've too, tranſparent gowns,
To theſe they give like names they give their dogs.
EPI. How! dogs!
PER. Yes, dogs; they call them their Laconicks.
Juſt as they call their dogs from *Lacedæmon.*
Theſe names breed auctions——Their gallants muſt
feed them.—

V. 80. *Trifles indeed!*—] The reader will ſee this explained at large in a note on Act I. Scene I. V. 8. of *The Cheat.*

V. 82, 83. —*they call them their Laconicks.*
Juſt as they call their dogs from Lacedæmon.] Dogs from *Sparta* or *Lacedæmon*, were ſuppoſed of the ſame ſpecies as our grey-hounds, and were in great eſteem among the *Romans.*

But on now with your tale.

EPI. Two other women
I heard behind me, talking to each other
Something to this effect: when I, us'd ſo to do,
Drew back a little way, and made as if
I took no note at all of what they ſaid.
'Tis true, I heard not every word; but yet
I heard enough, to let me fairly into
The drift they aim'd at.—

PER. That's what I would know.

EPI. Said one to t'other—

PER. What?

EPI. Be ſilent! Peace—
You'll hear it all.—Soon as they'd caſt their eyes
Upon the girl, that your ſon loves, ſays one,
What luck that creature's had, to meet a man,
Who loves her ſo, that he will ſet her free!
Who's he? ſays t'other—then ſhe nam'd *Stratippocles*,
Periphanes' ſon—

Nec tibi cura canum fuerit poſtrema: ſed una
Velocis Spartæ catulos acremque moloſſum
Parce ſero pingui.—

Virgil. Georg. Lib. III. V. 405.

Nor be it thy laſt care thy dogs to breed;
With flatt'ning whey the vigorous maſtiff feed,
And *Sparta*'s race.— WARTON.

And that thoſe dogs were called *canes Laconici*, *Laconick dogs*, we have the authority of *Horace*.

Nam, qualis aut Moloſſus, aut fulvus Lacon—

Epode VI. V. 5.

Like a hound, or maſtiff keen— FRANCIS.

And hence, thoſe garments moſt in eſteem among the courtezans, for their thinneſs and tranſparency were alſo called, *veſtes Laconici*, *Laconick garments*.

PER.

EPI. Well—I ſaw one juſt come from him,
Who told me, he'd be here to morrow morning.
PER. Go on then, tell us what we've next to do?
EPI. Why this; pretend you gave this girl her freedom,
Of your mere will, as loving her yourſelf.—
PER. What good will come of that?
EPI. What good?
You'll purchaſe her before your ſon comes back,
And ſay, your reaſon was, to make her free.
PER. I underſtand you.
EPI. And, the purchaſe made,
You'll pack her off, ſome diſtance from the town;
Unleſs you've wiſer thought—
PER. I think, you're right.
EPI. And what think you? [*to Apœcides.*]
APOE. Why, what elſe ſhould I think?
An excellent contrivance, this you've thought of.
EPI. Thus you'll defeat your ſon's whole ſcheme of marrying her,
And render him obedient to your will.
APOE. Thou art a cunning fellow, and I like thee.
EPI. [*to Periphanes.*] What then you have to do, do quickly, Sir.
PER. By *Hercules!* the very thing.
EPI. I've hit on
A ſcheme too, that you'll never be ſuſpected
To be the party.
PER. Let us hear.
EPI. You ſhall—
Attend then.
APOE. [*aſide.*] 'Tis the cunning'ſt of all fellows.
EPI. We want a truſty perſon, to convey

The money for this muſick girl; 'twill not
Look well, to have you ſeen in it yourſelf.
PER. Why?—
EPI. Leſt the merchant think 'tis for your ſon.
PER. That's right—
EPI. By which you'll keep her off, and hinder
All miſchief which might riſe from that ſuſpicion—
PER. Whom ſhall we find ſo fit—
EPI. Why, who more fit
Than this your friend here? [*meaning Apœcides.*] He can take good care,
All's right and regular.—He knows the law:—
PER. You have my thanks, *Epidicus.*
EPI. But I
Muſt loſe no time—I'll firſt go meet the merchant,
Carry the money with this gentleman,
And bring the girl along with me.
PER. But ſay,
What is the loweſt price he'll ſell her at.
EPI. Perhaps you'll get her for—for forty minæ.
But if you give me more, I ſhall return it:
You can't ſuſpect a trick in't. And I'm ſure,
You'll have your money back within ten days.
PER. How ſo?
EPI. Why, there's another ſpark in love with her.
One plaguy rich, a great and famous captain,
A *Rhodian*, one that's become rich by plunder—

V. 167. *You have my thanks,*—] Moſt of the editions give this to *Apœcides*—That of *Aldus* and *Lambin* to *Periphanes*—And rightly—*Epidicus*'s anſwer proves it to be ſo.

V. 177, 178. *One plaguy rich—*
A Rhodian,—] The *Rhodians* had the character of being rich, proud and braggards—And to this *Terence* ſeems to allude in the following paſſage.

—*Quid*

A braggard: he will take her off your hands,
And without ſcruple, pay you down the money.
Hold but your peace, you'll be a gainer by it.—
PER. Pray heaven, I may!—
EPI. 'Twill doubtleſs be the caſe.
APOE. Go in then, Sir, and bring me out the money.
I'll to the Forum. You, *Epidicus*,
Be ſure, come to me there.
EPI. Do you be ſure,
You ſtay there 'till I come.
APOE. I'll ſtay there for you. [*Exit Apœcides.*
PER. [*to Epidicus.*] Follow me in.
EPI. Go, and count out your money.
You ſhall not wait for me, I'll warrant you—
[*Exit Periphanes.*

EPIDICUS *alone.*

I do not think, that in all Attick land,
There can be found a piece of ground ſo fertile
As our *Periphanes*. Tho' lock'd and ſeal'd,
I ſhake his box, and rook him as I pleaſe.
Should the old fellow find me out, I fear,

———*Quid illud*, Gnatho,
Quo pacto Rhodium *tetigerim in convivio*,
Nunquid tibi dixi?
Eunuchus, Act. III. Sce. I. V. 29.

Ay, but the ſtory of the *Rhodian*, *Gnatho!*
How ſmart I was upon him at a feaſt,
Did I ne'er tell you? COLMAN.

V. 198. *I do not think*,—] The editions make this begin a new ſcene—But as no new character is introduced, and the

He'd turn his elm twigs into paraſites,
Who'll lick me to the bone.—But one thing puzzles me,
What hired girl to ſhew *Apœcides*—
That too I've hit on—For this very morning
Th' old man bid me bring him home a muſick-girl
To ſing, while he perform'd his ſacrifice.
One ſhall be hir'd, and inſtructed well
How to behave in carrying on the cheat—
I'll in, and take the money of the gull.

[*Exit after Periphanes.*

ſpeakers leave *Epidicus* alone upon the ſtage, we have thought it beſt to add it to the ſecond ſcene.

V. 194. *He'd turn his elm twigs into paraſites,*] The original is, *Ne ulmos paraſitos faciat quæ uſque attondeant.* Literally, *He'll make paraſites of elm branches, to flea me to the bone.*—We have been obliged to take a little liberty in the tranſlation; but not ſo much as *Echard*, who gives us for it, *Stick as cloſe to my back, as an old rook to a rich cully.*

V. 198. ——*A muſick-girl*
To ſing, while he perform'd his ſacrifice.] It was the cuſtom of the ancients to ſacrifice victims, and offer libations to their *lares*, or *houſhold gods*; and the better to excite devotion, they had it accompanied with ſinging and muſick.

De L'Oeuvre.

V. 200. *One ſhall be hired,*—] This trick of *Epidicus* is an excellent preparation by the poet, for what happens in the ſeventh and eighth ſcenes of the fourth Act; not only for the pleaſant diverſion to the ſpectators, but chiefly for the diſcovery of *Epidicus*'s rogueries, and conſequently by bringing about the main plot more dexterouſly. This neither *Epidicus* or the ſpectators could foreſee; but the poet had it in his eye all the time.

Echard.

V. 202. ——*of the gull.*] The original is, *a damnoſo ſene.* The word *damnoſus* is an excellent word in this caſe, being both active

active and passive, and signifies, one who has spent much, or one who has suffered much. We have nothing to answer it fully in our tongue, that I know of, except those words *cully*, *gull*, *bubble*, *put*, will; and the true meaning of these, especially the two latter, seems not yet well fixed.

DACIER. ECHARD.

*** *Periphanes* opens the second Act, in discourse with *Apœcides* concerning a design he had of marrying *Philippa*. During their conversation, *Epidicus* enters from *Chæribulus*'s house, and overhearing *Apœcides* advising *Periphanes* to get his son married, in order to take off his love for a musick girl, makes use of this circumstance to facilitate his design of imposing upon the old gentleman; and mentioning the return of the troops, persuades him to purchase this musick-girl before his son's return. The reader will recollect, that this musick-girl, who was waiting at the port, is a suppositious one; the old gentleman knows no more, than that *Stratippocles* was in love with some musick-girl, but it was with the first; for they knew nothing of her he had brought with him from the army; and as *Periphanes* had this first girl in his own house, and whom he believed to be his daughter, *Epidicus* had no difficulty to induce them to believe that this mistress of *Stratippocles* waited at the port, since they were assured she was at *Athens*. While *Periphanes* goes home to fetch the money, *Epidicus* remains alone, deliberating in what manner he shall proceed in his design. This scene concludes the Act, and the second interval is filled up with *Epidicus*'s receiving the money of *Periphanes*; and with *Stratippocles*'s waiting for him at *Chæribulus*'s house.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter STRATIPPOCLES *and* CHÆRIBULUS.

STRATIPPOCLES.

I Grieve and fret my heart out, waiting how
Epidicus's promiſes will end—
In any thing, or nothing, I'd fain know—
CHÆ. 'Tis my opinion, you ſeek aid elſewhere—
I from the firſt, knew you'd have none from him.
STRA. Undone! undone!
CHÆ. Conſider how abſurd
Thus to torment yourſelf—
STRA. By *Hercules!*
If I but once can catch him, he ſhall know
A ſlave ſhall never trick us unreveng'd—
What can *he* do, when *you*, who have at home
Money to ſpare, will not aſſiſt your friend.
CHÆ. Had I the money, I would promiſe freely—
In troth I would—But it is odds that ſomething—

V. 1. *I grieve and fret my heart out,*—] The original is, *exedor atque exenteror; I am eaten up, and embowelled.*

V. 3. ——*I'd fain know*—] It is very remarkable that throughout this Play, *Stratippocles* never met with his father on the ſtage; and further, he endeavours to avoid him till the latter end of the laſt Act, when *Epidicus* has brought about his deſign, therefore lies *incognito*, at his friend *Chæribulus*'s houſe: yet, notwithſtanding all theſe inconveniencies which attend *Stratippocles*, the poet has ingeniouſly found very probable pretexts for his appearing on the ſtage thoſe four times he does; of which this is a very remarkable one. ECHARD.

Something--will happen--ſomething in ſome manner--
From ſome place--or ſome other--from ſome perſon--
And you may have ſome hope—to ſhare with me
In my good fortune.——

STRA. You're a ſneaking fellow—
Fie, fie upon you!—

CHÆ. Why to me this language!

STRA. Becauſe you're prating to me about ſome-
thing—
Some manner—from ſome place, and from ſome this—
Some that,—ſome t'other body—And all this
Nought to the purpoſe, nor do I attend to't—
Nor from this time ſhall I e'er more expect
From you aſſiſtance, than from one not born.—

SCENE II.

Enter EPIDICUS, [*from* PERIPHANES's *houſe with a bag of money.*

EPI. You've done your duty; mine remains to do.—
[*to* PERIPHANES *within.*]
This care of mine may lighten you of yours.

V. 15. *Something—will happen—*] *Chæribulus*, as *Echard* obſerves, is here hard put to it by *Stratippocles*, therefore, he is forced to talk a little obſcurely, and with heſitation: We have therefore, for the clearer diſcovery of it to the reader, printed breaks between the words, thus—

V. 17. *You're a ſneaking fellow—*] *Væ tibi murcidè homo*—ſo it ſtands in the *Aldus* edition, *murcidè*—which, as ſeveral commentators have obſerved, is right. Some editions read *muricidè*.

V. 24. ——*one not born.*—] Our author's conduct is here remarkable. It was neceſſary that *Stratippocles* ſhould appear, who under the impatience he was in, could not ſtay at *Chæribulus*'s houſe; but then it was neceſſary, that this firſt ſcene

ſhould

You hope the loſs may bring ſome good to you:
How bright the pieces are!—Truſt it to me—
Thus ſtill act I—as did my anceſtors.
Gods! what a lucky day have you beſtow'd!
How eaſy, how unlook'd for! But I waſt
The time, while this ſupply I ſhould be bearing
In ſafety to our colony.——What's here?
Two friends before the houſe!—It is my maſter,
And *Chæribulus*—What now?—Take the bag—
[*to* STRATIPPOCLES.

STRA. What ſum does it contain?

EPI. Enough and more,
I've brought ten minæ more than what you owe
The banker—while I can in this oblige,
I value not my back a ruſh.—

STRA. How ſo?

EPI. I'll make your father guilty of bag-ſlaughter—

STRA. Your meaning?—

ſhould be no longer, than to give the old man time to count out his money for *Epidicus*, and to give the inſtructions required.

DACIER.

V. 9. *In ſafety to our colony.*—] The ancient *Romans* uſed to have parties of ſoldiers in their colonies, to guard their frontiers. *Epidicus* is here alluding to this cuſtom; by our colony, he means, *Chæribulus*'s houſe, where he had left his maſter.—*Auſpicio*, with a good omen, that is, *in ſafety*, after having conſulted the omens, as was the cuſtom in all affairs of conſequence.

DACIER.

V. 16. *I'll make your father guilty of bag-ſlaughter.*—] The original is, *ego tuum patrem faciam perenticidam*. The joke of this paſſage, conſiſts in the ſimilar ſound of the words, *perenticida, a cut-purſe*, and *parenticida, a parricide*; and as much as *parricide* is a greater crime than *man-ſlaughter*, ſo much is the difference between the original and the tranſlation.

ECHARD.

EPI.

EPI. I mind not your common forms;
Be you content to lead him by the noſe,
And pick his pockets, while I pick his bags!
The pandar, [*coming forward*] Sir, has ſwallow'd the whole ſum
For this ſame girl, your father deems his daughter.
'Tis paid—I told the money with theſe hands—
Nay, more—To cheat your father, and help you,
I've had ſome talk with, and perſuaded him
To take effectual care, at your return,
To hinder you from getting at the girl,
" By buying her before-hand for himſelf,
" And pack her off into ſome private corner.
" Now will I top another girl upon him,
" And ſhe will ſerve him every jot as well.

V. 17. *I mind not your common forms;*] The original is, *nihil moror vetera et vulgata verba,—Peratim ductare; at ego folliſim ductitabo.* This is a difficult paſſage, and we have adopted *Echard's* tranſlation of it; who obſerves, that he believes the whole beauty of it cannot be preſerved in our tongue. *Epidicus*, ſays he, here carries on the fancy of *perenticida*, and *parenticida*, and the poet has luckily hit upon a line that exactly agrees with either. For the common puniſhment of *parricides*, was to put them into a ſack, with a cock, a ſerpent, and an ape, and then throw them into the river. Now, the word *ductare*, ſignifies equally *to bring a man into puniſhment*, or, *to cheat him*: ſo that the phraſe, *peratim ductare*, is the ſame thing; only *follis* was a much larger ſack than *pera*. So that the natural ſenſe, without quibbling, is this, *I don't cheat him by dribbling purſes, but by large bags.*

M. *Dacier* explains the paſſage much in the ſame manner, but does not tranſlate it at all. M. *Guiet* thinks it ſuppoſititious; but it is ſo much in our author's manner, that we cannot but think it genuine.

V. 27. " *By buying her before-hand for himſelf,*] It is as clear as the day, that ſome lines are here wanting. This manifeſtly appears.

STRA. Well done!

EPI. She'll be directly at your houſe
And paſs there for your miſtreſs.---

STRA. Oh! I take you---

EPI. Your father too has ſpoken to *Apœcides*
To take it on himſelf, and ſeem the purchaſer;

appears from the verſe which follows, where mention is made of a muſick-girl which was to be purchaſed, and to ſupply the place of *Stratippocles*'s miſtreſs. This again appears from the preceding verſe; for *hanc habui orationem, I've had ſome talk with him*, neceſſarily ſuppoſes, that *Epidicus* was here repeating what he before had been telling the old gentleman. In this manner then, the paſſage may be amended:

Ita ego ſuaſi ſeni, atque hanc habui orationem,
Uti, tu cum rediſſes, ne tibi ejus copia eſſet.
" *Ut enim præſtinet argento priuſquam veniat filius,*
" *Ubi erit empta ut aliquo ex urbe amoveat veneficam,*
" *Nunc oſtendam ei fidicinam aliquam conductitiam.*

Nothing can be more connected nor eaſier than this; and ſo far is the repetition from being tedious, that it has a good effect upon the ſtage, and what we ſee examples of every day.

DACIER.

We entirely agree with the learned lady, that ſomething is wanting, and have tranſlated the three lines ſhe has added, marked thus, ["] accordingly.—*Echard* too is of the like opinion, and has done the ſame.

V. 31. *She'll be directly at your houſe*—] The commentators have given themſelves much trouble and uneaſineſs in explaining this paſſage, in which they cannot make out any ſenſe; for *Epidicus* could not be ſpeaking here of the firſt ſlave that was bought, and who was now in *Periphanes*'s houſe, he believing her to be his daughter; but he is ſpeaking of that muſick-girl, who was to be purchaſed in the ſtead of the laſt miſtreſs of *Stratippocles*: and it is cleared up in the preceeding note.

DACIER.

And

And he's now waiting for me at the Forum.
STRA. That's well.
EPI. The biter's bit tho', after all.
He has put the purſe into my hands himſelf,
And he's at home preparing for your wedding [*to him.*]
As ſoon as you arrive.
STRA. On one condition,
And only one, will I conſent to that.
The death of the dear girl, I brought home with me.

V. 37. *He has put the purſe*—] The original is, *Ipſe in meo collo tuus pater crumenam collocavit.* Literally, *Your father himſelf has put the purſe about my neck.* It appears from this, as well as other paſſages in *Plautus*, that the *Romans* wore their purſes about their necks.

Hic pone, hic iſtam colloca crumenam in collo plane.
Aſinaria, Act. III. Sce. III. V. 67.

——Here, put it here,
Tye the purſe round my neck.——

—homo crumenam ſibi de collo detrahit—
Truculentus, Act. III. Sce. I. V. 7.

He took his purſe from off his neck—

Hence, the word *decollo*, to put or looſe a thing from the neck; *de* and *collo*.—

—cum it dormitum, follem obſtringit ob gulam.—
Aulularia, Act. II. Sce. IV. V. 23.

—nay when he goes to ſleep, he tyes a bag
Cloſe to his gullet— THORNTON.

It ſhould ſeem that Mr. *Thornton* is miſtaken in his tranſlation of this paſſage, and in his note upon it.—See p. 192—Vol. II. of this tranſlation——By theſe paſſages, it ſeems to be clear, that he tyes *his purſe*, not *a bag*, cloſe to his gullet.—

V. 41. —*I brought home with me.*] *Stratippocles* had brought the girl he was in lov with, along with him. It was not her

Epidicus

EPI. One more device, I've ſtill behind—I'll go
In private to the pandar's houſe, and tell him,
If aſk'd the price o' th' muſick-girl, to ſay,
'Twas fifty minæ.——That's the very ſum
I paid him three days ſince with my own hands,
For t'other girl, your father thinks his daughter.
On which, he'll wiſh deſtruction on his head,
If 'twas not for the girl you brought home with you,
He had the money.

STRA. Subtlety itſelf!—

Epidicus was ſpeaking of, when he tells the old gentleman, that the muſick-girl was waiting for *Stratippocles* at the port. See Act II. Scene II. *V.* 54. and the note. DACIER.

V. 50. *Subtlety itſelf!*——] The original is, *Verſutior es quam rota figularis.* Literally, *You are more verſatile than a potter's wheel,* which M. *De L'Oeuvre* obſerves, is ſaid to be *verſutus a verſandi facilitate,* from its verſatility, or eaſe in turning.

Verſutos eos appello, quorum mens celeriter verſatur.
Cicero. de Natura Deorum.

I call thoſe ſubtle, whoſe minds are whirl'd about with celerity.

The reader may poſſibly recollect ſomething like this in *The Captives.*

Utroque vorſum rectum eſt ingenium meum
Ad te, adque illum, pro rota me uti licet,
Vel ego huc vel illuc vortar, quo imperabitis.
Act II. Scene III. V. 8.

I'm of a pliant nature, and will bend
To either.——You may uſe me like a wheel,
This way or that way will I turn and twirl,
As you ſhall pleaſe to order.——

M. *Dacier* renders it by, *que tu es ruſe! how ſubtle you are!* *Echard,* too licentiouſly I think, by, you out-do *Machiavel* for policy.

EPI.

EPI. Now will I hire ſome cunning muſick-girl
Who ſhall pretend to be the party purchas'd,
And well inſtructed, play on the old men.
As ſuch ſhe ſhall be ſent unto *Apœcides*,
To carry to your father.—

STRA. Well contriv'd—

EPI. And thus prepar'd, and laden with my tricks,
I'll ſend her ſtraight—But I prate here too long,
And you too long have waited—What's to come
You know.—I'm gone.—

STRA. Go, and ſucceſs attend you!
[*Exit Epidicus.*

CHÆ. A ſubtle dog at miſchief!

STRA. Sure I am
His ſhrewd advice has been my preſervation.—

CHÆ. Then let us to my houſe—

STRA. And better pleas'd
Than when we ſallied thence—I, by the courage
And conduct of *Epidicus*, return
Laden with ſpoils and plunder to the camp.
[*Exeunt into Chæribulus's houſe.*

V. 65. —*plunder to the camp.*] Here, againſt the authority of all the copies we have ſeen, we chooſe with *Echard* to end the third Act. He obſerves very judiciouſly, that it plainly appears that it ſhould be ſo, from the ceſſation of action on the ſtage, and other circumſtances. The editions, and M. *Dacier* among the reſt, take the two next Scenes into this Act, and make it end where there is no clearing the ſtage, nor no manner of grounds for it.

*** *Stratippocles*, impatient for *Epidicus*'s return, enters from the houſe with his friend *Chæribulus*; when, after a ſhort con-

verſation, *Epidicus* enters from *Periphanes*'s houſe with the money; which, when he had given to *Stratippocles*, he tells him in ſhort, what he had done; and then explains to him, in what manner he was to proceed. This ends the Act; and the third interval is filled up, with *Epidicus*'s going to the *procuror*'s, and getting the muſick-girl for *Apœcides*; and with *Chæribulus*'s waiting for his miſtreſs at his friend's houſe.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter PERIPHANES.

PERIPHANES.

'TWERE right a man ſhould hold a mirror up
Not only to his face, but to his mind;
And ſee the very heart of his diſcretion.

V. 1. *'Twere right a man ſhould hold a mirror up*] This ſhort ſcene is very moral, and very natural for a conſidering cool-headed man to ſpeak. It is obſervable, that the ancients were full of grave paſſages in their *Comedies* as well as *Tragedies*; and our author was not much behind hand, notwithſtanding his inclination to merriment upon every ſlight and trivial occaſion.

ECHARD.

Something very analogous to this ſentiment of a mirror for the mind, the commentators have obſerved, is to be met with in SENECA, the philoſopher. We ſhall preſent the reader with the paſſage.

Inventa ſunt ſpecula, ut homo ipſe ſe noſceret. Multa ex hoc conſecuta: primo ſui notitia, deinde et ad quædam conſilium. Formoſus, ut vitaret infamiam: deformis, ut ſciret redimendum eſſe virtutibus, quicquid corpori deeſſet: juvenis, ut flore ætatis admoneretur, illud tempus eſſe diſcendi, et fortia audendi: ſenex, ut indecora canis deponeret, et de morte aliquid cogitaret.—

And then he goes on, *Ad hoc rerum Natura facultatem nobis dedit noſmet ipſos videndi. Font cuique perlucidus aut læve ſaxum imaginem reddit.*

——*Nuper me in littore vidi,*
Cum placidum ventis ſtaret mare.——

Natural. Quæſt. Lib. I. Cap. 17.

Mirrors have been found out, that by them a man might know himſelf. From this invention, much advantage has ariſen; firſt,

Whence he might judge its power and extent.
Conſult that glaſs, and think what life you led
When young yourſelf, *Periphanes*---I, who
Thus fret and teaze my heart out, on my ſon's
Account, I now experienc'd, feel myſelf,
My own miſdeeds in youth ſtronger than his.
But truth it is, we old folks ſometimes doat;
And ſuch a mirror would be uſeful to us.
But ſee my friend *Apœcides*; and with him
The prize my ſon has purchas'd.

SCENE II.

Enter APOECIDES, *with a muſick-girl.*

——Welcome back,
My merchant, I am glad to ſee you ſafe
Return'd. What ſay you?

the knowledge of ourſelves, then advice on certain other things. The beautiful ſhould herein learn how to avoid diſhonour, the homely, how to ſupply by a virtuous behaviour, the deficiency of bodily perfection: the young, to remember, that being in the prime of life, then is the time to improve themſelves, and to attempt actions of valour. The old, to ſhake off all unſeemly things unbecoming their white hairs, and to meditate on death.—*And then he goes on,* For this cauſe has nature afforded us the means to ſee ourſelves. The tranſparent ſpring, and every bright ſtone reflects back upon us the image *of our minds.*

Late did I view myſelf from off the ſhore,
When ſeas were calm, and tempeſts ceas'd to roar.

Martial alſo in the 17th epigram of his 9th book, calls a mirror, *conſilium formæ*, what gives advice to beauty; and M. *Gueudeville* thinks, that perhaps on this principle, *Moliere* in his *Preciuſes ridicules, The affected Ladies,* makes one of them call it, *les conſeillor des graces, the counſellor of graces.* The original of all this the reader will find in the firſt *Alcibiades* of *Plato.* But the paſſage is too long to be tranſcribed.

APOE.

APOE. That the Heavens ſmile
Propitious on you.—
PER. 'Tis a lucky omen.
APOE. All things ſucceed as well as we could wiſh.
But order ſome one to conduct the girl
Into the houſe.
PER. Hola! who waits there? One of you
Come hither.

Enter a Servant.

—Shew this girl into the houſe.
And, do you hear—
SERV. Your pleaſure, Sir?
PER. Take care
You ſuffer not my daughter and this girl
To meet together, nor to ſee each other.
Mark me—I'd have her lock'd i'the little room
Alone. The manners of a modeſt virgin
Are widely diſtant from a common harlot's.—
[*Exit Servant, with the Muſick-Girl.*
APOE. Spoke like a man of ſenſe. No man can be
Too careful of his daughter's honour. Troth,
We nick'd the time in ſnapping up this girl,
Before your ſon could purchaſe her.
PER. How ſo?

V. 14. ——*from a common harlot's.*—] The *Athenians* and antient *Romans* were rather more careful of their daughters honeſty than we; and to attempt the chaſtity of a virgin, was no leſs than a capital crime. ECHARD.

—*harlots.*—] The original is, *lupæ*, properly, *ſhe-wolves*, hence *lupanar*, *a bawdy-houſe*. M. *Dacier* obſerves, that the antients called *harlots*, *ſhe-wolves*, and that hence proceeded the ſtory, that *Remus* and *Romulus* were nurſed by one.

APOE. Becauſe a perſon told me, that e'en now
He ſaw your ſon here----

PER. Like enough, in troth!
And ready for his bargain.

APOE. Plainly ſo,
'Troth you've a ſervant fit to be enroll'd;
One worth his weight in gold---Nor is he dear
At gold ſo weigh'd---How finely he play'd off
The muſick-girl, that ſhe ſuſpected not
The purchaſe made for you! with what a ſmile
He brought her laughing hither!

PER. I'm amaz'd
How he could do it!

V. 23. *—a ſervant fit to be enroll'd;*] The original is, *ſervum graphicum, a ſervant fit to be engraved. Graphium* is the iron pen with which the antients marked their letters on tables of wood waxed over. Hence, *ſervus graphicus*, means, *an accompliſhed ſervant, a ſervant worthy to be engraved, or painted.* We meet with the expreſſion in other places of our author,—

Nimium graphicum hunc nugatorem—
Trinummus, Act IV. Sce. II. V. 91.

'Tis the compleateſt knave— THORNTON.

Edepol mortalem graphicum, ſi ſervat fidem—
Pſeudolus, Act. I. Sce. V. v. 104.

——By *Pollux* temple!
A clever fellow, if he keep his word——

V. 26. *—that ſhe ſuſpected not*] This is a piece of raillery.—*Epidicus* had diſpoſed *Apœcides* in ſuch a manner, that he might ſee all this contrivance; he had told him, that in order to induce this muſick-girl to entertain no doubt of any thing, he made her believe, that ſhe was only hired to ſing and perform upon ſome muſical inſtruments at a ſacrifice, which *Periphanes* was preparing. DACIER.

APOE.

APOE. Under a pretence
That you'd a ſacrifice to make at home
For your ſon's ſafety, juſt arriv'd from *Thebes*.
PER. An excellent contrivance, that!—
APOE. And then,
The reaſon why he brought her thither, was
To aſſiſt you in performing it—He ſaid
You had a ſacrifice to make—While I
Look'd ſilly all the time; and made myſelf
A very ideot.
PER. Right—
APOE. A friend of mine
Has an affair of conſequence, depending
Now at the Forum—And I muſt away
To ſtand his advocate.
PER. Go—and return
Soon as that's o'er—
APOE. I'll not be abſent long.
[*Exit* APOECIDES.
PER. A friend in need, is ſure a friend indeed.
Whate'er you wiſh, is done without your trouble.

V. 36. *A very ideot.*] *Apœcides* ſays, he made himſelf appear a very ideot, in order to aſſiſt *Epidicus*, to give the muſick-girl no ſuſpicion, who would infallibly have refuſed to follow *Epidicus*, if ſhe had ſuppoſed *Apœcides* to have been a crafty or cunning perſon; and by that means, the old man falls into *Epidicus*'s ſnare. DACIER.

V. 39. *To ſtand his advocate.*] The original is, *ire advocatus*, which word among the *Romans* did not mean, what we call one who pleads cauſes; ſuch a one they called *patronus*.—*Advocatus* with them meant, one who attended his friend when his cauſe was pleading, in order to hint to him any law that would be of ſervice to him. DACIER.

Now had I truſted this affair to one
Leſs vers'd in tricks, I had been finely fob'd;
Then had my ſon ſhewn his white teeth with juſtice.
What folly 'tis in me, to blame in him,
The follies of my youth!—When in the army,
I ſplit the ears of all that I could ſeize on,
With bragging of my feats—But who is this
Comes toſſing on; waving his cloak in air?
[*ſeeing the Captain of* Rhodes *at a diſtance.*

SCENE III.

* *Enter a* Captain *of* Rhodes.

CAPT. See that you paſs no houſe, but aſk at all
[*to a ſervant.*]
Where old *Periphanes* of *Platea* lives.
And take good care you come not back to me,
Before you've found him out.

V. 44. —*I had been finely fob'd*;] *Os ſublitum eſſet*—a phraſe which occurs very often in *Plautus*; and *Terence* uſes the ſame.

V. 45. —*ſhewn his white teeth*—] The meaning is, laughed at me. In laughing, the mouth is opened, conſequently the teeth ſhewn.

* *Enter a Captain of* Rhodes.] That ſuch a conſiderable incident as the *Captain* of *Rhodes*'s coming, might not ſeem to be made only to ſerve the poet's deſign, he has wiſely taken care to prepare it beforehand, in the latter end of the ſecond Scene of the ſecond Act; ſo that there can be nothing precipitated, or any thing unnatural. This is a rule that ought to be carefully obſerved by all *dramatick Poets*.

ECHARD.

PER.

PER. Suppoſe, my youth,
I ſhould inform you of the man you ſeek,
What thanks ſhould I deſerve?

CAPT. Brave as I've been
In war, my merits there have giv'n me right
To expect that every man ſhould give me thanks.

PER. Young man, you've not found out a proper place,
To brag of your atchievements. An inferior,
When he attempts to publiſh his exploits
Before his betters, does but foul his mouth.
But if you ſeek *Periphanes* of *Platea*,
I am the man, if you want ought with me.

CAPT. Are you the man, that in his youth, 'tis ſaid,
Was ſpoke of before kings; and by his arms,
And ſoldier-like accompliſhments, acquir'd
An ample fortune?

PER. I, Sir, am the man;
And if you was to hear all my atchievements,
You'd drop your hands, and hie you home with ſpeed---

V. 6. *Brave as I've been*
In war,——] It is obſervable, that *Plautus* ſeldom brings a ſoldier on the ſtage, but he is a blundering, rough hewn, ſwaggering fellow. *Terence*'s *Thraſo* is juſt of the ſame character; but more moderately drawn than *Plautus*'s ſoldier.

Echard from *De L'Oeuvre.*

V. 20. *You'd drop your hands, and hie you home with ſpeed*—] Becauſe dropping the hands in walking, makes them ſerve as oars, and ſo enabling the perſon to make more haſt. This the *Greeks* call, παρασειν τὰ χειρε, φεύγειν παρακελευτα.

Dacier from *De L'Oeuvre.*

CAPT.

CAPT. By *Pollux!* I had rather find the man
To tell my own atchievements to, than one
To tell me his.

PER. This is no proper place.
Find ſome one elſe to tell your nonſenſe to.

CAPT. Liſt to me then, and you ſhall know my errand---
I hear you've made a purchaſe of my miſtreſs.

PER. [*aſide.*] O ho! I now begin to know my ſpark!
The very captain that *Epidicus*
Had told me of. 'Tis very true, young man, [*to him.*]
I made the purchaſe.

CAPT. I'd have a word or two,
If't be not troubleſome---

PER. I can't tell that.
Speak as you will, it ſhall not trouble me.

CAPT. Then let me have her; I'll pay down the money.

PER. Take her.---

CAPT. No need with you to mince the matter.

V. 24. ——*to tell your nonſenſe to.*] The original is, *centones farcias.* Literally, *to ſtuff your centos in.* The commentators inform us, that *cento* comes from the *Greek* word, κεντρων, a patched garment, made up of ſeveral ſhreds or rags of divers colours: thence, metaphorically, a poem made up of ſeveral ſcraps from the works of other poets, quite altering the ſenſe, and applying it to ſome other purpoſe. So that *centones alicui farcire* was uſed for, to fill one's head with idle ſtories, or to talk nonſenſe.

V. 34. *No need with you to mince the matter.*] Here our noble captain's character is handſomely carried on, for he does not only want politeneſs and civility, but you ſee he wants common diſcretion too. *Echard* from *Dacier.*

I think

I think this day to give the girl her freedom;
And take her for my bed-fellow.---

PER. In ſhort,
I purchas'd her at fifty ſilver minæ;
Count me down ſixty; and the girl is yours
Long as your furlow laſts---On this condition
You rid the country of her.

CAPT. Is ſhe mine?

PER. Upon thoſe terms ſhe is.

CAPT. You ſell a bargain.

PER. [*to his ſervants.*] Who's there?---ſend out to us the muſick-girl,
You carried in but now.---[*to him.*] I'll give you too,
Her lute into the bargain---and her trumpery.

Enter Servants with a Muſick-Girl.

There, take her, friend.--- [*giving her to the captain.*]

CAPT. What madneſs has poſſeſs'd you?

V. 39. *Long as your furlow laſts*—] The original is, *faxo feriæ, keep holiday.* Mr. *De L'Oeuvre* tells us, that holidays in the military, were when there was a ceſſation of arms; at which time the ſoldiers had the liberty of going to their own habitations, when they were at leiſure in winter, or when there was a truce, or a ceſſation of arms for ſome time. The original is, *Tuas poſſidebit mulier faxo feriæ.* See *The Captives*, Act. III, Scene I. V. 8.

—*Venter gutturque reſident curiales feriæ*—
My belly will keep holiday.—

The meaning is, only, that the muſick-girl ſhall be his.

V. 41. *You ſell a bargain.*] The original is, *conciliaviſti pulchre. Donatus* tells us, *Benè et pulchrè conciliare*, means, to buy or ſell cheap, as, on the contrary, *malè conciliare*, is to buy or ſell dear.

What,

What, would you blind my eyes? the girl within---
Order her forth---

PER. This is the girl I bought.
There is no other here.---

CAPT. No tricks with me!
Produce the muſick-girl *Acropoliſtis*.

PER. Why, this is ſhe---

CAPT. I tell you, 'tis not ſhe.
Think you I know not my own miſtreſs? What!---

PER. I tell you, this is ſhe my ſon was fond of.

CAPT. 'Tis not the ſame.

PER. What? not the ſame?

CAPT. 'Tis not.

PER. Whence came ſhe then? By *Hercules!* I ſwear,
This is the girl I gave the money for.

CAPT. You fool'd your money then away, and made
A plaguy blunder.

PER. Out of doubt, 'tis ſhe.
I ſent my ſervant: one who uſually
Attends upon my ſon; he made the purchaſe.

CAPT. This ſervant then has fairly bubbled you.

PER. How bubbled me?

CAPT. Nothing: 'tis but ſuſpicion.
This wench is put upon you for the muſick-girl,
You're plainly, palpably impos'd upon.---

V. 46. *—blind my eyes?—*] The original is, *Quas tu mihi tenebras cudis, what darkneſs is this you bring upon me!*

V. 46. *—the girl within—*] *Peripbanes* had ordered the girl he had laſt purchaſed to be ſent out; but the captain was in love with the firſt, that is, with her who paſſed for the old gentleman's daughter; and it is this which occaſions the diſpute.

DACIER.

PER.

PER. I'll find her out where'er ſhe is: and ſo,
My man of war, adieu!---Well done, *Epidicus!*
[*Exit Captain.*
A clever fellow!---Bravely done, my man!
You've finely wip'd my noſe.---[*to the girl.*] Did not *Apœcides*
Buy thee this very day of the ſlave merchant!
MUS. GIRL. Ne'er till this day heard I of ſuch a man:
Nor could he purchaſe me at any rate
Who have been five years free.
PER. What buſineſs here, then?
MUS. GIRL. Here I was hir'd to ſing and play the lute,
While an old gentleman perform'd a ſacrifice.
PER. There's not a greater ideot than myſelf;
No not in *Athens*.---But you know the muſick-girl *Acropoliſtis?*
MUS. GIRL. As I know myſelf.
PER. Where lives ſhe?
MUS. GIRL. Since her freedom I'm not ſure.
PER. Freedom!---And who gave her her freedom, pray?
MUS. GIRL. I'll tell you what I've heard; 'twas that *Stratippocles*,
Periphanes's ſon, who in his abſence
Took care to get her freedom.

V. 81. *Took care to get her freedom.*] This was *Acropoliſtis*, the muſick-girl whom *Periphanes* himſelf had freed, taking her all this while for his daughter *Teleſtis*, and knew nothing to the contrary; which much ſtarted him to hear that his ſon had freed *Acropoliſtis*, one he knew nothing of. *Periphanes*'s complaints were all for *Epidicus*'s laſt cheats; for as yet he did not ſo much as expect the firſt, to wit, his impoſing upon him *Acropoliſtis* inſtead

PER. If 'tis true,
I am undone, by *Hercules!—Epidicus*
'Tis very plain, has ſqueez'd my purſe moſt finely.
MUS. GIRL. By what I hear, you will no more with me.
PER. No more, but death with torture, and your abſence.
MUS. GIRL. You'll let me take my lute?—
PER. Nor lute, nor flute—
Haſt, if the gods will let you, fly.
MUS. GIRL. I go:
But you'll repent this uſage ſome time hence.—
[*Exit Muſick Girl.*
PER. What's to be done? Shall I, who've had my name
Before ſo many edicts, let this raſcal

inſtead of his daughter; ſo that here is an excellent contrivance of the poet's to raiſe new troubles to come one after another, and ſuch too, as he thought himſelf moſt ſecure from.

ECHARD.

V. 82. *I am undone,*—] This the old gentleman has great reaſon to ſay, ſince he had purchaſed a young ſlave without ſo much as knowing her, believing her to be his daughter, and that he had her at his houſe. This is one of the great beauties of this ſcene. At the time that *Periphanes* adds, that *Epidicus* had ſqueezed his purſe, he ſpeaks of the laſt ſum of money that this ſervant had cheated him of; for he knew nothing at all of the firſt piece of roguery. Thoſe who have commented on this piece, do not ſeem to have entirely underſtood the plot of it; which indeed is admirable. DACIER.

V. 90. *Before ſo many edicts,*—] The original is, *qui in tantis poſitus ſum ſententiis.* M. *Dacier* obſerves that commentators have explained this paſſage ſeven or eight different ways; but that ſhe thought *Gronovius* was the only one who had found out the true ſenſe, and which ſhe had adopted in her tranſlation into *French*; moi-

Go off unpuniſh'd—No—tho' I ſhould loſe
As much again, I'd rather, than to bear
To be thus laugh'd at, plunder'd, unreveng'd.
Yes, I'm expos'd.—Yet I'm a fool indeed,
To have a worſe opinion of myſelf
Than this *Apœcides*, who brags of being
A law-maker ſo famous—He is ſtill
Boaſting his wiſdom—But, I'd have him know,
The hammer is no wiſer than the handle.

SCENE IV.

Enter PHILIPPA *at a diſtance.*

PHI. If man in all his miſery's to be pitied,
'Tis when the malady is in his mind.
This I experience in all ſhapes of ill.
Fear, poverty alarm my inmoſt mind,

moi donc le nom eſt a la tete de tant d'edicts; I whoſe name is at the head of ſo many edicts; Sententiæ here are what the *Greeks* call ψηφίσματα, *edicts, decrees.*—So *poni in ſententia;* is to be wrote at the head of an edict, that is to be the author of it. For in old books, it was uſual to write at the head of the edition the name of the author.

V. 99. *The hammer is no wiſer than the handle.*] A proverb hatched in the country; and uſed to ſignify, that one man is not leſs a fool that another, though he would make himſelf be thought more clever. As the hammer would paſs as more adroit than the handle, yet is as uſeleſs as that is, unleſs put to its right uſe in the hand of the workman, who cannot make uſe of one without the other. DACIER.

V. 4. ——*my inmoſt mind,*] The original is, *paupertas, pavor territat mentem animi,*—a very elegant as well as forcible expreſſion. *Mens animi, the moſt excellent, the inmoſt part of the mind.*

Nor find I, for the little hope I've left
A place of ſafety.—I have loſt my daughter
To th' enemy—Nor know I where to ſeek her.
PER. [*aſide.*] What woman's this?—A ſtranger, full of fears
Who thus bewails herſelf?
PHI. They ſaid, *Periphanes*
Liv'd ſomewhere hereabout—
PER. [*aſide.*] She mentions me.
Perhaps ſhe wants ſome hoſpitable friend.
PHI. Would any one ſhew me the man, or where
He lives, I would reward him for't—
PER. [*aſide.*] For certain
I know this woman; I have ſeen her face,
Tho' where I know not—Is it ſhe or no?
My mind ſuſpects 'tis ſhe—
PHI. [*ſeeing him.*] O ye good gods!
He is familiar to me.—
PER. [*aſide.*] I've no doubt,
'Tis the poor woman, whom in *Epidaurus*
I well remember to have had——
PHI. 'Tis he,
Who firſt enjoy'd my love in *Epidaurus*---
PER. [*aſide.*] By whom I had a daughter now at home.---

V. 7. *To th' enemy*—] Here the poet gives a very good reaſon for *Philippa's* coming to *Athens*: ſo this incident is no ways forced or unnatural. What is remarkable ſtill, is, that though her daughter had fallen into the enemies hands a conſiderable time; yet, ſhe coming from *Thebes*, could not arrive before this time, becauſe the peace was but juſt now concluded on, and ratified.
ECHARD.

V. 18. —*in* Epidaurus] *Epidaurus* was a city of *Agria* in *Peloponneſus*, part of *Greece*.

PHI. Say, I approach him---

PER. [*aſide.*] Shall I then accoſt her,
Or no?—If 'tis the ſame---

PHI. O, ſhould it be
The man, as length of time has made it doubtful---

PER. [*aſide.*] 'Tis ſo long ſince, my mind is at a loſs.

But if 'tis ſhe, I'll artfully addreſs her.

PHI. Come to my aid ſome of my ſex's arts!

PER. [*aſide.*] I'll ſpeak to her---

PHI. I'll have ſome talk with him.

PER. [*to her.*] Miſtreſs, good day!---

PHI. Thanks, both for me and mine.

PER. What more?

PHI. Good day!---Your compliment's return'd.

PER. For your juſt dealing, thanks---Do I not know you?

PHI. If I am not miſtaken, I've to ſay
That which will call me well to your remembrance.---

PER. Where have I ſeen you?

PHI. That's too hard a queſtion.

PER. Why ſo?

PHI. You'd have me prompt your memory.

PER. You'd tell fine ſtories—

PHI. Your's were wonders all.

PER. And do you recollect that better?

PHI. Oh! I do.

PER. In *Epidaurus*—

PHI. Ah! that word,
That word, a little drop of healing comfort,
Has cool'd the burning heat within my boſom.—

PER. My taking pity on your mother's poverty,
Relieving her, and you, a helpleſs girl—
PHI. Are you the man, who by deceiving me,
Have plung'd me into all this miſery?
PER. The very man—Good day!—You have your health!
PHI. The better, that I ſee you well.
PER. Your hand—
PHI. Take it—You've here a woman full of miſery.—
PER. Why ſo concern'd?
PHI. The daughter I had by you—
PER. Well, what of her?
PHI. When I had brought her up,
I loſt her. She's a priſoner 'mongſt the enemy.
PER. Be eaſy then, and ſet your heart at reſt:
Behold, within the houſe, ſhe's ſafe and well.
As ſoon as e'er my ſlave told me her fate,
I purchas'd her; in that affair the fellow
Acquitted him with diligence, and prudence;
As in all elſe, he has been a very raſcal.
PHI. O let me ſee her, if you'd have me live!

V. 48. *Why ſo concern'd?*] The original is, *quid eſt quod vultus te turbat tuus,—why ſuch concern in your countenance?* The edition of *Aldus*, 1522, reads, *quid eſt, quod digitos inter turbat tuos?—what is the reaſon your pulſe beats ſo?* This reading, M. *Dacier* prefers; and has beſtowed a great deal of learning in a note, in juſtification of it. But, as that lady herſelf allows, that the common reading may be admitted, we rather chooſe to adhere to it.

PER.

PER. Hola! who waits there? *Canthara*, go bid
My daughter inſtantly come out to me,
That ſhe may ſee her mother.

PHI. This revives me! 60

SCENE V.

Enter the MUSICK-GIRL.

MUS. GIRL. Your pleaſure, father: why am I call'd forth?

PER. To ſee thy mother, child---Go, get thee to her,
And meet her with a kiſs---

MUS. GIRL. What mother, Sir?

PER. She there, that's dying for the ſight of you.

PHI. Who's this, you'd have to kiſs me?

PER. Who?---your daughter. 5

PHI. Who?---This?---

PER. The ſame.

PHI. What! kiſs this creature, ſay you?

V. 67, 68. ——*go bid*
My daughter inſtantly come out to me,]
——*ſtatim jube*
Acropoliſtidem *prodire filiam ante ædem meam.*
——*Go bid my daughter Acropoliſtis* inſtantly come out to me.

This paſſage is undoubtedly falſe in all the editions of this author: and, inſtead of *Acropoliſtidem*, it ought to be *Teleſtidem*; for though her name was really *Acropoliſtis*, yet *Periphanes* took her for his daughter *Teleſtis*. I ſuppoſe it was altered by ſome perſon not well acquainted with the plot.

Echard from *Dacier*.

This is certainly right; ſo, to avoid the miſtake, we have omitted the name; and tranſlated it ſimply, *my daughter*.

PER. And why not kiſs her? Is ſhe not your daughter?

PHI. The man's diſtracted.

PER. I, diſtracted?

PHI. You.

PER. Why ſo?

PHI. Becauſe I know not who ſhe is;
Have no acquaintance with her, nor ſo much
As e'er ſet eyes on her, before this inſtant.

PER. I ſee from whence ariſes your miſtake;
She has chang'd her dreſs and put on other cloaths.

PHI. Kittens and pigs ſmell very different,
I neither know this girl, nor whence ſhe is.

PER. Gods! how is this? what! do I keep a brothel
To harbour ſtrangers, and maintain them there?
Why did you call me father, and why kiſs me?
Why ſtand there like a block? Why ſpeak'ſt thou not?

MUS. GIRL. What would you have me ſay?

PER. This woman ſays,
She's not your mother.

MUS. GIRL. If ſhe's not---why, be it ſo.
In ſpite of her, I'll be my mother's daughter.
It is not fair, to force her to be ſuch
Againſt her will.---

PER. Why then did'ſt call me father?

V. 14. *Kittens and pigs ſmell very different,*]
Aliter catuli longe olent, aliter ſues. A proverb taken from nature; uſed to ſignify, that there is no animal but will acknowledge its offspring; and conſequently, a mother and a daughter cannot come together without owning one another. M. *Dacier* changes it to ravens and eagles; and M. *Gueudeville* rallies her not a little for ſo doing.

MUS.

MUS. GIRL. The fault was yours, not mine---I never call'd
You father once, till you had call'd me daughter.
And ſhould ſhe call me ſo, I'd call her mother.
As ſhe denies me, ſhe's no more a mother---
No fault of mine---I ſaid, as I was taught.
Epidicus was my inſtructor---

PER. How!

Undone! undone!---I'm ruin'd horſe and foot.

MUS. GIRL. Am I to blame?

PER. If e'er you call me father,
By *Hercules!* your life ſhall anſwer for it.

MUS. GIRL. Well, I'll not call you father---when you pleaſe,
To be my father---ſo---when not---why, chooſe---

PHI. What! did you buy her, thinking her your daughter?
What tokens had you to believe her ſuch?

PER. Troth, none at all.

PHI. What was't then made you think ſo?

PER. *Epidicus* my ſervant told me ſo.

PHI. So, were your ſervant of another mind,
You knew her not yourſelf?

PER. How ſhould I know her,
That ſaw her but one time---and never after.

V. 31. *—I'm ruin'd horſe and foot.*] The original is, *Plauſtrum percuſi. I've overturn'd my cart.* A proverbial expreſſion from the country; or, as *Echard* ſays, from huſbandmen, who ſeldom knew a greater misfortune, than the overthrowing of a cart after it was well loaden. Uſed when a perſon has put his affairs into diſorder and confuſion. We have ſubſtituted a proverb of our own, taken from the army; which means pretty near the ſame thing.

PHI. Wretch, that I am!

PER. Weep not, I ſay, but in.—
Have a good heart. I'll find her out, I'll warrant.

PHI. A citizen of *Athens* purchas'd her;
A young man too, they ſay.

PER. Be you but ſatisfied,
I'll find her out. Mean time, go in, and watch
This *Circe* here, this daughter of the ſun.

[*Exit* PHILIPPA *into the houſe.*

All other buſineſs I'll at once poſtpone,
And go in ſearch of this *Epidicus:*
Whom if I find, this day ſhall be his laſt.

[*Exit.*

V. 48. *This* Circe *here, this daughter of the ſun.*] Thoſe who knew not their father, were commonly ſaid to be children of the ſun, who is the father of all things. This is what *Periphanes* alludes to; for *Circe* was the daughter of *Perſeis*; and as ſhe knew not who was her father, ſhe paſſed as the daughter of the ſun. DACIER.

*** This fourth Act is opened by *Periphanes*, with a moral ſoliloquy; in which he is interrupted by the arrival of *Apæcides* with the muſick-girl, he had deſired him to procure, to ſing to him whilſt he was ſacrificing. After a ſhort converſation, *Apæcides* goes off to the Forum to aſſiſt a friend, and leaves *Periphanes* alone; who in the next ſcene is joined by a *Captain of Rhodes*, who is in purſuit of a female ſlave with whom he was in love, and whom he wanted to purchaſe. Here the rogueries of *Epidicus* begin firſt to be diſcovered. For the *muſick-girl* proving not to be the ſame the *Captain* wanted, he goes off in a huff; and *Periphanes* ſends her away; when he is joined by *Philippa*, juſt arrived from *Thebes*, who is diſcovered to be the very woman *Periphanes* had had a daughter by; which daughter he ſuppoſed was now in the houſe. He orders her to

to be ſent for. *Philippa* on ſeeing her, abſolutely denies ſhe is her daughter; and thus the firſt piece of roguery of *Epidicus* is very naturally diſcovered. The old man orders *Philippa* and the *muſick-girl* to go into his houſe, and goes off himſelf in ſearch of *Epidicus*. This ends the fourth Act; and the interval is filled up with *Periphanes's* ſearching for *Epidicus* in order to puniſh him; and likewiſe, with *Stratippocles* waiting for the *Banker* and his miſtreſs.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter STRATIPPOCLES.

HOW ill this banker here obeys my orders!
Who nor demands his money, nor brings home
The girl, I purchas'd from the ſpoils.---But ſee!
Epidicus!---Why are his brows ſo purs'd!

Enter EPIDICUS, *at a diſtance.*

EPI. [*aſide.*] Should *Jove* himſelf, with his eleven Gods
Come to his aid, they could not ſave *Epidicus*,
From condign puniſhment. I ſaw *Periphanes*
Buying of manacles: *Apœcides*
Was with him: and they're now, I take for granted,

V. 5. *Should* Jove *himſelf, with his eleven Gods*] Here *Epidicus* was really in a very ſad condition, and the ſtage embarraſſed; yet ſoon after *Plautus* finds a way to bring all off, even when the ſpectators were almoſt brought to deſpair. The doing of this well, does not only ſhew the greateſt art of the poet, but gives the ſpectators the greateſt pleaſure too; this is the moſt taking part of a play; and indeed there is nothing like ſurpriſes, if they be natural. ECHARD.

The names of the twelve principal gods, the reader will find in the fragments of *Ennius*, comprized in theſe two verſes,

Juno, Veſta, Ceres, Deiana, Minerva, Venus, Mars,
Mercurius, Jovi, Neptunus, Vulcanus, Apollo.

Annalium, Lib. I.

Theſe twelve Gods are alſo mentioned in other antient authors; often in *Ariſtophanes*. One inſtance may be ſufficient.

——οἱ δωδέκα θεοὶ
Ἐξέδαιν ἐπιτρίψαι σέ— ΟΡΝΙΘΕΣ. (*The Birds.*) V. 96.
—— May the twelve Gods
Come and demoliſh you!—

In

In ſearch of me. They've ſmelt me out, and know
I have impos'd upon them ---

STRA. Ho! how fares
My uſeful raſcal, my commodity?

EPI. As well as ſuch a wretch as I am, can.

STRA. Why, what's the matter?

EPI. Prithee now equip me
With neceſſaries for a march, before
I'm quite undone. E'en now, the two old fellows,
Whom I've been fleecing, are in ſearch of me,
With manacles a full half inch in breadth.

STRA. Have a good heart.

EPI. And, wherefore ſhould I not,
When I'm ſo ſure my liberty's at hand -- [*ironically.*]

STRA. Well, I'll take care of you.

EPI. By *Pollux* temple!
Theſe two old fellows will take better care,
If once they catch me. But, what girl is that;
And who that red-hair'd fellow that is with her?
[*ſeeing the* BANKER *and the* MUSICK-GIRL *at a diſtance.*

V. 17. *Whom I've been fleecing,—*] The original is, *defloccati, worn out, bald, loſt their nap. Epidicus* calls them ſo, becauſe he had fleeced them of their money; and we have ventured to expreſs the word ſo in the tranſlation.

V. 18. ——*a full half inch in breadth.*] The original is, *copulas ſeſcuncias.* The foot was divided into twelve parts, which were called *unciæ*, and which we now call inches. LIMIERS.

V. 20. ——*my liberty's at hand—*] The original is, *in mundo ſita eſt*; and *Feſtus* the grammarian tells us, that the antients, when they would ſay any thing was *in promptu*, at hand, would uſe the expreſſion, *in mundo.*

V. 24. —*red-hair'd fellow—*] The criticks are much divided, whether to read *graveſtellus*, or, *raveſtellus.* M. *Dacier*, on the authority of *Feſtus*, prefers the latter, and renders it *ce rouſſeau*; and we have followed her.

STRA.

STRA. O, 'tis the banker: and with him, the girl I purchas'd from the ſpoils.

EPI. What! is that ſhe?

STRA. The ſame. Is ſhe not all I ſaid? obſerve her.

EPI. Is't ſhe indeed!

STRA. But mark her well, *Epidicus*; From top to toe ſhe is a paragon. Is ſhe not? ſay. Conſider, view her well. There's painting for you!

EPI. Yes, you are foretelling A pretty piece of painting on my back, Which our old *Zeuxes* and *Apelles* there, [*meaning* PERIPHANES *and* APOECIDES. With their elm pencils---will delineate---

V. 30. *From top to toe*—] The original is, *ab unguiculo ad capillum, from the nail to the hair of the head*, a proverbial expreſſion, meaning all over the body.

V. 34. —*our old* Zeuxis *and* Apelles *there*,] *Zeuxis* and *Apelles* were two famous painters. The latter flouriſhed in the time of *Alexander the Great*, the former about ſeventeen years before him. The reader will meet with ſome entertaining anecdotes of the former in *Pliny's* Natural Hiſtory, Book XXXV. Chap. 10. and of both, in M. *Gueudeville's* note on the place, in his *French* tranſlation. Nor is this the only place where *Plautus* ſpeaks of theſe two famous artiſts of antiquity. He again makes honourable mention of them in his *Pœnulus*. The reader may not be diſpleaſed if we here preſent him with the paſſage.

——*O!* Apella, *O!* Zeuxis *pictor!*
Cur numero eſtis mortui, hinc exemplum ut pingeretis?
Nam alios pictores nihil morer hujus modi tractari exempla.
Act. V. Sce. IV. V. 101.

——O! you *Apelles*, O! you painter *Zeuxis!*
Why are you number'd 'mongſt the dead ſo ſoon?
Had you but liv'd to paint ſo fair a ſubject!

All

SCENE II.

Enter the BANKER, *and* TELESTIS. *

STRA. [*to the* BANKER.] How tedious you have been? why ſure, a fellow
With his feet ſwell'd, would have been ſooner here.
BAN. By *Pollux'* temple, ſhe it was detain'd me.
STRA. Nay, if you ſtaid on her account, if ſhe
Would have it ſo, why, you are come too ſoon.
BAN. Come, come, diſpatch me, and count out the money,
That I may not detain my company.
STRA. 'Tis counted out already.
BAN. Take this bag,
And put it in it.
STRA. Wiſely done! Stay here,
I'll fetch it ſtrait.

All other artiſts I eſteem as nothing—
Unworthy ſuch a work.——

* *Enter the* BANKER *and* TELESTIS.] Here is a remarkable difference in the editions. The *Delphin* calls her *Acropoliſtis*, the daughter of *Periphanes* and *Philippa*, and the other muſick-girl the counterfeit *Acropoliſtis*. *Lambin* and *Gronovius* call this that now enters upon the ſtage, *Virgo*, the *Maiden*. M. *Dacier*, both in her *Dramatis Perſonæ*, and in her tranſlation, calls her *Theleſtis*; and *Echard*, who indeed copies that lady very faithfully throughout his whole tranſlation, does the ſame; as *Epidicus* in this ſcene, on his firſt ſpeaking of her, calls her *Teleſtis*, it ſeems the beſt way, to avoid confuſion, to call her by that name.

V. 3. *With his feet ſwell'd,*—] The original is, *pedibus pulmonèis*, *feet ſwelling out as the lungs do*. *Pliny*, ſpeaking of a particular ſort of apples, ſays of them, *ſolidè tument pulmonea*.

BAN.

BAN. Quick, then---

STRA. 'Tis here at home.

[*Exit.*

EPI. Have I the right uſe of my eyes, or no?
Do I not ſee *Teleſtis* there, the daughter
Of old *Periphanes*, and of *Philippa*
The *Theban*, who was bred at *Epidaurus?*

TEL. Who are you, ſay, that call me by my name,
My parents too by theirs?

EPI. Don't you then know me?

TEL. Not as I recollect.

EPI. What, not remember,
I brought you on your birth-day, a gold toy,
A creſcent, and a gold ring for your finger?

TEL. I do remember. Was it you then, friend?

EPI. I am the man; and there's your brother: both

[*pointing to* STRATIPPOCLES.

Own the ſame father, but another mother.

TEL. What, is my father then alive?

EPI. He is.
Compoſe yourſelf, and hold your peace.

TEL. The gods,
Should this be true, have ſav'd me from perdition.

EPI. I have no intereſt in deceiving you.

Enter STRATIPPOCLES *from the houſe.*

STRA. Here, take your money; 'tis juſt forty minæ.

[*to the banker.*

If there are any bad, I'll change them for you.

BANK. 'Tis very well—adieu, Sir.—

[*Exit Banker.*

V. 18. *What, not remember,*] M. *Dacier* divides this ſpeech; in which ſhe follows *Lambin.*—We have, after *De L'Oeuvre* and *Gronovius*, kept it entire.

STRA.

STRA. Now, my girl,
You're mine. [*to* TELESTIS.]
TEL. Yes, your's indeed. I am your ſiſter.
Brother, well met!
STRA. Has ſhe her ſenſes?
EPI. Yes:
And ſenſe enough, if ſhe calls you her brother.
STRA. I did but juſt ſtep in and out again;
And in a trice am I become her brother?
EPI. Keep your good fortune to yourſelf: be ſilent.
STRA. You've loſt me, ſiſter, loſt as well as found me.
EPI. Say not a word, you fool! By my contrivance,
The muſick-girl you love, waits you at home;
And I have freed your ſiſter.
STRA. True, *Epidicus*,
I own it.
EPI. In then, order a warm bath:
I'll tell you all the reſt at leiſure.
STRA. Siſter,
Follow me in.
EPI. [*to* STRATIPPOCLES.] I'll ſend out *Theſprio* to you.
But you'll remember, ſhould the old man rave,
You and your ſiſter are to ſtand my friends—
STRA. That's a requeſt will eaſily be granted—
[*Exit* STRATIPPOCLES *with* TELESTIS.
EPI. *Theſprio*, do you go round the garden way,
And when I'm in the houſe, beſure aſſiſt me.

V. 48. Theſprio, *do you go round the garden way*,] It is obſervable, that *Theſprio* appears but once in the whole play, and that in the beginning. But in this caſe, our modern poets would not ſo ſoon have loſt ſuch a remarkable character, but have

Great matters are in hand.—Th' old folks, methinks
Are not ſo dreadful as but now.—I'll in;
Prepare me for our gueſts; and tell *Stratippocles*
The whole I know, within—I'll not abſcond;
I'll ſtand my ground at home.—Nor ſhall he ſay,
My feet have done him any injury.
I'll enter.—I've ſtood talking here too long.
[*Going off: but ſeeing* PERIPHANES *and* APOLCIDES *entering, retires.*

SCENE III.

Enter PERIPHANES *and* APŒCIDES.

PER. Has not this fellow play'd his tricks ſufficient
On two ſuch old, decrepid fools as we!

have carried it through the play; and this when it does not confound the plot, is an excellency of our ſtage above the antients. *Plautus* is guilty of this defect in the more remarkable character of *Artotrogus* in his *Miles Glorioſus, The Braggard Captain.* ECHARD.

It is to be obſerved, that both *Theſprio* and *Artotrogus* are what the antients called *Perſona protatica*, a character introduced in the beginning of a play, (as *Donatus* upon *Terence* informs us) to ſerve as a prologue, and lay open the argument; and appears no more. Such are *Soſia*, in the *Andria*, and *Davus* in the *Phormio* of *Terence*. Sir *Richard Steele*, whoſe *Conſcious Lovers* is a profeſſed imitation of the former of theſe comedies of *Terence*, has done what *Echard* has obſerved, carried his character of *Humphrey*, which anſwers to *Soſia*, through the whole play.

V. 2. —*ſuch old decrepid fools as we.*] The original is, *nos vetulos decrepitos duos.* The word *decrepo* ſignifies, to be at the laſt gaſp, or, to crackle, or make a noiſe, as a candle does when it is juſt going out; or the wick of a lamp, when the oyl is juſt gone.

APOE.

APOE. Yes, troth! you too have plagu'd me not a little.

PER. 'St! 'ſt! ſay nothing: but let me alone To find the fellow out.

APOE. You'd beter find
A fit companion for you in this buſineſs;
My legs are ſwell'd in keeping pace with you.

PER. How oft has he this day made us two fools!
How has he drain'd the bottom of my purſe?

APOE. Plague on this ſon of *Vulcan!* in his wrath
He burns whate'er he touches: ſtand but near him,
He'll ſcorch you with his heat.

EPI. [*apart.*] I have twelve Gods,
More than there are in heaven, to aſſiſt me,
And fight upon my ſide. I've that at home,
Will ſtand my friend, and amply make atonement.

V. 7. *My legs are ſwell'd*—] The original is, *Laſſitudine invaſerunt miſero in genua ſemina.*—*Flemen, Camerarius* tells us from *Feſtus*, is the falling down of the blood to the ancles in overmuch walking, and thereby cauſing a ſwelling in the legs.

V. 13. *More than there are in heaven,*—] The original is, *Duodecim Deis plus quam in cælo eſt. Camerarius* obſerves, that the conſtruction is a little entangled; but the meaning is, that he has to aſſiſt him, twelve more gods, than there are in heaven. Concerning the twelve gods, ſee the note on V. 5. Scene I. of this Act. M. *Dacier*, as ſhe often does, refines on this paſſage, and M. *Gueudeville*, as uſual, rallies her upon it.

V. 15. *Will ſtand my friend,*—] *Epidicus* here alludes to his having at home, *Stratippocles*, *Teleſtis*, *Philippa*, and *Theſpria*, whom he got ready to plead for him; and, as *Echard* obſerves, ſince ſuch a diſcovery had been made, and the girl's redemption too, both from ſlavery and the danger of inceſt, all by his means, he knew they could not fail of ſucceeding; and this made him ſo very inſolent to the two old men, to their great ſurprize, and the ſpectators ſatisfaction.

I laugh

I laugh at all my foes---

PER. Where in the world
Shall I go ſeek this raſcal---

APOE. In the bottom
O' th' ſea, you may go ſeek him out for me;
So you inſiſt not on my company.---

EPI. [*advancing.*] Why look for me, Sir? Wherefore all theſe pains?
Why plague your friend thus? Here, you ſee, I am.
Have I attempted, Sir, to run away?
To leave the houſe, or hide me from your preſence?
I aſk no pardon. Is it, Sir, your pleaſure
I ſhould be hand-cuff'd? Here, Sir, are my hands.
The thongs are ready; for I ſaw you buy them.---
What is't you wait for? bind me inſtantly.

PER. The affair's all over---Of his own accord
He comes, and wants no bail for his appearance.

EPI. Why don't you bind my hands, and tye them faſt?

PER. By *Pollux* temple! an ungracious ſlave.

V. 16. *I laugh at all my foes.*] The original is, *Apolactizo inimicos meos*, a *Greek* word απολακτίζω, which ſignifies *to kick with the heel*, metaphorically, *to ſlight, ſcorn, or laugh at.*

V. 29. —*no bail for his appearance.*] The original is, *Ilicet. vadimonium ultro mihi fecit. Facere vadimonium alicui*, is *to ſerve a perſon with a ſummons or a citation to appear before a magiſtrate.* And as it was the buſineſs of the plaintiff, and not of the defendant, to ſerve the ſummons, *Periphanes* is aſtoniſhed at the inſolence of *Epidicus*, who himſelf demands of them to bind him; and compares his ſo doing, to the action of a criminal, who requires to be carried before a judge. *Ilicet* was the word made uſe of when the proceedings were over, and to tell the perſons concerned to go about their buſineſs; *ilicet* for *ire licet, you may be gone.* So here it ſignifies, as we have tranſlated it, *the affair is all over.* DACIER.

EPI.

EPI. And as for you, *Apœcides*, I want not
[*ironically.*]
You for my advocate.---
APOE. You eaſily
Prevail on me to be excus'd, *Epidicus*.
EPI. Why do you not proceed?
PER. Am I to execute
Your will and pleaſure?
EPI. Yes, 'tis mine by *Hercules!*
And not your own. 'Theſe hands you're now to bind.
PER. 'Tis not my pleaſure.
EPI. What! not have me bound?
PER. I would examine you at liberty.
EPI. You will get nothing out of me.
APOE. The fellow
Is forging means, although we ſcent them not,
To get your head again into his net.---

V. 39. *Is forging means*—] The original is, *Tragulam in te injicere adornat. Tragula* ſignifies properly, *a javelin with a barbed head*; ſometimes *a drag net*, from *trahere, to draw*; *Plautus* uſes it allegorically, for *a trick*; ſo *tragulam alicui injicere*, means, to *put a trick on any one*. We meet with it again in our author in the ſame ſenſe,

At volui injicere tragulam in noſtrum ſenem,
Verum is, neſcio quo pacto, præſenſit prius—
Pſeudolus, Act I. Scene IV. v. 14.

I would have put a trick on our old man;
But he before, I know not by what means,
Began to ſmoak me——

Ego pol iſtam jam aliquo vorſum
Tragulam decidero. *Caſina*, Act II. Scene IV. v. 18.

Some trick or other certainly I'll play her,
By *Pollux!*

EPI. You but loſe time, while I'm at liberty.
So inſtant tie my hands, and tie them hard.
PER. I rather chooſe to examine you at liberty.
EPI. You may—But you'll get nothing out of me.
PER. [*to* APOE.] What had I beſt to do?
APOE. What beſt to do?—
Why, humour him I think.
EPI. Worthy *Apœcides!*
PER. Hold out your hands then?
EPI. Ready. There they are.
But bind them tight: Spare me not.
PER. "There—Both of you,
"Say, are they tight enough?
EPI. "Yes, yes, they'll do.
"Examine me, now aſk me what you pleaſe."
PER. Firſt then, how durſt you ſay, with what aſſurance,
The girl you purchas'd for me three days ſince,
Was my own daughter?
EPI. 'Twas my pleaſure; there
You have, Sir, my aſſurance.
PER. What! your pleaſure?
EPI. My pleaſure: and now lay me any wager
That ſhe is not a daughter.

V. 48. —*Spare me not.*—] The original is, *Nihil vero obnoxiosè.* M. *Dacier* obſerves, that *obnoxiosè agere*, is to *act favourably, as if you would have another obliged to you.* *Epidicus* therefore deſires *Periphanes* not to ſpare him, as he does not deſire to be obliged to him.

V. 56. *That ſhe is not a daughter.*] He does not ſay that ſhe is *his daughter*, for he would then have told a lye, becauſe they were talking of the firſt muſick-girl, who was purchaſed three days ago, but he ſays only, that *ſhe is a daughter*, and then afterwards, that *ſhe is her mother's daughter.* DACIER.

PER. When her mother
Owns her not?
EPI. That ſhe's not her mother's daughter.
Bet me your talent then againſt my ſeſterce.
PER. That's all a ſophiſtry. Who's this woman then?
EPI. To tell you the whole truth, this woman is
The miſtreſs of your ſon.
PER. And thirty minæ
Did I not give you, ſay; to purchaſe her,
Suppoſing her my daughter?
EPI. Yes, you did.
And with that very money did I purchaſe
This muſick-girl, the miſtreſs of your ſon,
And made her paſs upon you for your daughter!
For thirty minæ, Sir, I touch'd you there.
PER. But why then top this other girl upon me?
EPI. I have ſo done; and thought it right to do ſo.
PER. But the laſt money that I gave you! ſay,
What is become of that?
EPI. I'll tell you, Sir.
I gave it no bad man, nor yet to one
Unworthy of you; to your ſon *Stratippocles*.

M. *Gueudeville*, as uſual, rallies the Lady on this note, and calls it a refinement, and that nothing more is meant than that *Epidicus* anſwers equivocally. It may be ſo.

V. 58. *Bet me your talent then againſt my ſeſterce.*] That is, about 187*l.* ſterling to ſomething leſs than two pence.

V. 67. —*I touch'd you there.*] The original is, *te tetigi*. Our word *touch*, carries the ſame equivocal meaning as the *Latin tango*.

V. 72. *I gave it to no bad man, nor yet to one unworthy of you.*—] *Neque malo homini, neque indigno*. The *Delphin*, and ſome other

PER. Why did you dare to give it him?

EPI. Becauſe
It was my pleaſure ſo to do.

PER. You raſcal!
What impudence is this?

EPI. I'm ſcolded at,
As if I was your ſlave.

PER. I ſhould be glad
To know you had your freedom. [*ironically.*

EPI. I deſerve
To have it now.

PER. Yes, you deſerve it truly?

EPI. Go, look within doors; there you'll quickly ſee
How I've deſerv'd it.

PER. What d' you mean by this?

EPI. The thing will ſpeak itſelf—Go you but in.

PER. He ſays not this without a meaning—You, [*to* APOECIDES.
Look to the follow carefully. [*Exit into the houſe.*

APOE. *Epidicus*,
What is this buſineſs?

EPI. 'Tis unjuſt, by *Hercules!*
That I ſhould ſtand here bound, when by my means,
He has this day diſcover'd a loſt daughter.

APOE. What ſay you, that you've found his daughter?

EPI. Yes.
And ſhe's at home too—But 'tis very hard,

editions, that of *Aldus* in particular, inſtead of *indigno*, read *benigno*. M. *Dacier* adopts this reading, and ſays, the ſenſe is, *I have not given it to a miſer nor a prodigal.* We have followed the reading of *Lambin* and *Taubman*, and tranſlated it accordingly. But the reader will adopt which he likes beſt.

For

For my good deeds, to reap this evil harveſt.
APOE. How have we toil'd in ſearching you to-day!
EPI. I am fatigu'd with finding, you with ſeeking.

Enter PERIPHANES, *from the houſe.*

PER. [*ſpeaking to thoſe within.*] You need not preſs the thing ſo vehemently,
I find he has well deſerv'd; and I'll take care
He ſhall not loſe his recompence. Hold out [*to* EPIDICUS.
Your hands, that I may looſe them.
EPI. Touch me not.
PER. Hold them out then.
EPI. Not I.
PER. You are to blame.
EPI. Not till you've given me proper puniſhment.
PER. You aſk no more than what is juſt and right.
A pair of ſandals, veſt, and cloak are yours.
EPI. What elſe?
PER. Your freedom.
EPI. Yes, and ſomething more.

V. 93. *You need not preſs the thing ſo vehemently,*] *Periphanes* ſpeaks this to the perſons within, whom *Epidicus* had employed to plead for him. If any of our modern poets had the management of this place, they would undoubtedly have brought *Stratippocles*, *Teleſtis*, *Philippa* and *Theſprio* on the ſtage. But the antients had another taſte, and were wonderfully careful to avoid any thing that looked like confuſion; ſometimes too ſcrupulouſly in this caſe, as ours too often offend the other way. Therefore a juſt medium ought to be exactly obſerved. ECHARD.

A new made freedman ſhould have wherewithal
To pick a bit.

PER. No more: it ſhall be done.
I'll give you a meal's meat.

EPI. By *Hercules!*
You ſhan't unbind me, till you've aſk'd my pardon.

PER. If I unwittingly have done you wrong,
Honeſt *Epidicus*, I aſk your pardon—
And ſo—I make you free—

EPI. I pardon you—
But 'tis againſt the grain—of pure neceſſity—
Here are my hands, unbind them when you pleaſe.

The COMEDIANS.

This is the man, who by his rogueries
[*pointing to* EPIDICUS.

V. 107. *To pick a bit.*] The original is, *quod pappet. Pappare* ſignifies properly *to eat pap as children do*: hence by a figure, which the rhetoricians call *catachreſis*, the putting improperly one word for another, uſed in general for *to eat*.

V. 111. *—who by his cunning rogueries—*] Here, perhaps it may be thought that vice appears triumphant. I grant it would upon our ſtage, if this were acted; but the *Romans* were of another opinion in theſe caſes, and they took a peculiar pleaſure in ſeeing a witty ſlave cheat a covetous old fellow; and the ingenuity of the action, was often thought ſufficient amends for the knavery of it. ECHARD.

Here the commentator ſeems to bear a little too hard on poor *Epidicus*, to give his rogueries ſo harſh a name as that of vice. What had he done? He had, 'tis true, chous'd an old gentleman of his money; but then he had not kept it for his own uſe, he had given it to his ſon. Nor had he done more than *Phormio* in *Terence*, *Scapin* in *The Cheats of Scapin*, *Flippanta* in *The City Wife's Confederacy*, and many others.

The

Has gain'd his freedom — Give us your applauſe. Farewell. Riſe from your ſeats, and ſtretch your limbs.

The original is, *malitia ſuâ*, which we have tranſlated *roguery*; a word, which is indeed uſed in a vicious immoral ſenſe; but equally ſo, to mean *ſlyneſs*, *cunning* or *artifice*.

The fifth Act is opened by *Stratippocles*; who coming out from *Chæribulus*'s houſe, ſees *Epidicus* at a diſtance, much caſt down at having ſeen *Periphanes* purchaſing ſome ſcourges; and coming to *Chæribulus*'s, to beg ſome money of his maſter to facilitate his eſcape. The banker in the mean time arrives with the ſlave; and thus no perſonage appears on the ſtage without a reaſon for his ſo doing; a thing *Plautus* has always very exactly obſerved. There is a wonderful variety in this Scene, where the meer diſcovery of *Teleſtis* to be the daughter of *Periphanes*, makes a total change of every incident; and this is managed with ſuch an appearance of truth, that one can ſcarce conceive but that it was a real tranſaction. Yet though *Teleſtis* is diſcovered by her brother and *Epidicus*, the cataſtrophe is not compleated; as the ſpectators are in expectation of *Periphanes*, who was gone in ſearch of *Epidicus*; and he comes back with his friend *Apœcides*, juſt after *Epidicus* had diſpatched the brother and ſiſter into their father's houſe. And this is the ſubject of the laſt Scene, which is extremely entertaining.

The ſubject of this Comedy is double. At the ſame time that *Periphanes* finds his daughter, *Stratippocles*, in finding a ſiſter, loſes a miſtreſs whom he was paſſionately in love with; and for whom he had deſerted another, whom he is at laſt obliged to take again.

The principal incidents are, the diſbanding the troops, the amour of the *Captain* of *Rhodes*, and the arrival of *Philippa*.

The time of the action does not exceed the morning.

The unity of place is perfectly well obſerved; as the whole buſineſs is tranſacted in a ſtreet, in which the houſes of the principal characters of the Drama ſtood.

We ſhall conclude with this remark upon the whole; that the Acts could never have been more naturally divided.

The Firſt contains the arrival of *Stratippocles*, and the opening of the ſubject.

The Second, *Epidicus*'s rogueries.

The Third, his ſucceſs in them.

The fourth, the diſcovery of them.

The Fifth, the diſcovery of *Teleſtis*, and his recovery from the danger.

And in the management of all this, not one character appears upon the ſtage without a neceſſary pretext of buſineſs there.

We are to acknowledge that we are indebted for this analyſis of the Comedy at the end of each Act, in part to *Echard*, and in part to M. *Dacier*, whoſe account of it we have tranſlated and abridged.

End of The DISCOVERY.

THE

THE

APPARITION.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

THEUROPIDES, *a merchant of* Athens.
SIMO, *his neighbour.*
PHILOLACHES, *his ſon.*
TRANIO, } *his ſervants.*
GRUMIO, }
CALLIDAMATES, *friend to* PHILOLACHES.
PHANISCUS, *a boy, his ſervant.*
Another SERVANT.
BOY.
MISARGYRIDES, *a banker.*

PHILEMATIUM, *a muſick girl, miſtreſs of* PHILOLACHES.
SCAPHA, *her maid.*
DELPHIUM, *miſtreſs of* CALLIDAMATES.

SCENE, *ATHENS.*

THE

*APPARITION.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter GRUMIO *and* TRANIO.

GRUMIO.

COME from your kitchen, will you? Out, you rogue,
You who're ſo ſmart upon me 'midſt your platters:
Out of the houſe, thou ruin of thy maſter—
By *Pollux!* let me catch thee in the country,
And, as I live, I'll ſoundly be reveng'd.—
Steam of the kitchen, why do'ſt hide thyſelf?

TRA. You ſcoundrel, why this noiſe before the houſe!

* This Comedy is called in the original *MOSTELLARIA*. The word is formed from *monſtra*, *things wonderful*, ſoftened into *moſtra*, thence *moſtella*, and *moſtellaria*: in the ſame manner as *caſtellum* from *caſtrum*, a *caſtle*. And as ſeveral antient criticks and commentators have mentioned this Comedy, under the title of *Phaſma*, which ſignifies an *Apparition*, we have given it that name. This Comedy, like ſome others of our author, has no Prologue.

Think

Think you, you're domineering in the country?
Get from the houſe—Into the country—Hence.—
Go and be hang'd—Get farther from the door—
What! was it this you wanted then—[*ſtriking him.*
GRU. Oh! Oh!
What do'ſt thou ſtrike me for?
TRA. Becauſe you wanted it—
GRU. Well, I muſt bear it—Let our old maſter but
Return again; let him but ſafe arrive,
Whom you are eating up while he's abroad—
TRA. You clown, you prate nor truth nor likelihood.
How eat at home a man who is abroad?
GRU. You! the mob-minion! the town-wit!
You caſt
The country in my teeth! We ſoon ſhall have you
Brought to the work-houſe there: by *Hercules!*
You'll viſit us in chains e'er long, and add
One to the number of our iron race—
Now, while 'tis in your power, uſe your time:

V. 10. *Go and be hang'd*—] *abi dierectè.* The word occurs often in our author, and in the ſame ſenſe.

V. 11. *Oh! Oh!*] The original is, *perii*, I'm undone. But I am inclined to think with M. *Marolles*, it is here uſed only to mark his crying out, on *Tranio*'s ſtriking him.

V. 16. *You clown*—] The original is, *frutex, a ſhrub.* As *Grumio* was a country ſervant, *Tranio* calls him *ſhrub*, by way of contempt, as a *ſhrub* is of ſmall value in compariſon of a *tree*. We have ventured to tranſlate it *clown*.

V. 17. —*the town-wit!*—] The original is, *ſcurra, a buffoon.*

Drink

Drink on, confound, corrupt your maſter's ſon.
An excellent young man!—Days, nights together,
Conſume in riot—Be true *Grecks*; buy wenches,
And ſet them free; feed paraſites; and feaſt,
Magnificently feaſt yourſelves—Were theſe
Our maſter's orders when he went abroad?
Thus ſhall he find things huſbanded at home?
This think'ſt thou a good ſervant's duty, this?
To ruin both his ſon and his eſtate!—
For, ruin'd I eſteem him, who acts thus—

V. 26. —*Be true* Greeks;—] The original is, *pergræcamini*. *Pergræcari*, *Feſtus* tells us, is to ſpend whole days and nights in drinking, mirth, and banquets. M. *De L'Oeuvre*, from *Aſcanius Pedianus*, informs us, that the manner of drinking among the *Greeks* was, when they had the cup in their hand, they firſt paid their reſpects to their gods, afterwards their friends by name; and then every time they called upon their gods, or named their friends and intimate acquaintance, they drank off a cup of wine.

The word *pergræcari* is often uſed by *Plautus*, and always in a bad ſenſe. Thus, in other authors—

——*Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,*
Græcam *urbem*—— *Juvenal*, Sat. iii. v. 60.

I hate in *Rome*, a *Grecian* town to find—— DRYDEN.

And, *as merry as a* Greek, is ſtill a common proverb. By the lower claſs of people, corrupted into *grig*: but it ſhould be *Greek*.

Modern authors too have alluded to it——

——Let's die like *Romans*,
Since we have liv'd like *Grecians*——
Ben Jonſon, *The Fox*, Act III. Scene VIII. *Vilpone*.

And *Shakſpeare*, for his unſeaſonable merriment, makes *Sebaſtian* call the clown, *fooliſh* Greek.
Twelfth Night, Act IV. Scene I.

A youth,

A youth, who us'd to bear the palm in *Athens*
For temperance and frugality. But now
Ranks foremoſt in the oppoſite—Effects
Of thy fine tutoring, thy virtuous care!

TRA. You raſcal, what have you to do with me,
Or with my actions? Have you not your cattle
To look to in the country? 'Tis my pleaſure
To drink, to love, to keep my girls. I do it
At the hazard of my own back, not of yours.

GRU. With what aſſurance does the fellow prate?
Fie, fie upon it!—

TRA. Now may *Jupiter*
And all the Gods confound thee! How thou ſtink'ſt
Of garlick! Filth by nature, ruſtick, goat,
Foh! thou meer hog-ſty—Dog and goat together—

GRU. What would'ſt thou have me do? We cannot all
Stink as you do of foreign ſweets; nor fill
The upper place at table; nor all live
On dainties like yourſelf—Well, Sir! Enjoy
Your turtle-doves, fiſh, wild fowl; and let me
Do, tho' I ſtink, the duties of my ſtation.

V. 42. *At the hazard of my own back*—] The original is, *mei tergi facio hæc, non tui fiducia:* The word *fiducia* was uſed by old writers, in the ſame ſenſe the lawyers afterwards uſed *hypotheca*—*Hypotheca ſive fiducia eſt pignus quod ſolâ conventione contrahitur abſque conditione.*

The word *hypotheca* or *fiducia*, means a pledge or gage contracted for by covenant only, without an actual ſurrender.

See *Gravius* on *Cic. De Offic.* Lib. iii. ſ. 15. So that *Tranio* means, *that his back ſtood engaged for him.*

V. 46. *—Filth by nature—*] *germana illuvies, natural ſtink.* The adjunct for the ſubject. A metonymy.

Thy

Thy fortune's happy, miſerable mine—
Both muſt be borne—Why let them, ſo my good
'Bide but with me, as ſhall your ill with you.
TRA. *Grumio*, you ſeem as if you envy'd me,
Becauſe 'tis well with me, and ill with you.
Tho' 'tis but what is juſt: It fits my ſtation,
To keep my wenches; yours, to keep your cattle;
Mine to live well, and yours to feed with hogs.
GRU. Thou ſieve of fleſh! for ſuch will be the end;
So ſhall thy hide be finely pink'd, as through
The ſtreets thou bear'ſt thy gibbet, if our maſter,
But once return——
TRA. How know'ſt thou, *Grumio*,
But ſuch may be thy fate ſooner than mine?
GRU. Becauſe I've not deſerv'd it as thou haſt;
And ſtill deſerv'ſt——
TRA. Shorten your tale, unleſs
You wiſh t' enhance your puniſhment——
GRU. Will you
Let me have fodder then to feed my beaſts?
If you have none, why give me money for it;
And, on then with your buſineſs—On! for me,
As you've begun; drink, live like *Greeks*, eat, ſtuff;
Even till you burſt; kill all your fatted dainties—
TRA. Peace, get into the country—Now will I
Away to market, and buy fiſh for ſupper:
I'll ſend you fodder for the farm to-morrow,
What now? Why do you ſtare at me, you jail-bird—

V. 64. —*thou bear'ſt thy gibbet*—] It was uſual at that time for malefactors to carry the gibbet they were to be executed upon.

V. 73. —*drink, live like* Greeks—] See the note on V. 26.

GRU.

GRU. That name will better ſuit you by-and-by:
Yes, 'twill by *Pollux!*——

TRA. Suit then what ſuit may: So
So I'm well now, I heed not by-and-by.

GRU. Ay, that's your care—But this one thing be ſure of—
Troubles come on us, ſwifter much than things
We wiſh—

TRA. Yes, you're already come to trouble me.
But hence!—To th' country—Take yourſelf away. 85
'Tis the laſt time, mark that, you e'er ſhall ſtay me.
[*Exit.*

GRU. [*alone.*] Is he quite gone? E'en ſo; nor cares a ruſh
For ought I've ſaid—Your aid, immortal Gods!
Send us, O ſend us back my good old maſter,
Theſe three years gone—Gods! ſend him home again, 90
E'er houſe and farm, and all is gone to wreck.
If he return not in a few months more,
No remnants will remain—I'll to the country—
For ſee! my maſter's ſon is coming hither,
Once a deſerving youth—now, quite corrupted— 95
[*Exit.*

V. 82. *Troubles come on us, ſwifter much, than things we wiſh*—] See this ſentiment repeated, Act I. Scene III. V. 53.

V. 92. *No remnants will remain*—] The original is, *ſunt reliquæ reliquiæ.* The ſenſe of which jingle ſeems to be, that what *remains* unconſumed, would *remain*, or *laſt* but a few months more.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter PHILOLACHES.

PHI. I've long and often thought, and argued deep,
And in my heart (if I have any heart)
Have long debated and revolv'd, What's man
Juſt born, to be compar'd to? and have now
Found out his likeneſs. Man is a new houſe —
I'll tell you how; and, tho' you think it not,
I will convince you, what I ſay is true. —
When you have heard, you'll think and ſay as I do.
Lend me your ears, and you ſhall hear my arguments;
For, I'd have all as knowing as myſelf——
As ſoon as e'er an edifice is plann'd,
Built up in taſt, and poliſh'd with exactneſs,
The architect's commended: and his houſe
By all approv'd; each takes it for a model,
And ſpares no pains, no coſt to have one like it.
But when a tenant comes, unthrifty, mean,
Neglectful, with a lazy family,
The fault is ſtrait upon the building laid;
Good in itſelf, but kept in bad repair. —
Then, as it often happens, comes a ſtorm;
Demoliſhes the tiling, ſpoils the gutters,
And the too careleſs owner takes no heed

V. 2. *—if I have any heart*] The original is, *ſi eſt quod mihi cor, ſi if I have any courage.* We uſe our word *heart* in the ſame double ſenſe.

V. 12. *—poliſh'd with exactneſs*] From this and other paſſages in our author, where a houſe is compared to a mirror, it ſhould ſeem probable that the houſes of the *Romans* were poliſhed on the outſide.

The damage to repair. A ſhower ſucceeds;
Waſhes the walls, the roof admits the water,
The weather rots the builder's edifice,
The houſe grows worſe by uſe: and in all this
The architect is not at all to blame—
A great part of mankind affect delay;
And, if it coſt them money to repair it,
Delay it ſtill, till ev'ry wall falls in,
And the whole's then anew from the foundation—
Thus much for buildings.—Now, how men are like them.
Firſt then—All parents are their children's architects;
They firſt lay the foundation, and then raiſe
The ſuperſtructure of their education—
They carefully add firmneſs; that they may
Become good men; and be an ornament
As well as uſe and ſafeguard to their country—
And to ſuch ends, they ſpare nor coſt nor pains;
Expence on this account, they count for nothing:
Refine their manners, teach them letters, laws:
And by their coſt and care, endeavour ſtill
That other men ſhould wiſh their children like them—

V. 30. *Delay it ſtill, till ev'ry wall falls in*] A ſentiment not much unlike this we meet with in Holy Scripture.

"By much ſlóthfulneſs the building decayeth, and through "idleneſs of the hands the houſe droppeth through."

Eccleſiaſtes, chap. x. ver. 18.

V. 40. *—on this account they count for nothing.*] There is a jingle between *ſumptus* and *ſumptui*, which we have here endeavoured at imitating.

Then

Then to the army—There their fathers place them
Under protection of ſome great relation;
And ſo they paſs out of the builder's hands,
'Ere they have ſerv'd a year—You then may ſee
A ſample how the building may turn out.
For I myſelf, as long as I was under
The builder's hands, was ſober all the time,
And honeſt—But as ſoon as e'er I follow'd
My own inventions, I at once undid
All that my architect had done before.
Then enter'd idleneſs—That was the ſtorm,
Brought on my hail and rain; quite overthrew
My modeſty, and each reſtraint of virtue,
And utterly until'd me—Heedleſs I,
Again to cover in my edifice;
Love, like a torrent, ruſh'd into my heart,
O'erflow'd my breaſt, and ſoak'd quite through my ſoul.
And now, my fortune, credit, and fair fame,
My virtue and my honour, all have left me.
By negligence, I'm grown ſtill worſe and worſe;
Theſe rafters are ſo ruinous, ſo foul,
With rotting moiſture, that, by *Pollux'* temple,
I ſee no means remain to patch it up:
The whole muſt fall, and its foundation fail,
Without an hand to help me. My ſoul's vex'd,

V. 44. *Then to the army—There their fathers place them—Under protection of ſome great relation.*] The *Romans* always appointed a guardian to their ſons the firſt year they entered into the military ſervice. DE L'OEUVRE.

V. 56. *—and each reſtraint of virtue*] The original is, *Hæc verecundiam mihi et virtutis modum deturbavit. Virtutis modum*, i. e. *modum quem virtus ſtatuit, the reſtraints or limitations impoſed by virtue.* The ſame idea is alſo expreſſed afterwards by *modeſtia.*

When I but think of what I once have been,
And what I am. None of my age more active,
Or at the diſcus, javelin, ball, at wreſtling,
In horſemanſhip, in racing, or in arms—
I then enjoy'd me, an example liv'd
Of thrift and of hard living; an example
The beſt have copied; but I now have found
By following my inventions, after all,
I am myſelf become as 'twere juſt nothing. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter PHILEMATIUM *and* SCAPHA.

PHILEM. By *Caſtor*'s temple! now I ſwear, my *Scapha*,
I've not this long while bath'd with greater pleaſure;
Nor ris'n more pure from the cold wave, than now.
SCA. Th' event of every thing with you ſucceeds,

V. 71. *Or at the diſcus*—] The *diſcus* or quoit was made of ſtone, iron or copper, five or ſix fingers broad, and more than a foot long. Throwing this was an exerciſe among the *Greeks* and *Romans*; and he who threw it higheſt and fartheſt was the victor. At *wreſtling*—*arte gymnaſticâ*.

V. 74. *Of thrift and of hard living*—] *Victitabam voluptè*, that is, ſays *Lambin*, *duriter et ita tamen jucundè*. This ſeems forced. We rather approve of *Acidius*'s correction, *victitabam* haud *voluptè*, agreeable to which we have tranſlated the paſſage.

V. 4; 5, 6. *The event of ev'ry thing*, &c.] Something ſimilar to this we again meet with in our author——

Eu. *Quin tu iſtas omittis fugas, ac mecum huc intro ambulas?*
Ch. *Ilo ſpes reſpondit*, Zacyntho *ſicos fieri non malas.*
Eu. *Nihil mentitus eſt.* Ch. *Sed dè amica ſeſe inaudiſſe autumat*
Hic Athenis *eſſe.*——

Mercator, Act V. Scene II. V. 101.

Eut.

Like the rich harveſt to the year—— 5.

PHILEM. What's harveſt
To my cold bath?——

SCA. Juſt what your bath's to harveſt.

Eut. Have done with trifling, and walk in with me?
Ch. 'Faith, ſays mine hoſt, the figs, Sir, at *Zacynthus*
Are no bad figs.
Eut. Your hoſt is in the right.
Cha. As for your miſtreſs, I believe, I've heard
She is at *Athens*—— COLMAN.

There is a paſſage in *Shakſpeare* ſo extreamly like this, that I can ſcarce think it poſſible, but that juſtly admired dramatick writer, muſt have had his eye upon it. It is in 1 *Henry IV.* Act I. Scene II. between *Prince Henry* and *Falſtaff.*

Fal. "—Is not mine hoſteſs of the tavern a ſweet wench?
P. Hen. "As the honey of *Hybla*, my old lad of the caſtle; "and is not a buff-jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?
Fal. "How now, how now, mad wag? What in thy quips "and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a buff-"jerkin?
P. Hen. "Why, what a pox! have I to do with my hoſteſs of "the tavern?"

This has been obſerved by Mr. *Colman* in a note on the above cited paſſage in *The Merchant*, in the ſecond volume of this work, Act V. Scene II. V. 140.

V. 5. *Like the rich harveſt to the year*—] The original is, *velut horno meſſis magno fuit. Hornus* properly ſignifies, *of the preſent year.* So *Horace* uſes it.

Et hornâ dulci vina promens dolio
Dapes inemptas apparet—— Epode ii. v. 47.

——If unbought dainties crown their feaſt,
And luſcious wines from this year's vintage preſt,
FRANCIS.

Uſed here for the year in general. The time of this Drama is made the very latter end of autumn, and probably was acted firſt at that ſeaſon of the year, *i. e.* in *November.* For after this harveſt and the vintage were ended, feſtivals were celebrated in honour of *Bacchus*; and dramatick entertainments always had a principal ſhare in all the feſtivals of that God.

Re-enter PHILOLACHES.

PHILOL. [*apart.*] Love's lovely Goddeſs! This, this is my ſtorm
That ſtrip'd the modeſty once cover'd me.
Cupid and love have rain'd into my breaſt,
Nor can I roof it in. My heart's ſtrong walls
Soak'd thro', my fabrick fails—

PHILEM. I prithee, *Scapha*,
Look if this dreſs becomes me; for I'd fain
Pleaſe my *Philolaches*, my lov'd protector—

SCA. That pretty perſon, is it not adorn'd
Enough with pretty manners? No: our garments
The men admire not, but what ſtuffs them out.

PHILOL. [*apart.*] Now as the Gods ſhall love me, *Scapha*'s waggiſh.
How knowing the jade is! and how prettily
She has learn'd the art of love, and lover's maxims!

PHILEM. What ſay you now?

SCA. What ſhould I ſay?

PHILEM. Look at me; And ſee if this becomes me?—

SCA. In yourſelf
You are ſo handſome, every thing becomes you.

PHILOL. [*apart.*] This day, my *Scapha*, ſhalt thou find me grateful;

V. 13. —*my lov'd protector*—] The original is, *meo ocello, meo patrono.* We have, in order to be ſhort, thus tranſlated it. But if the full meaning of *ocellum* was to be expreſſed, we might add, *dear to me, as the apple of my eye.* Our *Engliſh* word patron, has a different meaning from that of *patronus*, as uſed by the old *Romans*, who meant by it protector in their law-ſuits, and other affairs.

V. 16. —*what ſtuffs them out.*] i. e. the body.

Nor

Nor ever ſhall thy praiſe of her I love
Paſs unrewarded——.

PHILEM. I'd not have you flatter me.

SCA. A ſimple woman! Had you rather then
Be diſcommended, when there is no room for't,
Than prais'd with truth? By *Pollux!* I'd much rather
Be ſpoken well of, tho' there were no truth in't,
Than be found fault with; and to have my beauty
A laughing-ſtock for others—

PHILEM. I love truth;
And wiſh to have it always ſpoken to me:
I hate a liar.——

SCA. May you ſo love me,
So may your own *Philolaches* love you
As you are truly charming!——

PHILOL. [*apart.*] Ah! the jade?
What adjuration!—By my love to her!
Why was not added, by her love to me!
You've loſt again your promis'd recompence.
Then I revoke my gifts; 'tis over with you.

SCA. By *Pollux!* 'tis amazing! you that are
So clever, ſo accompliſh'd, ſo brought up,
And not a fool, ſhould act ſo fooliſhly—

PHILEM. Tell me, if I'm in fault——

V. 36. *What adjuration!—*] The alluſion is to that adjuration, common with the *Romans* to the truth of what they ſaid, *Ità me dii ament! So may the Gods love me;* which implied an imprecation on themſelves, if what they ſaid was not true; but expreſſed only a wiſh or prayer, that the Gods might love them. Only in this latter ſenſe, *Philolaches* underſtanding *Scapha's* oath, took offence at it. It might therefore be tranſlated as well thus—

What wiſh was that! that ſo I might love her!
Why was not added, ſo may ſhe love me!

SCA. By *Caſtor!* yes.
It is a fault, when your whole wiſh is center'd
In him alone, and ſtill to humour him
Your chief regard; all other men deſpis'd.
'Tis a wife's duty, not a courtezan's,
To be devoted to a ſingle lover.
PHILOL. [*apart.*] *Jove!* what a plague is this come to my houſe?
May all the Gods in the worſt way confound me,
If I be not the death of that old jade,
By hunger, thirſt and cold——
PHILEM. I would not *Scapha*
Should counſel me bad meaſures——
SCA. Fool indeed!
If you can think to keep this man for ever
Your friend and benefactor. Take my warning,

V. 47, 48. *'Tis a wife's duty, not a courtezan's, To be devoted to a ſingle lover.*] This ſentiment we meet with in *Terence*; but expreſſed more at large. It is ſpoken by a courtezan.

Nam expedit bonus eſſe vobis, nos quibuſdam eſt res, non ſinunt.
Quippe forma impulſi noſtra, nos amatores colunt:
Hæc ubi immutata eſt, illi ſuum animum alio conterunt.
Niſi ſi proſpectum interea aliquid eſt, deſertæ vivimus.
Vobis cum uno ſemel, ubi ætatem agere decretum 'ſt viro
Cujus mos maxume 'ſt conſimilis voſtrum, hi ſe' ad vos applicant.
Heautontimoreumenos, Act II. Scene IV. *Bacchis.*

Virtue's your intereſt; thoſe with whom we deal,
Forbid it to be ours: For our gallants,
Charm'd with our beauty, court us but for that;
Which fading, they transfer their love to others,
If then mean-while we look not to ourſelves,
We live forlorn, deſerted and diſtreſt.
You, when you've once agreed to paſs your life
Bound to one man, whoſe temper ſuits with yours,
He too attaches his whole heart to you. COLMAN.

When

When age and when ſatiety come on,
He will deſert you——

PHILEM. Nay, I hope not ſo.

SCA. Things we not hope for, oftner come to paſs,
Than things we wiſh—If you'll not take my word,
Let fact convince you. See an inſtance here,
In what I now am, and in what I have been.
I once had my admirers, as you now;
And was to one devoted—And that one
Left me, as ſoon as age began to change
The colour of my hair—Deſerted me—
And this will be your caſe—

PHILOL. [*apart.*] I ſcarce refrain
From plucking out the eyes of this incendiary.

PHILEM. 'Tis right I keep myſelf alone for him,
Who of himſelf alone, with his own money
Gave me my freedom.

PHILOL. [*apart.*] By the immortal Gods!
She's a ſweet girl—and of chaſt diſpoſition!
By *Hercules!* I've done well; and I rejoice,
That I'm not worth a drachma for her ſake.

SCA. Silly indeed!—

PHILEM. Why ſo?—

SCAP. To be uneaſy,
Whether or no he loves you.—

PHILEM. And why, prithee!
Should I not be uneaſy?

SCA. You're now free:
You have what you deſire—Of his free choice
If now he did not love you, he'd have loſt
The money which he gave to buy your freedom.

V. 58. *Things we not hope for*, &c.] See the ſame ſentiment expreſſed in a manner a little different, Act I. Scene I. V. 82.

PHILOL.

PHILOL. [*apart.*] I'll die myſelf, by *Hercules!* but
I'll put
That jade to a moſt cruel death! This bawd,
This ill-perſuading bawd is abſolutely
Corrupting of the girl—

PHILEM. No, never can I
Repay, as he deſerves, my obligations.
Scapha, perſuade me not to love him leſs.

SCA. Expect then, if you will devote your prime
To him alone, to ſigh in vain when old—

PHILOL. [*apart.*] O that I now were chang'd into
a quinſey,
To ſeize her throat, and ſtrangle the vile jade.

PHILEM. 'Tis fit that I preſerve the ſame mind
now
That my deſires obtain'd; to compaſs which,
I ſooth'd him with careſſes—

PHILOL. [*apart.*] May the Gods
Act all their pleaſure on me, for that ſpeech,
If I'd not free thee once again! and be
The death of *Scapha!*—

SCA. If you're well aſſur'd
Your lover ſtill will to your yoke ſubmit,
And be your own for life, e'en humour him,
And him alone.—Be to him like a wife.

PHILEM. People thrive well but as their names
are fair.

V. 98. *—Be to him like a wife.*] *Limiers* tells us from *Feſtus*, that it was uſual, when they dreſſed women on their wedding-day, for the marriage ceremony, to add ſix rows of curls to their hair; and that this antient cuſtom was in imitation of the Veſtal Virgins, who were dreſſed in that manner. So that *capere crines* was uſed to mean, *to become a wife, to marry.*

Let

Let me but keep my fame and character,
I ſhall be rich enough——
PHILOL. [*apart.*] By *Hercules!*
If it muſt come to ſelling, I'll ſooner ſell
My father, rather than I'll ſuffer thee
To want, or be a beggar while I live—
SCA. What's to become then of your other lovers?
PHILEM. They'll love me better, when they ſee me grateful.
PHILOL. [*apart.* O that I now could hear my father's dead,
That I at once myſelf might diſinherit,
And make this girl my heir!——
SCA. He can't hold long,
Whole days and nights conſum'd in eating, drinking,
No thought of thrift—the fellow's a meer ſty—
PHILOL. [*apart.*] By *Hercules!* you firſt ſhall feel my thrift,
For you no more ſhall eat and drink with me.
PHILEM. Speak well of him; talk on: but if you abuſe him,
By *Caſtor*'s temple! you ſhall ſuffer for it.
PHILOL. [*apart.*] By *Pollux*' temple! had I ſacrific'd
To mighty *Jove* what I diſburs'd for her,
I'd not ſo well beſtow'd it—Mark how well,
How heartily ſhe loves me;—Wiſely done,

V. 116. —*had I ſacrific'd to mighty Jove what I diſburs'd for her, I'd not ſo well beſtow'd it.*] 'Tis I think, a little ſurpriſing the *Romans* would ſuffer ſuch a ſentiment upon the ſtage, ſo derogatory from the honour of their ſupreme God.

To plead my cauſe, I've freed an advocate. 120
SCA. *Philolaches*, I ſee, outweighs mankind
In your eſteem—I'll better join with you,
Than ſmart for him, ſince you're ſo well aſſur'd
He'll be your friend for ever——
PHILEM. Reach the mirror;
The caſket too, wherein all my trinkets are: 125
Quick! that I may be dreſs'd, when my delight,
My dear *Philolaches* ſhall hither come.
SCA. The woman that neglects herſelf, her youth,
Had need a mirror uſe: but why ſhould you,
Who are yourſelf a mirror to the mirror? 130
PHILOL. [*aparte*] Sculptor, that pretty turn, ſhall ſomething add
To your own ſtock. Sweet *Philematium!*

V. 120. —*an advocate*] *Patronum*, i. e. *an advocate*. The original is, *patronum*. See Note on V. 13.

V. 124. *Reach the mirror*] The antients made their mirrors (what we now call looking-glaſſes) of metal finely poliſh'd; ſometimes of braſs and tin mixed together, but more commonly of ſilver.

Ut omnia de ſpeculis peregrinisque hoc loco, optima apud majores fuerant Brundiſina, *primo ære mixto. Prælata ſunt argentea. Primus fecit* Praxiteles *magni Pompeii ætate, nuperque credi cœptum, certiorem imaginum reddi, non oppoſito averſis.*

PLINIUS, Nat. Hiſt. Lib. xxxiii. cap. 9.

To go through in this place with all things concerning ſuch looking-glaſſes, the beſt known in old time unto our anceſtors, came from *Brundiſium*, and thoſe conſiſted of tin and braſs tempered together. But when ſilver mirrors came in place, thoſe went down, and theſe were preferred before them. The firſt that made them of ſilver, was *Praxiteles* in the days of *Pompey* the Great. Of late, men had this opinion of ſilver mirrors, that they would repreſent an image more lively and truly, in caſe their back part were laid over with gold.

PHILEMON HOLLAND.

PHILEM.

PHILEM. See if each hair be nice, and in its place.
SCA. So nice yourſelf, doubt not your hair's ſo too.
PHILOL. [*apart.*] What character can e'er be given worſe
Than is that jade's? All flattery now; before,
All oppoſition——
PHILEM. Quick! give me the white.
SCA. What need have you of white?—
PHILEM. To paint my cheeks.
SCA. Oh! that's like making ivory white with ink.
PHILOL. [*apart.*] Wittily ſaid that of the ink and ivory!
'Tis well ſaid, *Scapha*; I applaud you for it.
PHILEM. Give me the red then!—
SCA. No—You're merry ſure!
What! ſpoil a finiſh'd piece with a new daubing?
Such bloom as thine, no paint ſhould ever touch,
No waſh come near, ceruſe, nor white of *Melo*—
PHILEM. Take then the mirror——
PHILOL. [*apart.*] What a jade! ſhe has kiſs'd it.
O for a ſtone to break it all to ſhatters!
SCA. Here, take the towel—Wipe your hands—
PHILEM. Why ſo?
SCA. Leſt having touch'd the mirror, they ſmell ſilvery;—
And never muſt *Philolaches* ſuſpect
You have been touching ſilver——
PHILOL. [*apart.*] I ſcarce know
I ever met with a more cunning bawd——
Why, what a witty thought; a ſubtle one
The jade had 'bout the mirror!——

V. 148. *O for a ſtone to break it all to ſhatters!*] The original is, *que ego illi ſpeculo diminuam caput.* This indeed might ſeem to ſuit better with glaſs; but will do for either.

PHILEM. What do'ſt think? Should I perfume me?——

SCA. By no means.

PHILOL. And why?

SCA. A woman's beſt ſmell is to ſmell of nothing: I ſwear 'tis true—Your 'nointed hags, who ſtill

V. 156. *A woman's beſt ſmell, is to ſmell of nothing.*] *Mulier recti olet, ubi nihil olet.* It may not be diſpleaſing to the reader to find, that *Cicero* has adopted this ſentiment, and expreſſed it almoſt in the ſame words.

——*Mulieres ideo bene olere, quia nihil olebant, videbantur.*
Epiſt. ad Atticum, B. ii. Ep. 1.

——Women ſeem to ſmell well when they ſmell of nothing.

Martial too has twice made uſe of the ſame alluſion.

In POSTUMUM *fœtidum.*

Eſſe quid hoc dicam, quod olent tua baſia myrrham,
Quodque tibi eſt nunquam non alienus odor?
Hoc mihi ſuſpectum eſt, quod oles bene, Poſtume, *ſemper:*
Poſtume, *non bene olet, qui bene ſemper olet.*
Lib. ii. Ep. 12.

Why does thy breath of amber ever ſmell?
Why, without foreign ſweets, thou ne'er art well?
Too juſtly, *Poſthumus*, we may preſume
He ſmells not well, whoſe ſmell is all perfume.

In CORACINUM
variis unguentis opprimentem fœtidum halitum.

Quod ſemper caſiaque, cinnamomoque,
Et nido niger alitis ſuperbæ
Fragras plumbæa Nicerotiana,
Ride nos, Coracine, nil olentes,
Malo, quam bene olere, nihil olere. Lib. vi. Ep. 55.

Of richeſt ſpices thou doſt ever ſcent,
Nor is the Phœnix' neſt more redolent.
Laugh not at us, who not in ſweets excell;
'Tis better ſmell of nought, than thus ſmell well.

NOW

New vamp themſelves, and hide with paint their wrinkles,
When once the ſweat and perfumes mix, will ſtink
Worſe than the greaſy compound, when a cook
Pours all his broths together. None can ſay
Of what they ſmell; but only they ſmell ill.
PHILOL. How learnedly the jade treats every thing!
The knowing ones leſs knowing than herſelf!
[*to the ſpectators.*
You know this true, who have old wives at home,
That bought you with their portions——
PHILEM. This gold robe!
See, does 't become me well enough, my *Scapha?*—
SCA. That is not my concern——
PHILEM. Then, prithee, whoſe?
SCA. I'll tell you—'Tis *Philolaches*'s—His;
That he may never buy you what you like not:
For 'tis with gold and purple lovers buy
Their miſtreſs' favours; and what need have you
To make a ſhew of what he does not want.
Hide age in purple—Gold becomes not youth,
A naked beauty is more charming, than
From head to foot in purple. 'Tis in vain
A woman is well dreſs'd, if ill behav'd.
Ill conduct ſoils the fineſt ornaments,
As bad as dirt: for if a woman's handſome,
She's dreſs'd enough——
PHILOL. [*apart.*] Too long I've held me from her.
What are you two about?— [*ſhewing himſelf.*
PHILEM. I'm decking out

V. 172. *Their miſtreſs' favours*—] *Meretricis mores:* which in this paſſage, as well as univerſally in *Plautus*, means *favours.*—
M. DE L'OEUVRE.

Myſelf

Myſelf to pleaſe your eye——
PHILOL. You're dreſs'd enough.
Do you go in [*to* SCAPHA] and take this finery.
But you, my *Philematium*, my delight,
I would regale with you——
PHILEM. And I am for you,
My love, my only joy, your pleaſure's mine.
PHILOL. That word, my love, is cheap at twenty minæ.
PHILEM. Then give me ten, my dear—I'll ſell a bargain.
PHILOL. You have got ten already—Caſt the account.
I gave juſt thirty minæ for your freedom
PHILEM. And why reproach me?—
PHILOL. Can I then reproach thee?
With what I wiſh to be reproach'd myſelf?
I have not laid out money, many a day
More to my ſatisfaction——
PHILEM. And I'm ſure,
I never better can employ my pains,
Than in the love I bear you—
PHILOL. We're agreed—
Debtor and creditor—We love each other,
And both, we think deſervedly—May all
Who joy in ours, joy in their own good fortune,
Who envy us, ne'er envy'd be themſelves—
PHILEM. Then take your place—Some water for our hands—
Boy, ſet the little table here—The dice—
Would you have perfumes?—
PHILOL. Ah! what need of perfumes?
When happy, I recline myſelf near you.
But is not that my friend, who's coming hither,

And,

And with his miſtreſs too?—See *Callidamates*
Approaches with his miſtreſs—Come on, love—
Our comrades! See, they expect to ſhare our
plunder———

SCENE IV.

Enter CALLIDAMATES [*drunk*] *and* DELPHIUM.

CAL. Come in good time, and fetch me from *Philolaches*. [*to a ſervant.*
Hear—that's my order—For from where I've been,
I e'en took to my heels, ſo tir'd I was
With both their entertainment and diſcourſe.
Now—for *Philolaches*—and make a bout on't:
He will receive us jovially and well—
Do I ſeem drunk, my mam—— [*to* DELPHIUM.

DEL. No otherwiſe
Than you ſhould always be.—

CAL. I'll hug you then,
And you'll hug me———

DEL. If you deſire it, ay—

CAL. You're a ſweet ſoul—Eh! Hold me up, my dear.

DEL. Take care you do not fall.—Stand up—

CAL. Oh! ho!
My ſweeteſt—I'm thy child, my honey, I——

DEL. Take heed, or you'll recline upon the ground,
E'er we can reach the couch prepar'd for us—

CAL. Let me fall then——

DEL. Fall then, and take the conſequence.

V. 1. —*fetch me from* Philolaches.] See *The Twin Brothers*, Act II. Scene V. v. 8. Note.

I'm on the totter---Fall you, I fall with you---
Then both being down, ſome one ſhall help up both of us—
He's ſadly drunk——

CAL. Does mam-my ſay, I'm drunk?

DEL. Give me your hand—I would not have thee hurt.

CAL. Here, take it—Stay—keep along with me, tho'—
Where am I go--ing—go--ing?— Can you tell?

DEL. Yes, ſure——

CAL. Oh! now it comes into my head—
I'm go--ing home—to ſpend the evening——

DEL. Certainly—

CAL. Yes—to be ſure—I well remember that—

PHILOL. [*to* PHILEM.] Will you not give me leave, my ſoul, to meet 'em?
He's one of all my friends I've moſt regard for.
I will return e'en now——

PHILEM. Ah! that e'en now
To me's an age——

CAL. Is any body there?

DEL. There is——

CAL. That's well. *Philolaches*, good day---
My beſt of friends——

PHILOL. God ſave you, *Callidamates!*
Here, take your place—Whence is it you come now?

CAL. Whence ſhould a man that's drunk?—

PHILOL. Why, well ſaid, boy.
Come, if you love me, *Delphium*, take your place.

CAL. Give her ſome wine--I'll go to ſleep directly--

PHILOL. His conſtant trade—Nought ſtrange or wonderful.

What

What, my dear *Delphium*, ſhall I do with him?

DEL. E'en leave him as he is—

PHIL. Come on then—Boy,
A cup of wine round, and begin with *Delphium*.

*SCENE V.

Enter TRANIO.

TRA. [*apart.*] Great *Jove* with all his might, and all his power,
Is ſeeking mine, and my young maſter's ruin.—
All hope is gone—No ground remains for courage,
Nor could ſalvation's ſelf, had ſhe a mind,
Now ſave us. What a mountain of diſtreſs
Have I juſt ſeen at port! My maſter's landed,
And *Tranio* ruin'd—Is there any here [*to the ſpectators.*
Would earn a little gain, and take my place

* SCENE V.] This, in all the editions we have ſeen, is made the firſt Scene of the ſecond Act. But in that caſe the firſt Act would end in leaving the company at their entertainment, and the ſecond begin with their continuing at the ſame. We have therefore thought it better to add it to the firſt Act; and to make the ſecond begin with the entrance of *Theuropides*, *Philolaches*'s father, juſt landed from abroad; and have taken the liberty accordingly ſo to do. It is true by this means, the ſecond Act is made very ſhort, and to conſiſt only of one Scene. But inſtances of this kind occur ſo often in *Plautus*, that it ſeems to be ſcarce any objection.

V. 4. *Nor could ſalvation's ſelf*—] See *The Captives*, Act III. Scene III. V. 18. and the Note. Vol. I. of this tranſlation.

At the whipping-poſt?—Where are your hardned rogues
Will bear a flogging?—Or, for a trifling ſum,
Would with their lances, dare attack a tower—
Where you may have five hundred ſpears at once
Fix'd in your body—I will give a talent
To the firſt man ſhall run and ſeize my gibbet.
But 'tis on this condition, that his legs
And arms be doubly bound; and when that's done,
Let him demand his money: he ſhall have it.
But what a dog am I not to ſcour home—?

PHILOL. Our ſupper's come—See, *Tranio*, from the port.

TRA. *Philolaches*——

V. 9. —*Where are your hardned rogues*, &c.] The original is, *plagipatidæ, ferritribaces*; words of *Plautus*'s coining, from *plagas pati, thoſe would endure blows*, and *ferrum* and τρίβω, *rubbers of iron.*

V. 10. —*for a trifling ſum*] The original is, *trium nummorum causâ.* See the Table of Coins, Vol. I.

V. 11. *Would with their lances dare attack a tower.*] The original is, *fala*, which ſignifies a high tower made of timber; They were in the ſhape of an egg, uſually fixed on the top of the walls of cities or fortified places, for the ſoldiers to attack. They had them alſo in the circus; and the ſoldiers attacked them to entertain the populace. And as thoſe who mounted them were in ſo doing expoſed to imminent danger, on account of the reſiſtance they met with from thoſe who defended them, this paſſage alludes to the riſk the ſoldiers expoſe their lives to, for ſo ſmall a gratuity. LIMIERS.

V. 13, 14. —*I will give a talent*
To the firſt man ſhall run and ſeize my gibbet.] It was the cuſtom for malefactors to carry the gibbet or croſs they were to be executed upon. See *The Braggard Captain*, Act II. Scene VIII. V. 13.

PHILOL.

PHILOL. The matter?—

TRA. I and you—

PHILOL. What do you mean by I and you?—

TRA. Are ruin'd.

PHILOL. How ſo?——

TRA. Your father's here.—

PHILOL. What's that you tell me?

TRA. Undone! undone!—I ſay, your father's coming—

PHILOL. Where is he, prithee!—

TRA. Juſt upon my heels—

PHILOL. Who ſays ſo? Who has ſeen him?—

TRA. That have I. I ſay, I ſaw him—

PHILOL. What am I about?

TRA. A miſchief on you! aſk what you're about? About your ſupper—

V. 26. *What am I about?* &c. *About your ſupper.*] The original is, *Quid ego ago? Quid agas? accubas.* This is a pun on the different ſenſes of the word *ago.* We have endeavoured to preſerve the idea of it, as well as our language would admit. *Terence* has a paſſage very like it.

Gnatho. ——*Quid agitur?*
Parmeno. *Statur.*——

——What are you upon?
My legs—— COLMAN.

A meer play upon words, as that gentleman has juſtly obſerved; which is alſo in *Pſeudolus.*

Quid agitur?
Statur hic ad hoc modum. Act I. Scene V. v. 42.

What is it you're upon—My legs—
Juſt as you ſee——

PHILOL. You yourſelf have ſeen him!

TRA. I have, I ſay—

PHILOL. Indeed!—

TRA. I ſay, indeed—

PHILOL. Undone indeed, if what you ſay is true!

TRA. What ſhall I get by telling you a lie?

PHILOL. What's to be done?——

TRA. Order theſe things away—Who's that aſleep?——

PHILOL. Why, *Callidamates*—

TRA. Awake him, *Delphium*—

DEL. *Callidamates!* Why, *Callidamates!* awake——

CAL. Well---well, [*drunk*] I wake---Give me a cup of wine.---

DEL. Wake, wake---*Philolaches*'s father's juſt arriv'd---

CAL. I hope---his father's well---

PHILOL. He's well---and I Undone——

CAL. Undone! How can that be?---Undone!

PHILOL. Up---Here's my father coming---

CAL. Father coming--- Bid him---begone again---What comes he here for?

PHILOL. What ſhall I do? Wretch! Shall my father find me

And much the ſame kind of conceit in our *Shakſpeare*.

My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am about.
—Two yards and more.
Merry Wives of Windſor, Act I. Scene VII. *Falſtaff. Piſtol.*

See a parallel paſſage, Act III. Scene II. V. 27, 28.

Immers'd

Immers'd in riot; his houſe full of gueſts,
And wenches?---A ſad job, to dig a well,
When your throat's parch'd with thirſt---And that's my caſe;
Who, now my father's come, am quite bewildered.
TRA. See how he nods! He's faſt again---Wake, rouſe him.
PHILOL. What not wake yet! My father will be here
Immediately, I tell you---
CAL. Father, ſay you?
My pumps! I'd arm---I'll kill your father for you.
PHILOL. Peace! you'll ſpoil all---I beg you, lead him in
Immediately—— [*to* DELPH.
CAL. A jourdan! or by *Hercules!*
I'll make one of you all—— [*he is led off.*
PHILOL. Undone---
TRA. No---Courage!
My wit ſhall eaſe you of that fear---Have courage---
PHILOL. Quite ruin'd---
TRA. Peace! I ſhall contrive for you,
To lay this ſtorm---Shall you be ſatisfied,
If I not only bar your father's entrance
Within theſe doors, but make him fly the houſe?
Go all into the houſe; and with you take
Theſe things---Make haſt---

V. 54. *I'll make one of you all.*]

I know your voice is good, cry not ſo loud.

This line is taken from *Ben Jonſon, The Fox*, Vol. V. Scene XII. who tranſlated it from *Plautus*.

PHILOL. And where then I, the while?
TRA. Where you like beſt---With this girl, or with that---
DEL. Why, what's the matter now? Are we to move?
TRA. No farther off than this; [*pointing with his finger.* nor need you drink
One cup the leſs on that account.---
PHILOL. Fine words!
But where they'll end---I'm in a ſweat for fear.
TRA. Can you be quiet, and obey command?
DEL. Yes, yes, I can——
TRA. Firſt, *Philematium* then
Walk in; and *Delphium*, you---
DEL. We're all obedience.
[*Exeunt* PHIL. *and* DELPH.
TRA. *Jove* grant you may! Now mark what I'd have done.
Firſt, when the doors are lock'd, take heed within
That not a whiſper's heard——
PHILOL. I'll warrant you—
TRA. As if no living ſoul were in the houſe—
PHILOL. Well——
TRA. And be ſure let no man anſwer, when
The old man knocks—
PHILOL. Any thing farther?—
TRA. Bid them
Bring out to me the maſter key of the houſe,

V. 64. *No farther off than this—*] *Non hoc longe.* Δειχτιῶς, pointing with his finger, how far.

V. 76. *—the maſter key of the houſe,*] *clavem Laconicam.* The antients had two ſorts of keys; one made of iron, round and hollow,

That I may lock the door on the outside.

PHILOL. To thy protection, *Tranio*, I commend
Myself and all my hopes—— [*they go in.*

TRA. It matters not
A feather, be a man supported, or
By patron, or by client, if himself

low, which they put into the hole of the lock, in such a manner that it was not seen, and which prevented the door from being opened; nor could this be removed, without passing into the lock a longer piece of iron, by the means of which they pushed the first; and there was a hole in the door, a little above the lock, into which you might pass your hand, in order to open it from without side. The other sort, which they called *Laconica*, was entirely concealed within side of the door, and served to open and shut it from the outside, without being perceived.

LIMIERS *from* GRONOVIUS.

They called it *Laconica*, that is, *Spartan* or *Lacedemonian*, because it was made more clumsy and heavy, and not so neat or polished as the other key, in allusion to the inelegance and want of politeness peculiar to that nation. DE L'OEUVRE.

A passage from *Aristophanes* may illustrate this—

——οἱ γὰρ ἄνδρες ἤδη κλειδία
Αὐτὰ φορουσι κρυπτὰ κακὸν θέσα τὰ
Λακωνικὰ ἄττα τρεις ἔχοντα γομφιους.

ΘΕΣΜΟΦΟΡΙΑΖΟΥΣΑΙ. *The Feasts of Ceres and Proserpine*, V. 428.

——Now the men keep the keys
Themselves: they're secret and most mischievous,
Of the Laconic sort, they have three wards——

The Scholiast says, the word κακοτέχνητα means *most difficult to be counterfeited*; so that there was no opening the repositories of oyl and flour with false keys. Again, that they were secret, and hard to be counterfeited. *Eustathius* says, he calls them laconic, because the laconic keys, according to *Suidas*, were very famous.

And

Wants ſteadineſs and courage. Every one
Or beſt or worſt, can act with craft enough,
Tho' ne'er ſo ſuddenly—Give me the key,
Go in and ſhut the door—[*to the* Boy, *who goes in.*]
but the great care
And maſtery of the art, is, where the roguery
Is plann'd and executed, ſo to manage
That nothing riſe to ſhame the great projector;
That all run ſmooth, and happy be the iſſue:
As you ſhall ſee me do, and all this buſtle
Glide glibly on, without a check to hurt us—

Re-enter BOY.

But what d'you mean by coming out? Undone!
How well my orders are obey'd!—
Boy. My maſter
Has order'd me moſt earneſtly to beg you
Some how to ſcare his father from the door.
See, here he comes——
Tra. Go back, and tell him this;
That I ſhall take ſuch meaſures, he ſhan't dare
To look upon the houſe; but veil his head,

V. 99. *—veil his head*] The antients, when they were ſurprized in any action they were aſhamed of, or when they were about any deſperate undertaking, to ſhew the confuſion they were in, veiled their head.

Nam malâ re geſtâ cum vellem mittere
Me capite in flumen dexter ſtetit, et operto——
Horat. Lib. ii. Sat. iii. V. 37.

For, when my fortune's loſt, revolv'd I ſtood,
Cov'ring my head, to plunge into the flood,
Propitious he addreſt me—— FRANCIS.

To

And run away for fear—Give me the key—
In—Shut the door—I'll lock it without ſide.
[*Exit Boy.*
Now let him come—And he ſhall ſee alive
Such games perform'd to his honour, as I truſt,
Will ne'er be paid him dead—But I'll retire,
And reconnoitre, where I beſt may load
His ſhoulders with this burthen, when he enters—
[*Exit.*

V. 101. —*I'll lock it without ſide.*] The doors of the antients were conſtructed to open outwards into the ſtreet, ſo that they always locked them on the outſide. See *The Braggard Captain*, Act II. Scene II. V. 84. Note.

V. 101, 102, 103.] Something like this has occurred in *Amphitryon*, Act I. Scene I. V. 425.

V. 103. —*Such games*, &c.] The original is *ludos*, which here has a double meaning; alluding to the tricks he is going to play the old man, as well as to the funeral games, uſually held in honour of the dead.

*** There is in this firſt Act but little preparatory to the main buſineſs of the Comedy. It however very properly opens the nature of ſome of the principal characters to the ſpectators. The firſt Scene between the country ſervant coming to town to procure fodder for his cattle, and the town ſervant, the aſſiſtant to his young maſter's debaucheries, is entertaining; and the dialogue very well ſuited to their reſpective characters. The ſoliloquy of *Philolaches*, which makes the whole of the ſecond Scene, is ſtretched out into an enormous length; but there is good morality in it; and the thought of the young man's comparing himſelf to a building, is productive of many uſeful reflections. The dialogue in the third Scene between the miſtreſs of *Philolaches* and her maid, which is overheard by the young gentleman, is well imagined, and the conſequence of his joining her, being the deſtruction of all his good reſolutions in the preceding Scene, is very natural. In the fourth Scene, *Callida-*

mates,

mates, a friend of *Philolaches*, is introduced ſo drunk he can ſcarce ſtand, leading in his miſtreſs *Delphium*. They go on carouſing; when in the fifth Scene, *Tranio*, who had been diſpatched to the port to procure ſome additional proviſions, joins them; and alarms them with the unexpected return of *Theuropides*, *Philolaches*'s father, from abroad, and whom he had juſt ſeen landing. After an entertaining and intereſting dialogue, *Tranio* undertakes to prevent the old man from entering the houſe, ſhuts them in, and enjoins a profound ſilence. Thus ends this Act; and the interval is taken up by the time neceſſarily required for *Tranio* to conſider of putting his ſcheme into execution.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter THEUROPIDES.

THEUROPIDES.

THANKS, *Neptune*, thanks! that you have now diſmiſs'd me
From your domains, tho' ſcarce alive—Again
Catch me but ſetting foot upon thy ſea,
I'll give thee leave to treat me, as thou'dſt wiſh'd
To do but now—Avaunt! have done with me:
I've truſted thee with all I ever ſhall—

Enter TRANIO, *overhearing him.*

TRA. [*aſide.*] 'Troth, father *Neptune*, you've been much to blame
To loſe ſo good an opportunity.

THEU. After three years, I am arriv'd from *Egypt*, I truſt, a welcome gueſt to all my family.

TRA. [*aſide.*] He had been more welcome, who had told your death—

THEU. How's this!—my doors all faſt, and at mid-day?

V. 12. *—my doors all faſt, and at mid-day?*] The antients had two doors to their houſes; one of which opened into the ſtreet; and which at this time we call the outer door; the other the inner door, and this was kept locked: the outer door never ſo, unleſs at night, or when the houſe was empty; and was faſtened with the maſter-key. See Act I. Scene V. v. 76, and the Note.
DE L'OEUVRE *from* LAMBIN.

I'll

I'll knock— [*knocks.*] Hola!—Open the door there,
ſome one.
TRA. Who's this about our door?
THEU. My ſervant, *Tranio!*
TRA. *Theuropides!*--my maſter!--welcome home.
I'm glad to ſee you ſafe return'd—And have you
Had the whole time good health?
THEU. Juſt as you ſee—
TRA. That's well—
THEU. But what! are you all mad?
TRA. Why ſo?
THEU. Why ſo?—Becauſe you walk without doors
here,
And not a ſoul within to keep the houſe;
No one to ope' the door, nor give an anſwer—
I've almoſt broke down both the leaves of it
With knocking with my feet—
TRA. And have you touch'd it?
THEU. And why not touch it? More than that,
I tell you,
I've almoſt broke the doors with knocking at 'em.
TRA. And have you touch'd—
THEU. Touch'd! Ay, and knock'd hard too.
TRA. Alas!
THEU. What's this!
TRA. It was ill done, by *Hercules!*
THEU. Why, what's the matter?—
TRA. Oh! the horrid miſchief!
The ill you've done is not to be expreſs'd—
THEU. How ſo?—
TRA. Fly, prithee---Get you from the houſe.
Fly this way---nearer me---And have you touch'd
The doors?---

THEU.

THEU. How could I knock, and touch them not?
TRA. By *Hercules!* you've been the death---
THEU. Of whom?
TRA. Of your whole family---
THEU. All the gods and goddeſſes
Confound you with your omen!---
TRA. I'm afraid
You can't make ſatisfaction to the gods,
Nor to yourſelf---
THEU. What! Why! What new affair
Do you ſurprize me with?
TRA. And---Hark you me?
Command theſe off, I beg you---
THEU. [*to thoſe who had attended him from the port.*]
Leave me, pray. [*Exeunt attendants.*
TRA. Touch not the houſe; but touch the earth,
as we do---
THEU. Speak out, I pray you---
TRA. 'Tis now ſeven months
Since we have left it, and no ſoul has enter'd---
THEU. Speak out---And why?---

V. 85. *Confound you with your omen!*—] *Tranio* had already told *Theuropides* that he had been the death of his whole family; he adds, *All the Gods and Goddeſſes confound you with your omen, for you are one of my family!* DE L'OEUVRE.

V. 40. *—touch the earth as we do—*] The antients eſteemed it a reverential ceremony, when they were concerned in any affairs which related to the infernal deities or the dead, to touch the earth.

Cum tellurem dicit, manibus terram tangit— MACROBIUS.

When he ſpoke of the goddeſs Earth, he touched the earth with his hands. DE L'OEUVRE.

TRA.

TRA. Look round, that no one hear---
THEU. [*looking round.*] All's ſafe---
TRA. But look again---
THEU. There's no body---
Now ſpeak---
TRA. A murder has been here committed.
THEU. How! What! I underſtand you not---
TRA. A villainy
Of antient date---committed long ago---
Long---long---but known to us but now---
THEU. Say, raſcal,
What is't, who did it?---
TRA. Why, the maſter here
Seiz'd on his gueſt, and kill'd him---'Twas, I think,
The very man that ſold the houſe to you.
THEU. Kill'd him!---
TRA. And rob'd him of his gold; and buried him
Here in the houſe---
THEU. And why ſuſpect you this?
TRA. I'll tell you---Liſt!---Your ſon had ſupp'd abroad;
On his return, we all retired to bed;
And then to ſleep---By chance, I had forgot
To put the candle out---when, on a ſudden
He ſet up ſuch a cry---
THEU. He!---Who? my ſon?
TRA. Hiſt!---Hear---He ſaid, a dead man, in a dream,
Came to him---
THEU. In a dream?---
TRA. Ev'n ſo---but mind---
Thus the dead man accoſted him---He ſaid---
THEU. But, in a dream---

TRA.

TRA. It had been indeed ſurpriſing,
Had he accoſted him awake, when he'd been kill'd
Theſe ſixty years---Why, really, maſter,
At times, you're little better than a fool---
THEU. Well---well. I ſay no more---
TRA. Mind what he ſaid---
"I'm *Diapontius'* gueſt, here from abroad---
"Here dwell I---This my allotted habitation---
"*Pluto* would not receive me into *Acheron*,
"For an untimely death I died---By truſt:
"Was I deceiv'd---My hoſt here murder'd me,---
"And without funeral rites, here cover'd me
"With earth himſelf, by ſtealth---My gold the cauſe.
"Depart then hence---A curſe is on the houſe.
"It is defil'd"---'Twould take a year to tell
The wonders here have been--- Hiſt! Hark!---
THEU. The matter?---Speak, I beg you---
TRA. The door creak'd---
Did the dead man knock at it?---
THEU. I've not left
One ſingle drop of blood---The dead are come
To fetch me living, to the realms of darkneſs.
TRA. [*apart.*] Undone! They'll with their noiſe confound my tale. [*Noiſe within.*
I'm horribly afraid he'll find me out---
THEU. What's that you're muttering to yourſelf?---
TRA. By *Hercules!*
Fly from the door---Fly, I conjure you, fly---
THEU. Fly! whither? Fly thyſelf---

V. 69. Pluto *would not receive me*---] See *Pſeudolus, The Cheat*, Act III. Scene II. V. 8.

TRA. I'm not afraid.
I'm with the dead at peace---

THEU. *Tranio*---Holla!

TRA. If you were wiſe, you would not call on me--
[*as if ſpeaking to an apparition.*
I'm innocent--It was not I that knock'd---

THEU. The matter, *Tranio!* what poſſeſſes thee?
Whom art thou ſpeaking to?—

TRA. And was it you,
Good Sir, that call'd me? As the Gods ſhall ſave me,
I thought the dead man was abuſing me,
Becauſe you knock'd at the door.—But do you ſtill
Stand here, nor do as I adviſe?—

THEU. What do?

TRA. Look not behind you—Fly, and veil your head.

THEU. Why fly not you?—

TRA. I'm with the dead at peace.

THEU. I recollect—But why ſo ſcar'd but now?

TRA. Oh! take no care for me. I'll ſee to one.
Fly, fly, as you've begun—Fly with all ſpeed,
And invoke *Hercules*—

THEU. *Hercules*, I invoke thee.
[*runs off.*

TRA. As I do too, that he will ſhower ſome plague
Upon thy head: Gods! be my witneſſes,
How I've rubb'd thro' this moſt untoward event.
[*Exit.*

V. 95. —*veil your head.*] See Act I. Scene V. v. 99. Note.

V. 100. —*invoke* Hercules—] In caſes of ſudden fear or terror, it was cuſtomary for the antients to call upon *Hercules* for protection. As he had ſubdued ſo many monſters, they eſteemed him the proper deity to charm or lay apparitions.

This

*** This Act, which, according to our preſent regulation, conſiſts of only one Scene, is opened by *Theuropides* congratulating himſelf on his eſcape from the dangers of the ſea. *Tranio* joins him; and, after ſome congratulations, in order to prevent his going into his own houſe, and diſturbing his ſon and the reſt of the company at their entertainment, makes him believe that it is haunted by an apparition of a man long ſince murdered in it. By this means he throws the old man into a panick, fairly drives him off the ſtage; and immediately follows him. Thus ends the Act. And the interval may be ſuppoſed to be taken up with the time neceſſary for *Theuropides* to refreſh himſelf after his voyage, and for *Tranio* to conſider how he ſhall carry on the ſcheme he had ſo ſucceſsfully begun.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter BANKER.

BANKER.

I Never knew ſo ſad a year, as this
Has been to me, for putting out of money—
From morn to night, I ſpend the day i'th' Forum,
And cannot find a man that's for my purpoſe.

Enter TRANIO.

TRA. [*apart.*] Nay then, 'tis plain I am undone for ever.
Yonder's the banker who advanc'd at intereſt
The money which our miſtreſs coſt.---All's out;
Unleſs I am before-hand, to prevent
Its coming to our old man's ears---
But why returns *Theuropides* ſo ſoon?
[*ſeeing* THEUR. *at a diſtance.*
Somewhat I doubt, he has heard of this affair.
I'll meet, and ſpeak to him---I'm in ſuch a fright!
Nothing ſo wretched as a guilty conſcience;

V. 1. *I never knew ſo bad a year as this*] The *Delphin* edition gives this ſpeech to *Theuropides*; the other editions to the banker. Theſe are undoubtedly right. So plainly ſo, that we ſhould ſuſpect it to be an error of the preſs, rather than the fault of M. *De L'Oeuvre*, the editor of that edition.

V. 13. *Nothing ſo wretched as a guilty conſcience.*] A ſentiment this, not uncommon in antient writers, as well in proſe as poetry. It

And ſuch plagues me---Well---come what will,
I muſt
Perplex all more---Th' affair requires it.

Enter THEUROPIDES.

Whence now? [*to* THEUR.

THEU. I met the man I bought the houſe of.

TRA. And did you mention to him what I told you?

THEU. I told him all---

TRA. Undone!---And does he own
The murder of his gueſt?---

It occurs frequently in *Cicero*; and the reader may not be diſpleaſed if we lay before him the two following ones from *Ovid* and *Horace*.

Sic erat in fatis, noctis tua culpa fugavit;
Sed deus, infenſo pulſus es urbe deo.
Non meriti pœnam pateris, ſed numinis iram:
Eſt aliquid magnis crimen abeſſe malis.
Conſcia mens ut cuique ſua eſt, ita concipit intra,
Pectora pro facto ſpemque metumque ſuo.
Ovid Faſtorum, Lib. i. v. 481.

'Twas thus enroll'd in fate: from thine abode
No crime hath driven thee, but an angry God.
Thou ſuffer'ſt not thy merits, but Heav'n's wrath:
Clean innocence in woe much comfort hath:
As is the conſcience, ſo the mind doth breed,
Or hope or fear, for every acted deed. MASSEY.

——*Hic murus aheneus eſto,*
Nil conſcire ſibi nullâ pallescere culpâ.
Horat. Lib. i. Epiſt. i. v. 60.

Be this thy brazen bulwark of defence,
Still to preſerve thy conſcious innocence,
Nor e'er turn pale with guilt. FRANCIS.

THEU. Stifly denies it.

TRA. Denies it? Then by *Hercules!* I beg you
Agree to appoint a judge in the affair:
But look 'tis one may credit all I ſay;
And then you'll gain the day as eaſily
As a fox eats a pear---I fear my ſchemes
Will come to nought. [*apart*]

THEU. What is it you are muttering?

TRA. Nothing---But have you really told him---

THEU. All.

TRA. He owns it then---

THEU. Perſiſts in the denial.---

TRA. Denial?---

THEU. Ay---denies the whole, I tell you.

TRA. I die to think on't---So---he does not own it?

THEU. If he had own'd it, I had told you ſo---
And what's your judgement now? What's to be done?

V, 24. *—as eaſily as a fox eats a pear—*] M. *De L'Oeuvre* obſerves that this is a vulgar, homely compariſon, and what, perhaps nothing can excuſe, but its being in a comic writer, and put into the mouth of a ſlave. And yet vulgar as it is, we meet with one much of the ſame caſt, in ſo grave a writer as *Seneca*. Speaking of *Claudius Cæſar*, he ſays,

Jam facile homines occidebat, quàm canis exta edit.

He made no more difficulty of killing men, than a dog does of eating offals.

The meaning of it is, *that you will do it very eaſily*: it having been uſed as a proverbial expreſſion for that purpoſe. See *Eraſmi Adagia*. *Lambin* tells us, that ſome commentators have underſtood this in a contrary ſenſe; and that *Tranio* means that the old gentleman will have ſome trouble to get over this difficulty, as a fox eats poultry with greater eaſe than he does a pear. But all this ſeems to be refining on the author. Nor ſhould we have troubled the reader with it, had it not been now, and then to bring him acquainted with what the commentators ſay.

TRA.

TRA. My judgement! why, I told it you but now
Agree to appoint a judge in th' affair;
But look 'tis one may credit all I say;
And then you'll gain the day as eaſily
As a fox eats a pear—
BAN. But ſee—here's *Tranio*—
Philolaches's ſervant: he who pays
Nor principal nor intereſt—
THEU. [*to* TRA.] Whither go you?
TRA. No where at all—[*apart.*] Was ever ſuch a wretch!
A raſcal, born with all the Gods my foes.
Ay, he'll accoſt me while the old man's by!
Yes, yes, I am a miſerable dog!
This ſide and that, they'll find me work enough—
But I muſt greet—
BAN. He's coming—Safe's the word.
Some hopes now of my money.—
TRA. [*apart.*] The man grins!
But 'tis to little purpoſe—*Miſargyrides*,
Good day!—
BAN. The ſame to you—Ought of my money?
TRA. Away, you brute—The moment that we meet,
To ſtop my mouth!—

V. 33. *Agree to appoint a judge*—] There is ſomething remarkably odd in this repetition of the very words *Tranio* gave his opinion in before at V. 21. But whether it is a beauty or no, let the reader determine for himſelf.

V. 46. —Miſargyrides, *good day!*—] *Miſargyrides*, a word formed from the *Greek*; and ſignifies *one who hates money*. An odd name for a banker; but is probably intended to be ironical.

V. 49. *To ſtop my mouth!*—] The original is, *vilam injeciſti mihi*. A proverbial expreſſion, meaning, *you throw a rub in my*

BAN. I ſee he's empty-handed.
TRA. The man's a conjurer—that I plainly ſee.
BAN. Truce with your fooleries—
TRA. Tell me what you'd have?
BAN. Where is *Philolaches?*
TRA. You could ne'er have met me
More opportunely—
BAN. Why?
TRA. Come this way---Hither---
BAN. And ſhall my money then be paid?
TRA. I know
Your voice is good---Cry not ſo loud---
BAN. By *Hercules!*
I will cry out---and loud too---
TRA. Humour me
I prithee---
BAN. Humour you in what?
TRA. Go home,
Pray now---
BAN. Go home!---
TRA. And come again at noon.
BAN. And ſhall my intereſt be paid me then?
TRA. It ſhall---Now go---
BAN. Why ſhould I come again,
And waſt my time or pains? Suppoſe I ſtay
Here where I am till noon?---
TRA. Nay, nay, go home.---

way. Pilum ſignifies *a dart. Lipſius* ſays 'tis the ſame as *ſecurim* in *Cicero*, i. e. *impedimentum. You ſtop my mouth at once; you ſtrike me flat in an inſtant. Tranio* was hindered from prating.

V. 54, 55. —*I know* &c.] *Ben Jonſon. Volpone*, Act V. Scene 12. *Moſca.*

By

By *Hercules!* I tell you nought but truth---
Do but go home.---
BAN. Pay me my intereſt then.
Why trifle with me thus?--- [*aloud.*]
TRA. Well done, by *Hercules!*
Do but go home---Mind what I ſay to you---
BAN. By *Hercules!* I'll expoſe him---
TRA. Well ſaid! ſtoutly!
You'll get your money now, with all this bawling?
BAN. I aſk but for my own---Day after day,
After this faſhion am I diſappointed---
If I am troubleſome, pay me my money,
And I am gone---This ſtill ſhall be my anſwer---
TRA. Here---take your principal---
BAN. Ay—but my intereſt!
Firſt I'd have that— [*aloud.*
TRA. Vileſt of ſcoundrels, peace!—
What! com'ſt thou here to burſt thee! Do thy worſt—
He gives thee nothing; for he owes thee nothing.
BAN. What! owes me nothing!—
TRA. Nor will have wherewith
To pay you, if he did—Should you like this?—
May hap you chuſe to ſhip him off an exile,
Made by your means; unable as he is
To pay you e'en your principal—
BAN. No, *Tranio*,
I want not that—
THEU. Ho! raſcal, come to me. [*to* TRANIO.

V. 68. *You'll get your money now, with all this bawling?*] The original is, *Beatus vero es nunc, cum clamas.* The commentators tell us that *beatus* here ſignifies *rich*; ſo we have uſed a little latitude in the tranſlation, and given the paſſage that turn accordingly. It is ſpoke ironically.

TRA.

TRA. This inſtant, Sir—So, [*to the Banker.*] don't
be troubleſome,
Here's nothing to be had—Do as you liſt—
Do you alone lend money here in *Athens?*
BAN. Give me my intereſt—Pay me down my
intereſt
Here on the nail—My intereſt—
TRA. Here---there---intereſt!---
The dog can talk of nothing elſe but intereſt----
I think I never ſaw a brute more frightful.
BAN. You fright not me with your hard words,
by *Pollux!*
This cry of mine's a coal to them, that ſcorches
Tho' at a diſtance---[*aſide.*] What is this intereſt?
[*to* TRA.
The fellow aſks for?
TRA. [*to the Banker.*] See, here's his father
But now come from abroad. He'll pay you principal
And intereſt too---Perſiſt not then to make us
Your enemies thus---See if he'll put you off.---
BAN. Whate'er he gives, I'll take---
THEU. What's that you ſay?
TRA. Your pleaſure, Sir, with me?---
THEU. Who is this man?
What does he want? What talks he of *Philolaches,*
My ſon? and how abuſe you to your face?
What is this owing to him?

V. 91. *This cry of mine's a coal to them,*] The original is, *calidum hoc eſt; etſi procul abeſt; urit male.* The editions concur in giving this to *Theuropides*, and explain it in a different manner. We rather think the words belong to the *banker*, and are to this effect; *my crying out intereſt! intereſt!* (V. 86.) *burns him to the quick, burns even at a diſtance*: and we have given it to him accordingly.

TRA. I beſeech you,
E'en caſt a little money to the brute,
To ſtop his mouth---
THEU. I?---
TRA. Yes;---and pelt him with it.
BAN. Thoſe would be golden blows, and borne with pleaſure.
THEU. What money's this?---
TRA. A trifle, that *Philolaches*
Owes to this man---
THEU. A trifle?---
TRA. Yes---About
Some forty minæ---
BAN. 'Tis a trifling ſum---
Think it not much---
TRA. Hear you, how fit he is
To be a banker! They're a generation
Of knaves, by *Hercules!*
THEU. I care not who,
Or whence he is---But tell me this---I'd know---
I hear he has given credit for ſome intereſt---
TRA. True--Four-and-forty minæ are his debt.
Tell him, you'll pay it him, and ſend him packing---
THEU. I tell him that I'll pay it!---
TRA. Tell him---
THEU. I?
TRA. Yes, you yourſelf---But tell him---Promiſe him---
Tell him, I ſay---I bid you do it---
THEU. Anſwer me.
What was this money for?---
TRA. 'Tis ſafe---

THEU.

THEU. If ſo,
Pay it yourſelves---
TRA. Your ſon has bought a houſe.
THEU. A houſe?
TRA. A houſe.---
THEU. Well done---Father's own ſon.
Philolaches now turns himſelf to merchandize---
Say you, a houſe?---
TRA. A houſe, I ſay --But know you
What ſort of houſe?---
THEU. How ſhould I?---
TRA. Fine!---
THEU. What's that?
TRA. Aſk me not.—
THEU. Why?
TRA. Bright as a looking-glaſs—
Brightneſs itſelf—
THEU. Well done! And what—what coſt it?
TRA. Great talents, juſt as many, Sir, as you
And I make, put together—Theſe he gave,
Theſe minæ, Sir, as earneſt, which he borrow'd
Of this ſame perſon. [*pointing to the banker.*] You conceive me now?
For once inform'd, your houſe was in the ſtate
I told you, inſtantly he bought another.
THEU. Well done, by *Hercules!*

V. 124.] See Act I. Scene II. Note on V. 12. and Scene III. Note on V. 124.

V. 129. —*You conceive me now?*] The original is, *ſatin, intelligis? Tranio* pretends to make a ſecret of the *haunted houſe*, before the banker. So afterwards, *ità ut dixi, you know how, or in what ſtate I told you the houſe was in*; he would not directly ſay *haunted*. It was not proper to ſpeak out.

BAN. 'Tis near noon---D'ye hear?
TRA. Diſmiſs this filthy fellow, Sir, I beg you,
That he no more keep plaguing of us here.
His debt is only four-and-forty minæ,
Both principal and intereſt---
BAN. Juſt that ſum.
I aſk no more.---
TRA. I wiſh thou would'ſt, by *Hercules!*
Aſk but a ſingle ſeſterce more---
THEU. Young man,
Tranſact the affair with me---
BAN. Content.---You then
My debtor are---
THEU. To-morrow, come, and aſk it---
BAN. I'm gone---I'm eaſy, ſo I'm paid to-morrow.
[*Exit Banker.*
TRA. May all the Gods and Goddeſſes confound
The dog, for breaking all my meaſures thus!
I ſwear, there's no worſe race of men this day,
Nor greater raſcals, than your bankers are.
THEU. Say, in what quarter of the town's this houſe
My ſon has bought?---
TRA. Look there again! Undone! [*apart.*
THEU. Anſwer you not my queſtion?---
TRA. Yes---But now,
I'm thinking what ſhould be the owner's name.
THEU. Well---recollect then---
TRA. What is now to do? [*apart.*
Suppoſe I throw the lie on our next neighbour;
And ſay, 'tis his houſe that his ſon has bought.---
By *Hercules!* I've often heard it ſaid,
Your piping-hot lie, is the beſt of lies.

What

What the Gods dictate, out with it---'tis right.
THEU. Well, have you recollected?---
TRA. May the Gods
Confound this ſcoundrel! [*meaning the Banker.*] He has put the name
Out of my head---or rather, [*apart, meaning* THEU.] this---The houſe
Your ſon has bought, is that of your next neighbour.--
THEU. Really---
TRA. Yes, really, if you'll pay the money;
If not, not really---
THEU. The houſe he has bought
Is not well ſituated---
TRA. Sure, very well---
THEU. Now, by my troth, I wiſh to ſee this houſe.
Knock at the door---Call ſome one out to you---
TRA. [*apart.*] Why now, I'm ſtruck all on a heap again.
The waves ſtill drive me on the ſelf-ſame rock.
What's to be done? By *Hercules!* no fetch!---
I'm caught that's plain---
THEU. Call ſome one from within
To ſhew us round the houſe---
TRA. Hola, there! Ho! [*calling aloud.*]
But there are women---Beſt it were to know
If they will let us ſee the houſe or not.
THEU. You ſay but what is right---Enquire and aſk,
And I'll wait here without till your return. [*retires.*
TRA. [*apart.*] May all the Gods and Goddeſſes confound you
For thus oppoſing of my ſchemes, old gentleman!
See, in good time, the maſter of the houſe,

Simo,

Simo, is coming out---I'll here retire,
While I convene the ſenate of my mind.
When a decree is paſs'd, how to proceed,
I'll join him.—— [*retires.*

SCENE II.

Enter SIMO, *from the houſe.* THEUROPIDES *and* TRANIO. [*apart.*]

SIMO. Better I've not far'd this year—
Nor better reliſh'd a tid-bit at home—
My dame had cater'd well this dinner for me;
And now ſhe bids me take a nap—Not I.—
At firſt I never dream'd, why ſhe provided
Better than uſual—The old ſoul, it ſeems
Wanted to draw me to the bed-chamber.
No—Sleep is never good juſt after dinner—
Fie on it, no—I've ſtol'n me out of doors.
I know my wife's ready to burſt within.—

TRA. [*apart.*] The man will find worſe catering at night,
Where he muſt bed and board, howe'er provided.—

V. 178. *While I convene the ſenate of my mind.*] See *The Diſcovery*, Act I. Scene II. V. 80. Note.

SCENE II.

V. 7. —*Sleep is never good juſt after dinner.*] It was a cuſtom among the ancient *Romans*, and is ſtill practiſed by the modern inhabitants of *Italy*, to take a ſhort nap at noon. This nap *Varro* elegantly calls *ſomnium inſtitutium*.

Æſtivo die, ſi non diffinderem meo inſtitutio ſomno meridie, vivere non poſſum. *Varro De Re Ruſticâ*, Lib. i. cap. ii. ſect. 5.

If I take not my nap at noon, I cannot live.

SIMO.

SIMO. The more I turn it in my thoughts, I find,
The man who marries a well-portion'd dame,
Sleep ne'er ſolicits—He abhors ſuch napping.
This I determine—I had better go
Hence to the Forum, than to nap within.
I know not, Sirs, how 'tis with you at home,
[*to the ſpectators.*
But this I know, I've plague enough with mine:
And now, ſhe's like to mend from bad to worſe.
TRA. [*apart.*] If your elopement turn out ill, old gentleman,
The Gods are not to blame, the fault's your own—
But 'tis high time I ſpeak to him—Yes, he has it—
He's fairly caught—I've hit upon a trick
To lead him by the noſe, and eaſe myſelf
Of this diſeaſe---But I muſt to him---*Simo*,
The favour of the Gods attend you!---
SIMO. Save you!
TRA. How fare you?---

V. 17. *I know not, Sirs,* &c.] It is very common for *Plautus* to make his actors drop their characters, and addreſs themſelves to the ſpectators. Several inſtances have been, and will be given of it.

V. 22. —*Yes, he has it.*—] *Hoc habet*—a term taken from the gladiators. So *Terence*—

——*Certè captus eſt!*
Habet—— *Andria*, Act I. Scene I. v. 55.

——he's ſmit! he has it—— COLMAN.

V. 24. —*and eaſe myſelf of this diſeaſe*—] The original is, *dolo a me dolorem*. We have endeavoured in the beſt manner we could, to preſerve the play upon words the poet is ſo fond of; and which he knew not how to refrain from even in ſerious paſſages.

SIMO.

SIMO. Pretty well---What art about?

TRA. Why, ſhaking hands here with the beſt of men.

SIMO. 'Tis kindly done, when you ſpeak well of me.

TRA. No more than you deſerve---

SIMO. That's true---and yet,
When I ſhake hands with you, by *Hercules!*
I ſwear, it is not with an honeſt ſervant---

TRA. *Simo*, how ſo?---

SIMO. Why, what art doing now?
What girl was that you lately---

TRA. What's all this?

SIMO. Nothing uncommon---

TRA. Not uncommon?---Speak---

SIMO. What you're about, is no uncommon thing.
And, to ſay truth, it is but fitting, *Tranio*,
E'en as men are, ſo ſhould you humour them---
And then, think---life is ſhort——

V. 27, 28. —*What art about*, &c.] See Act II. Scene I. V. 25, 26, 27. Note.

V. 39. —*life is ſhort*—] This, as M. *Limiers* has obſerved, is not ſpoken upon a principle of recollection and repentance; but a ſentiment taken from the ſchool of *Epicurus*; agreeable to that of *Horace*.

——*Quo, bene circà,*
Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
Vive memor, quàm ſis ævi brevis——
Satir. Lib. ii. Sat. vi. v. 95.

At leaſt be merry while you may,
The life of mice is but a day;
Reflect of this, maturely live,
And all that day to pleaſure give. FRANCIS.

TRA. What!---Oh! at laſt
I've found you out---You are talking of our matters?
SIMO. Yes, 'tis but fit---Neat wines, good cheer, choice fiſh---
You enjoy life---
TRA. Time was---but now
Things are fall'n off---
SIMO. How ſo?---

To this we may alſo add the following paſſage from *Lucretius*.

Hæc etiam faciunt, ubi diſcubuêre, tenentque
Pocula ſæpe homines, et inumbrant ora coronis,
Ex animo ut dicant, brevis hic eſt fructus homullis:
Jam fuerit, neque poſt unquam revocare licebit.
Lib. iii. v. 925.

So when the jolly blades, with garlands crown'd,
Sit down to drink; while frequent healths go round,
Some looking grave, this obſervation make,
All the delights are ſhort, we men can take:
Now we enjoy, but gone, we wiſh in vain,
In vain deſire to call them back again.—— CREECH.

V. 42. *You enjoy life*—] The original is, *Muſicè agitis ætatem*. *You live the life of a muſick-girl*; that is, you live voluptuouſly, at other peoples expence; as muſick-girls are uſed to do.

V. 66. *A new apartment for the women here,*] The original is, *Gynæceum*, from the *Greek* γυναικειον, (οἰκημα, underſtood,) *an inner apartment in a houſe, appropriated for women only*. The *Turks* have at this time, much the ſame in their ſeraglio. *Terence* makes uſe of the ſame word——

Ubi in gynæceum ire accipio, puer ad me adcurrit Mida!
Phormio, Act V. Scene VI. V. 22.

I was juſt entering the women's lodging,
When up runs little *Mida*—— COLMAN.

TRA. We're all undone!---

SIMO. Why do you keep on this talking? Hitherto
All has gone well---

TRA. It has been as you ſay,
I not deny---We've liv'd e'en as we wiſh'd---
But now, the gale has ſlackened on a ſudden.

SIMO. How ſo? How could it happen ſo untowardly?
Has not your veſſel long been ſafe in port?

TRA. Ah me!---

SIMO. The matter?---

TRA. Wretch! I am undone!

SIMO. How?---

TRA. A huge ſhip has fallen foul upon us,
And broke our little frigate all to pieces---

SIMO. I had been glad, had matters gone on ſmoothly---
But ſay, the buſineſs---

TRA. My old maſter's landed---

SIMO. A ſtring ſtretch'd out for you! To priſon firſt,
And then---the gallows---

TRA. By theſe knees, I beg you
Not to betray us to my maſter---

SIMO. Fear not---

TRA. My patron, thanks---

SIMO. I care not for ſuch clients.

TRA. Now to the buſineſs of my embaſſy---

SIMO. Firſt anſwer me this queſtion---Your old maſter,
Has he diſcover'd any thing?

TRA. He?---nothing---

SIMO. Not chide his ſon?---

TRA. Calm as fair weather, he
Has order'd me to beg it as a favour
You'd let him ſee your houſe---
SIMO. 'Tis not on ſale.
TRA. I know it---But he's going to erect
A new apartment for the women here,
At his own houſe, bath, gallery and portico.---
SIMO. What! does he dream?
TRA. I'll tell you then the matter.
He wants his ſon to marry ſoon; and ſo
To forward it, he builds this new apartment---
Some one has recommended yours, he ſays,
For architecture, and for workmanſhip;
And, if you've no objection, he would build
Upon your plan---
SIMO. A ſcurvy piece of work
To take a plan from!
TRA. For he underſtands
'Tis a good ſummer ſituation, where
You th' whole day may paſs i'th' open air,
And never ſee the ſun---
SIMO. True, when 'tis cloudy---
But here, from morn to night, like any dun,
Cloſe at my door he ſtands---Shade I have none,
But at the bottom of my well.
TRA. What then?
From *Sarſina!* and yet not ought of *Umbria?*

V. 82. *From* Sarſina! *and yet not ought of* Umbria?] The original is, *Quid*, Sarſinatis *ecquis eſt, ſi Umbram non habes?* The pun conſiſts in the different acceptations of the word *Umbra*, which may ſignify *ſhade*, or a woman of *Umbria*, the country where *Plautus* was born. *Tranio* here takes it in the latter ſenſe. To which *Simo*, who does not like the joke, replies, *Don't be impertinent. Sarſinatis* is a woman of *Sarſina*, a city of *Umbria*, in which city *Plautus* was born.

SIMO.

SIMO. Don't be impertinent---'Tis as I ſay.
TRA. Yet he'd fain ſee it---
SIMO. Let him, if he will.
And, if he likes, he's welcome to the plan.
TRA. Shall I go call him hither?---
SIMO. Ay---go, call him.
TRA. [*apart.*] 'Tis ſaid that *Alexander*, and *Agathocles*,
Are two the greateſt heroes---What reward
Shall the third have? I, *Tranio*, who alone
Immortal deeds atchieve---Both theſe old fellows
Carry the pack-ſaddle---I have hit upon
This new device, that promiſes not ill.
Your muleteers keep mules to carry ſaddles;
Now I make uſe of men, and men of burthen;
All you lay on, they carry---Shall I then
Accoſt him?---Yes---I will---Hola! *Theuropides!*
THEU. Who calls?---
TRA. A ſervant, faithful to his maſter.
I've done the buſineſs, Sir, you ſent me on.
THEU. But why ſo long about it?---
TRA. The old gentleman
Was not at leiſure---ſo---I waited for him.
THEU. You keep your old way, to be tardy ever.
TRA. Think on the ſaying, maſter: 'tis not eaſy

V. 87. —*'Tis ſaid that* Alexander *and* Agathocles,] *Agathocles* was of mean extraction, the ſon of a potter; and from that ſtation raiſed to the throne of *Sicily*; when in poſſeſſion of which, he performed many great exploits. The character and exploits of *Alexander* are well known.

V. 94. *Now I make uſe of men*—] *Lambin* obſerves that thoſe men who carry burthens, are not unlike *Marius's* mules, ſoldiers appointed by him, who in the camp carried every burden that was laid upon them. See *Plutarch* in the Life of *Caius Marius*.

To blow and ſwallow at the ſelf-ſame time.
I can't be here and there at once.---
THEU. What now?
TRA. Why, come and ſee the houſe --- Look over it
At pleaſure, Sir---
THEU. Come on then, ſhew the way.
TRA. Do I delay?---
THEU. I follow you---
TRA. See, Sir,
Th' old gentleman waits for you at his door---
He's ſo concern'd that he has ſold his houſe---
THEU. Why ſo?---
TRA. He begs me to perſuade *Philolaches*
To let him off---
THEU. I think of no ſuch thing.
Each for himſelf.---If we had bought it dear,
We could not have return'd it on his hands.
The bargain good, why, quick, convey it home.---
This is no caſe of charity---

V. 103. *To blow and ſwallow*---] A proverbial expreſſion, uſed to ſignify, to do two things at once.

V. 112. *Each for himſelf*---] The original is, *ſibi quiſque rurſi metit, every one crops his own farm.* A country proverb, which means, *every one for himſelf.*

V. 113. *We could not have return'd it on his hands.*] The original is,

——— ſi male emptæ
Forent, nobis iſtas redhibere haud licet.

If we had made a bad bargain, we could not have returned the houſe upon his hands.

Redhibitum, ſays *Feſtus*, *quod redditum eſt. Ei qui dedit itemque coactus eſt rurſus habere id quod habuit.*

TRA.

TRA. By *Hercules!*
You loſe your time in talking—Follow me—
THEU. I'm rul'd by you—
TRA. He's here. [*to* SIMO.] I've brought my maſter.
SIMO. I'm glad to ſee you ſafe return'd, *Theuropides.*
THEU. Save you!—
SIMO. Your ſervant has been telling me
You wiſh'd to ſee my houſe—
THEU. If 'tis convenient—
SIMO. Quite ſo—Walk in, and ſee it—
TRA. But the women—
SIMO. [*ſneering.*] Ay, pray take heed—nor diſoblige a woman.
Walk o'er the houſe, as it was your own.
THEU. As if——
TRA. Take heed, nor twit him with the ſale of it.
Now he's in ſuch concern—Do you not ſee
How ſad he looks?——
THEU. I ſee it—
TRA. Then take heed,
He thinks you too well pleas'd with your great bargain;
And o'er the loſs with mockery to triumph—
No mention of the purchaſe—
THEU. I conceive you,
You caution well—I find you are good-natur'd—
What now is to be done?
SIMO. What! but go in;
And ſee the houſe at leiſure as you like—
THEU. Kindly done of you—
SIMO. Troth, I mean it ſo.
TRA. D'you ſee the veſtibule before the houſe?—

V. 131. —*Troth I mean it ſo*—] Here we have omitted two lines, which are in moſt of the editions. The learned reader

The gallery too—of what a compaſs 'tis.
THEU. Troth, and by *Pollux'* temple! truly handſome.
TRA. The pillars, ſee how ſtrong and large they're made,
With what a ſubſtance——
THEU. I don't recollect
To have ſeen handſomer—
SIMO. They ſhould be ſo,
For ſure, I bought them dear, a long while ſince.
TRA. He bought them dear! D'ye mind! You ſee, he ſcarce
Refrains from tears—— [*to* THEUROPIDES.]
THEU. And bought them, at what price?
SIMO. Three minæ for the two, beſides the carriage.
THEU. I think worſe of them than I did at firſt.
TRA. Why ſo?—
THEU. Becauſe the worms, by *Pollux'* temple!
Have been at both their bottoms—
TRA. I ſhould think
The timber fell'd at an improper ſeaſon,
And thence the damage—They'll do well enough
If painted: yet 'twas no barbarian artiſt
That did this work! See how the doors are jointed!
THEU. I ſee——
TRA. Obſerve how ſound they ſleep.—
THEU. How! ſleep!

will eaſily ſee the reaſon, and their not being inſerted in the *Delphin* edition, from which we tranſlate, our omiſſion has an additional ſanction.

V. 147. —*no barbarian artiſt*—] The original is, *opifex barbaroſus*. See *The Braggard Captain*, Act II. Scene II. V. 83. Vol. I. of this tranſlation Note.

TRA.

TRA. They wink, I mean—Well, are you ſatisfied?

THEU. The more I look, the more I like—

TRA. You ſee
Yon raven painted, baffling of two vulturs?---
There ſtands the raven pecking at them both---
Firſt one, then t'other---This way look, towards me,
That you may ſee the raven--Don't you ſee him?

THEU. I ſee no raven, I---

TRA. Look towards yourſelves:
Altho' you ſee no raven, you may chance
To ſpy the vulturs---

THEU. To cut ſhort the matter,
I ſee no painted bird at all---

TRA. I drop it then.
Every old man has not his eye-ſight clear.

THEU. What I do ſee, pleaſes me much indeed.

TRA. Beſt then go farther in---

THEU. Troth! well adviſ'd.

SIMO. Here, boy--Go ſhew this gentleman the houſe,

V. 151. —*You ſee—Yon raven painted*—] Something like this we meet with in *Ben Jonſon*—

Moſca. "A piece of plate, Sir.

Volpone. "Of what bigneſs?

Moſca. "Huge,
"Maſſie, and antique, with your name inſcrib'd,
"And arms engraven.

Volpone. "Good! and not a fox
"Stretch'd on the earth, with fine deluſive ſleights,
"Mocking a gaping crow?"——

The Fox, Act I. Scene II.

And the reader may meet with ſome paſſages ſtill more like it, in the old Comedy, called *Albumazar*.

By the raven, *Tranio* means himſelf, by the vulturs [V. 158.] the two old men, *Theurcpides* and *Simo*.

And

And the apartments—I would do it myſelf,
But that I've buſineſs waits me at the Forum.
Boy. Shall I conduct you, Sir?—
Theu. No—no conductor.
I'd rather uninſtructed loſe my way,
Than bear a guide—
Boy. Into the houſe, I mean.
Theu. I can go there without a guide—
Boy. Go then
Where'er you pleaſe—
Theu. I go—
Tra. Stay, firſt let's ſee
If there is not a dog—
Theu. Ay, look—
Tra. There is.
Theu. Where is the dog?—
Tra. Be gone—a miſchief to you!
Go and be hang'd, you cur—What! not be gone?
'S't! get away——
Simo. Come on—There is no danger.
He is as gentle as a drop of water—
You may come boldly on—I'll to the Forum.
Theu. You have behav'd moſt kindly—A good voyage— [*Exit* Simo.

V. 166. —*No, no conductor.*—] The original is, *apage iſtum perductorem.* There is a double meaning in the word *perductorem*, which the learned reader need not have explained. See Note on V. 131.

V. 177. —*a good voyage.*] The original is, *bene ambula.* A form the *Romans*, as *Gronovius* obſerves, uſed on thoſe occaſions. So again, our author—

Bene ne ambulaviſti?——

Truculentus, Act II. Scene IV. V. 18.

But have you had a ſafe and pleaſant voyage?——

Ho!

Ho! *Tranio*, drive this dog here from the door,
[*Exit* SIMO.
Tho' we've no need to fear---
TRA. Look at him---See,
How quietly he lies---but don't pretend
To make a buſtle, and ſeem cowardly---
THEU. Well, as you will: but follow---
TRA. Never fear.
Depend upon't, I ſhall not be far off---
[*they enter the houſe.*

SCENE III.

TRANIO, THEUROPIDES, [*in the inſide of the houſe.*]

TRA. What think you of the bargain now?---
THEU. Quite pleas'd---
TRA. Do you think it dear?---
THEU. I think, I never ſaw
A houſe ſo thrown away---
TRA. You're pleas'd with it?
THEU. Pleas'd, ſay you? Ay, by *Hercules!* much pleas'd---
TRA. What women's rooms are here! and what a portico!
THEU. Exceeding good---I do not think there's larger
Among the publick buildings---

V. 3. *A houſe ſo thrown away.*] The *Delphin* edition reads *ablectas.* But we have followed the *Variorum*, which has *abjectas*; and which we think the better reading.

TRA.

TRA. I, and *Philolaches*
Overlook'd all the portico's.

THEU. And, well!---

TRA. This is the largeſt.

THEU. Gods! a pretty bargain!
If any one would offer ſix great talents,
And ready money too, I would not take them.

TRA. And if you would, I would not give you leave.

THEU. 'Tis money well laid out on this ſame purchaſe.

V. 8, *Overlook'd all the portico's*—] The original is, *in publico omnes porticus, ſumus commenſi*, in which there ſeems to be a double entendre, which we have aimed at preſerving. Theſe portico's were like our mall in St. *James*'s park, uſed for publick walks by all genteel company, but covered over like a piazza.

Porticibuſne tuis monſtratur fœmina voto
Digna tuo?—— *Juvenal*, Sat. vi. v. 60.

And can a woman worthy of your wiſh
Be ſhewn you in our publick portico's?

Tu modo Pompeiâ *lentus ſpatiare ſub umbrâ,*
Cum ſol Herculei *terga leonis adit.*
* * *
Nec tibi videtur, quæ priſcis ſparſa tabellis,
Porticus auctoris Livia *nomen habet.*
Ovid. De Arte Amandi, Lib. i. v. 67.

In ſummer heats thou needs but only go
To *Pompey*'s cool and ſhady portico;
* * *
Nor ſhun the portico, which was begun,
And ended by a mother and her ſon—

We have the rather quoted theſe paſſages, as they may ſeem to make the double entendre more clear.

V. 10. —*ſix great talents*,] See *The Paraſite*, Act III. Scene III. V. 10. Vol. IV. of this tranſlation.

TRA.

TRA. Then boldly ſay, that I was the adviſer:
Say, *Tranio* preſs'd it---Say, he urg'd it on,
To take up money of the banker; and
To advance this earneſt---

THEU. You have ſav'd the ſhip.
The debt, you ſay, is eighty minæ---

TRA. Juſt.

THEU. Then let him have't to-day---

TRA. That's right---for then
There can be no diſpute---Give me the money,
And I will give it him---

THEU. But if I truſt
You with it, take good heed---No quirk, no cavil---

TRA. And do you think, I'd dare to play on you
By word or deed?---

THEU. And do you think I dare
Be off my guard, if I ſhould truſt you thus?

TRA. Me, that has ne'er deceiv'd you, ſince you had me!

THEU. Thanks to my caution tho'---So much I owe
To my own judgement---If I can but now
Look after you, I ſhall be wiſe enough---

TRA. I am of your opinion there--- [*apart.*

THEU. Away.
Go now into the country---Tell my ſon,
That I'm come home---

V. 17. *—You have ſav'd the ſhip.*] The original is, *ſervaviſti omnem ratem.* We have tranſlated it literally. Allegorically, *You have preſerved us.*

V. 22. *—No quirk, no cavil.*] *Ne quid captioni mihi ſit. Leſt I ſhould be taken in by ſome trick of yours.* He was afraid of truſting *Tranio* with the money, as appears by what follows.

TRA.

TRA. I'll do as you would have me.

THEU. Haſt then, and bring him up to town with you.

TRA. It ſhall be done---[*Exit* THEU.] Now, to my merry lads
By this back-door, with my good news; that all
Is ſnug; and our old gentleman gone off.---

*** This Act opens with the banker coming to demand the money *Philolaches* had borrowed, which *Tranio* induces the old gentleman to pay, by making him believe, it was for a houſe he had bought in the room of his own, which he had juſt told him was haunted. *Theuropides* introduces a new confuſion, by demanding to ſee the houſe; which *Tranio* artfully gets leave of the owner for him to do, by pretending he wanted to build ſome apartments after his model. This is the buſineſs of the firſt Scene. In the ſecond, the old gentleman with *Tranio*, is introduced into the houſe by *Simo* the owner of it. And here we muſt ſuppoſe that the houſe appears in the front of the Scene, that the veſtibule is ſo far open, that what is doing within ſide of it may appear to the ſpectators. Yet after all, notwithſtanding *Tranio*'s adroitneſs, and all his precaution, it would have been difficult for the two old gentlemen, had they ſtaid long together, not to have let ſomething drop concerning the intended ſale of the houſe. The addreſs therefore of *Plautus* is worth remarking; who in order not to ſtretch probability too far, ſuppoſes the maſter of the houſe to have buſineſs. This gives him a pretence of leaving *Theuropides* and *Tranio* together, to look over the houſe without interruption. The next Scene is taken up with the old gentleman expreſſing his approbation of his ſon's ſuppoſed purchaſe, which ends the Act. And the interval is taken up with the time neceſſary for *Tranio* to inform his young maſter of what he had been doing.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter PHANISCUS.

SLAVES, who tho' not in fault, fear puniſhment,
Are uſeful ſervants—Such as nothing fear
When once they merit puniſhment, embrace
Moſt fooliſh counſels: take to their heels and fly:
But if once caught, heap up a hoard of puniſhment,
Which they ne'er could of their own property—
From little faults at firſt, ſcraping a treaſure
For their own backs—My reſolution is
To have the fear of puniſhment before me,
And keep my back as free from ſtripes as may be:
Back, be advis'd by me, keep on thy cloaths;
When the ſtorm falls on others, thou'lt be dry.
As ſervants chooſe to have their maſter be,
Such is he. Good to the good, but to the bad
Cruel and harſh. Such are our rogues at home.
They're laviſh of their backs, their only property.
Stripe-bearing villains! when they're call'd upon
To ſee their maſter home, then 'tis, I won't—
Plague me not—Oh! I know where you are going—

Enter PHANISCUS.] The reader will remember that in the beginning of the fourth Scene of Act I. *Callidamates* orders a ſervant to fetch him home from *Philolaches*'s houſe. *Phaniſcus* is that ſervant; and enters on the ſtage for that purpoſe.

V. 1. *Slaves, who tho' not in fault*—] The ſame ſentiment, and almoſt in the ſame words, the reader will recollect in *The Twin Brothers*, Act V. Scene VI. V. 22.

Some

Somewhere you're longing to be gone, by *Hercules!*
Yes, mule, you will to paſturage abroad.
Taught to behave, from theſe I reap advantage.
So muſt be gone---Out of ſo many ſlaves,
I am the only one to meet my maſter.
When he hears this, they'll rue it in the morning,
When their backs bear the ſpoils of the bull's hide;
But I had rather theirs ſhould have't than mine,
And ſee them hide-bound, than myſelf be rope-bound—

SCENE II.

Enter another Servant.

SERV. [*to* PHAN.] Hold you---ſtop preſently, and look behind you.

PHAN. Trouble me not—

SERV. How ſcornful is the monkey?

PHAN. And if I am, I am ſo to myſelf,
And pleaſe myſelf---What buſineſs is't of yours?

SERV. What, will you ſtop or no, you dirty paraſite?

PHAN. Why paraſite?

SERV. Aſk why? becauſe a dinner
Will draw you any where---You bear it high
For you're our maſter's favourite.

PHAN. Ay, marry!

V. 21. *Yes, mule, you will to paſturage abroad.*] *Ire vis mula foris paſtum.* A proverbial phraſe for, to go to the tipling houſe.

V. 28.] This verſe, in the original, is the beginning of the next Scene; but as it is the concluſion of the ſame ſpeech, we have choſe to place it here.

Your

Your eyes ache at me, don't they?---

SERV. And why ſo?

PHAN. The ſmoke is troubleſome---

SER. Peace, peace, deceiver! coiner of nought but lead---

PHAN. All this won't make me Return you back ill words---My maſter knows me. Were you not drunk, you'd not abuſe me thus.

SERV. Why ſhould I curry favour with a ſlave, That ſhews me none?

V. 9. *Your eyes ache at me*—] *Oculi dolent.* It means metaphorically, *you envy me, becauſe my maſter loves me better than any of you. Lambin* tells us, that our eyes are ſaid to ache when we are obliged to look at any thing we do not like. *Terence* uſes the ſame expreſſion:

Vin' primum hodie facere, quod ego gaudeam, Nauſiſtrata,
Et quod tuo viro oculi doleant?
Phormio, Act V. Scene VIII. V. 63.

Will you then even now, *Nauſiſtrata*,
Grant me one favour, that will pleaſure me,
And grieve your huſband's ſight? COLMAN.

V. 10. —*Peace, deceiver!*] The original is,

Tace, fis faber, qui cudere ſoles plumbeos
Nummos——

Peace, you coiner of nought but lead!

It was a proverbial expreſſion among the *Romans*. See *Eraſmi Adagia*, Chil. v. Cent. 1. where this very paſſage is quoted.

V. 12. —*My maſter knows me.*] In moſt of the editions, a few words are put into the mouth of this ſlave, in anſwer to this. But as *Lambin*, and ſome other editors have omitted them, we have made no ſcruple to do ſo too. The reaſon why, the learned reader need not be informed.

PHAN. Go with me to my maſter---
You ſcoundrel, you---
SERV. Nay, nay, *Phaniſcus*, peace!
No more of this, I beg you---
PHAN. I have done:---
I'll knock. [*knocks.*] Hola! none of you, to prevent
My breaking down the door? Who comes to open it?
No body ſtirs---'Tis like ſuch raſcal's manners.
But I'll be more upon my guard---Some one
May ruſh out of the houſe, and uſe me ill.
There's no ſuch rioting among the gueſts
As was but now. I hear no muſick-girl
Tuning her pipes---nor any ſoul beſides---

Enter THEUROPIDES.

THEU. [*apart.*] Hey! what's the matter here? What want theſe men
Here at my houſe? what are they peeping after?
What would they have?---
PHAN. I'll knock again---Hola!
Open the door---What not yet open it?---*Tranio*---
THEU. What mummery is this?
PHAN. What! not yet open't?
We're come to fetch our maſter *Callidamates*.
THEU. What are you at, my lads, and why d' ye knock
The door down thus?---
PHAN. Our maſter's here a feaſting.
THEU. Feaſting! Within?---Your maſter?---
PHAN. Yes, within.---
THEU. You drive the jeſt too far, my lad.---
PHA. We're come
To fetch him home---

THEU.

THEU. To fetch whom?

PHAN. Why, our maſter---.
Prithee how often muſt I tell you ſo?

THEU. You're a good lad---But, no body lives here---

PHAN. Don't a young gentleman, whoſe name's *Philolaches*,
Live in this houſe?---

SERV. The old man's ſure crack-brain'd---

PHAN. Father, you're miſchievouſly out; unleſs
They mov'd this day, or yeſterday, I'm ſure
That here he lives---

THEU. What, when no ſoul has been
Within the houſe theſe ſix months?

SERV. Sure you dream.

THEU. I?---

SERV. You---

THEU. Be not impertinent: I'd talk
With this young man here---

PHAN. So---no ſoul lives there?---

THEU. No,---no body---

PHAN. Yet yeſterday, the day
Before, four, five, ſix days ago, e'er ſince
His father went abroad, he has ne'er deſiſted
One three day's ſpace, eating and drinking here---

THEU. What ſay you?---

PHAN. Ne'er deſiſted three days ſpace
To eat and drink here---to live quite like *Greeks*;
To bring in wenches, fidlers, muſick-girls---

THEU. And who has done all this?---

PHAN. *Philolaches*.---

THEU. Who? What *Philolaches*?

PHAN. He, whom I take
To be the ſon of old *Theuropides*---
THEU. Ah me! Undone, if what he ſays be true!
I muſt enquire farther---This *Philolaches*,
(Whoe'er he be) d'ye ſay, has made a trade
Here in this houſe, of drinking with your maſter?
PHAN. I tell you, here---
THEU. Thou doſt not ſeem a fool,
My lad; and yet thou art one--I ſuſpect you've turn'd
Into ſome tipling houſe yourſelf, and drank
More than ſufficient---
PHAN. What?---
THEU. A caution only,
Leſt you too raſhly enter others houſes.
PHAN. I know where I'm to go, and whence I came.
Philolaches lives here, ſon of *Theuropides*:
Who, when his father went abroad to trade,
Made free a muſick-girl---
THEU. *Philolaches!*
PHAN. Ay---and her name was *Philematium*.
THEU. And how much coſt ſhe?
SERV. Thirty talents---
PHAN. No---
But minæ; by *Apollo!*---
THEU. Did *Philolaches*,
Say you, give thirty minæ for a miſtreſs?
PHAN. Ay, ſo I ſay---
THEU. And gave her ſtrait her freedom?
PHAN. That too.---
THEU. And that e'er ſince his father went,
He has been in daily riots with your maſter?
PHAN. Yes.---
THEU. And has bought that houſe?
PHA. I ſay not that.
THEU.

THEU. And given earneſt for it forty minæ?
PHAN. Nor ſay I that--
THEU. Ah! friend, you have undone me!
PHA. It is no more than he has done his father.
THEU. You ſay the truth---Would it were all a lie tho'! [*aſide.*
PHAN. His father's friend as it ſhould ſeem---
---THEU. Alas!
You ſhew how great the miſery of that father---
[*apart.*
PHA. This is a flea-bite--Thirty minæ---Nothing
To all his feaſtings---He has undone his father.
One ſingle ſlave of his, that *Tranio* there,
Moſt execrable villain! he alone
Would the revenue waſt of *Hercules.*

V. 87. *Would the revenue waſt of* Hercules.] *Lipſius* has obſerved, that it was an opinion of the antients, that *Hercules* when dying, promiſed to thoſe who offered to him after he was dead, a tenth part of what they were worth, he would reward, by making them much richer than they were before. To this *Plautus* again alludes.

Si frugi eſt, Herculem *fecit ex patre: decumam partem ei*
Dedit, ſibi novem abſtulit. ——
Bacchides, Act IV. Scene IV. V. 15.

Had he been wiſe, he'd acted to his father
As men are wont to do to *Hercules:*
By giving him the tenth part of the money,
Reſerving to himſelf the other nine.

Nam jam de hoc obſonio, de mina una demiſi
Modo quinque nummos: mihi detraxi partem Herculaneam.
Truculentus, Act II. Scene VII. V. 10.

For theſe proviſions, I have only crib'd
Five pieces, *Hercules's* ſhare, a tenth.——

I'm griev'd, by *Pollux*' temple, for his father!
When he knows all, 'twill burn him like a coal.
THEU. Yes, if 'twere true---
PHAN. What ſhould I get by lying?
Hola!---within there---ſome one ope' the door!
THEU. Why knock you there, when no body's within?
PHAN. Perhaps they're gone to revel ſomewhere elſe.
Let us be gone---
THEU. What! are you marching off?
Your freedom is the beſt cloak to your back.
PHAN. I want no cloak, nor covering to my back,
But my reſpect, and duty to my maſter---
[*Exeunt* PHAN. *and Servant.*

Tertullian, in his apology for the Chriſtians, mentions this—

—*cum de decima* Herculis *nec tertiam partem in aram ejus imponitis.* Cap. xiv.

Inſtead of offering to *Hercules* the tenth of your goods, you ſcarce lay a third part of it upon his altars—

And *Pliny* the elder tells us, that there was a law in *Arabia*, which obliged every merchant to offer the tenth of the produce of that country, to the God *Sabis*—

—*decimas Deo quem vocant* Sabin *menſura non ponderе ſacerdotes capiunt*— *Nat. Hiſt.* Lib. xii. cap. 14.

—the prieſts of the God they call *Sabis*, take the tenth part, by meaſure, and not by weight, and ſet it apart for that God—

V. 96. —*the beſt cloak to your back.*] This is ſpoken by the old gentleman by way of raillery to *Phaniſcus*, who had no cloak; as if he had ſaid ſeriouſly, *was you a freeman, you would have had a cloak on your back.* MAROLLES.

THEU.

THEU. Undone, by *Hercules!* No need of talking.
By what I hear, I've voyag'd it, not to *Egypt*,
But to ſome deſart; the world's end, indeed!
And now I know not where I am---but ſhall
E'er long; for ſee the very man, my ſon
Purchas'd the houſe of---So, what news with you?---

* SCENE III.

Enter SIMO.

SIMO. I am returning from the Forum home.
THEU. And no news there to-day?
SIMO. O, yes---great news.
THEU. Ay---What?---What?---
SIMO. Why, I ſaw them carrying out
A dead man to be buried---
THEU. News indeed!
SIMO. What's more, they ſaid he was alive juſt now.
THEU. You're crazy!
SIMO. None but the idle aſk for news.
THEU. I do, becauſe juſt come from abroad.
SIMO. I am engag'd, ſo cannot aſk you home
To ſup---

* SCENE III.] We have here made a ſlight alteration in the diviſion of the Scenes; making the entrance of *Simo* the beginning of Scene III. The editions make it begin with the laſt ſpeech of *Theuropides*.

V. 8. *—ſo cannot aſk you home To ſup.*] It was a cuſtom among the antients, when any one was returned from a voyage or journey, for ſome friend or other to aſk him to ſup with him the day of his arrival.

THEU. No need.

SIMO. But if not aſk'd elſewhere,
I'll ſup with you to-morrow---

THEU. Nor needs that.
At preſent, if no better you're engag'd,
Attend to me---

SIMO. With all my heart---

THEU. I know
You've had theſe forty minæ of *Philolaches*---

SIMO. I?---Not one ſingle drachma, to my knowledge.

THEU. Not from my ſervant *Tranio*?

SIMO. Much leſs him.

THEU. That which he gave for earneſt---

SIMO. Sure you dream.

THEU. I?---Rather you, who would by this pretence
Make void the bargain---

SIMO. Bargain?---

THEU. Ay---th' affair
My ſon tranſacted with you in my abſence---

SIMO. He in your abſence an affair with me!
What?---When?---

THEU. I owe you eighty ſilver minæ.

SIMO. Not me, by *Hercules!*---But if ſo, why pay me.

Theu. *Quid ceterum?* Epi. *Quod eo aſſolet,*
Cæna tibi dabitur——— *Epidicus*, Act I. Scene I. v. 5.

Theu. ——What next?
Epi. The cuſtom; you ſhall have a treat——

So *Simo*, to ſave himſelf the trouble and expence of giving the old gentleman a ſupper, is beforehand with him, by telling him he is engaged. This cuſtom is often referred to in the courſe of theſe notes.

Faith

Faith muſt be kept: never deny the fact—

THEU. I don't deny it—and, in troth, I'll pay it.
You'll not deny the forty of it paid—

SIMO. Look in my face, I beg you, and now anſwer—
Your ſervant ſaid, you'd thoughts of marrying of
Your ſon; and ſo, intended building here—

THEU. Here!—that I'd thoughts of building?—

SIMO. So he ſaid.

THEU. Ah me! I'm gone—I have not voice to cry.
Help, neighbours, help; I'm ruin'd; I'm undone—

SIMO. *Tranio* I warrant—

THEU. Has confounded all.
Couzen'd us both, and ſhamefully, to-day—

SIMO. What ſay you?—

THEU. Nay, 'tis juſt as I relate—
He has this day compleatly chous'd us both.
Now do your beſt to aſſiſt me—Help, I beg you—

SIMO. What would you have?—

THEU. Go with me, I beſeech you.

SIMO. Command me—

THEU. Let me have your ſlaves t' aſſiſt,
And, with them, ſcourges—

SIMO. Take 'em—

THEU. And I'll tell you,
At the ſame time, in what a ſhameful manner,
This raſcal has impos'd upon us both.

[*Exeunt.*

*** This Act opens with *Phaniſcus*, the ſervant, whom *Callidamates* had in the laſt Scene of the firſt Act, ordered to come and fetch him home; for which purpoſe he now makes his appearance.

pearance. In the ſecond Scene, the whole affair is diſcovered; *Theuropides* finds he has been impoſed upon, and that his ſon is actually in the houſe, with his riotous companions at a debauch. In the third Scene too, he diſcovers that the purchaſe of the houſe is all a pretence; and that he had been impoſed upon in that likewiſe. Thus ends this Act; and the interval is taken up, by the time neceſſary for *Theuropides* to find out and puniſh the man who had thus chouſed him.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter TRANIO.

THINGS to a criſis come, the timid man
Is not worth e'en a nut-ſhell. Tho' I ſcarce
Know what the expreſſion means--Soon as my maſter
Diſpatch'd me out of town to fetch his ſon,
I ſtole a private way into our garden:
Open'd a door that's in the narrow paſſage,
And, men and women, our whole regiment,
Conducted out. When I'd thus rais'd the ſiege,
And brought my little garriſon off ſafely,
I thought it moſt adviſeable to form
A ſenate of that jolly company---
This done, they baniſh'd me the ſenate-houſe.
Soon as I found th' affair muſt be decided
In my own court, I e'en reſolv'd to act
As others in like caſe; when things are doubtful,
And all's embroil'd, embroil them more and more,
Till they can ne'er be ſettled; for I ſee
There's no concealing this from old *Theuropides*.---
But hark! our neighbour's door!---What noiſe?---
My maſter!
I'll ſtep aſide, and try to overhear him. [*goes aſide.*

V. 20. *—try to overhear him.*] The original is, *—guſtare ego ejus ſermonem volo.* It might be more literally tranſlated, *I'll try to have a taſt of what he ſays.* The ſenſe of taſting, transferred to the ſenſe of hearing. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Aulularia*.

Nimium

Enter THEUROPIDES.

THEU. [*to* SIMO's *ſlaves.*] Stand here, upon this ſpot, behind the door,
That, ſoon as I ſhall call, you may ruſh forth.
Come, have your manacles in readineſs---
I'll wait before the door for this ſame ſharper,
Who has been ſo ſmart upon me; if I live
I'll make his hide ſmart for it in return.
TRA. [*apart.*] Yes, all is out---Look, *Tranio*, to thyſelf;
And take care what thou doſt---
THEU. When my chap comes,
I will go cunningly to work with him.
Not let him ſee at once, I know his roguery,
But throw my line to catch him. I'll diſſemble
That I know ought about it. [*apart.*
TRA. Cunning rogue!
There's not a cleverer fellow in all *Athens.*
The art of man may as ſoon make impreſſion
Upon a ſtone as him---I'll ſpeak to him---
THEU. Wou'd he were here!---
TRA. [*apart.*] 'Troth, if 'tis me you want, I'm ready to attend you---
THEU. *Tranio* there!
The buſineſs? Say---

Nimium libenter edi ſermonem tuam.
Act III. Scene VI. V. 1.

——I have been greedily
Devouring your diſcourſe—— THORNTON.

See Note on that paſſage, in Vol. II. of this tranſlation.

V. 31. *But throw my line to catch him.*] *Mitto lineam.* A metaphor from fiſhing.

TRA.

TRA. The country ſparks are coming. *Philolaches* will preſently be here.

THEU. He comes moſt opportunely---Here's our neighbour; a ſorry fellow, as it ſeems to me, a ſhameleſs one---

TRA. How ſo?

THEU. Denies his knowledge Of you---

TRA. Denies?

THEU. And that you ever paid him A ſingle drachma---

TRA. Pſha! You're playing on me. He don't deny it—

THEU. How!

TRA. I know you're joking. He can't deny it—

THEU. Yes, by *Pollux'* temple! Denies it; and that he e'er ſold the houſe.

TRA. What! and deny he e'er receiv'd the money?

THEU. And offers, if I pleaſe, to take his oath He neither ſold the houſe, nor e'er took earneſt. Again, I nam'd the ſum—Repeated—

TRA. Well— What ſays he then?

THEU. Says? That he'll give his ſlaves All round the torture—

TRA. Pſha! he'll never do it.

THEU. In troth he will.

TRA. Defy him then at law.

THEU. I'll try to-morrow, that I am determin'd—

TRA. Leave but the man to me—

THEU.

THEU. In the mean time;
What if I call aſſiſtance—

TRA. That before
Should have been done--I inſiſt upon't, your ſon
Demand poſſeſſion ſtrait— 60

THEU. But firſt I'll put
The ſervants to the torture.

TRA. Aye, that's right—
In the mean time, I'll ſeize upon this altar—

[*runs to an altar.*

V. 61. —*I'll put the ſervants to the torture.*] The original is, *velo quæſtioni accipere ſervos.* Literally, *to the queſtion.* To the *queſtion* was the *Roman* method of examination of ſlaves; as ours is, to their oath. *Tranio* ſuppoſes the ſervants will fly to the altar. This was to avoid the torture. See V. 53.

V. 62. —*I'll ſeize upon this altar*—] Among the *Romans*, if any one took refuge at an altar, he could not be brought to juſtice, or have violence offered to his perſon. It was eſteemed an inviolate ſanctuary. *Limiers* tells us, that on the *Roman* ſtage were always fixed theſe kind of altars, differing according to the different repreſentations, and the Gods to whom they were conſecrated. They are often mentioned in antient authors.

Χ' ὑδεν ὁ' ὀνήσει δῶμα Νηρῇδοι τοδε,
Οὐ βωμὸς, ὐδὲ γαὸς, ἀλλὰ κατθανῇ.
Euripides. Andromache, V. 161.

The houſe of *Nereus* ſhall not give you aid,
No altar, no, nor temple ſhall protect you,
But you ſhall die———

——*nec tu aram tibi*
Nec precatorem pararis——
Terentius. Heautontimoreumenos, Act V. Sc. II. V. 22.

Nor need you to provide a ſanctuary,
Or interceſſor——— COLMAN.

And

THEU. Why ſo?—

TRA. You're very dull—Why, that the rogues
When put to th' torture, fly not to't for ſanctuary.
Here I'll keep guard, leſt it all come to nothing.

THEU. Riſe—

TRA. Pardon me—

THEU. Seize not the altar, pray—

TRA. Why ſo?

THEU. I'll tell you—'Tis the thing I want,
That they take refuge there—E'en let them have it:
I ſhall the eaſier get the judge to fine him.

TRA. Do as you pleaſe—And yet, Sir, why ſhould you
A ſtirrer be of ſtrife? You do not know
The dreadful conſequences of the law!

THEU. Get up--Come hither--Give me your advice
On an affair—

TRA. I'll give you my advice from hence.
My wits are beſt about me, when I'm ſitting.

And again, our author.

Ne inquam timete: aſſidite hic in aura.
Rudens, Act III. Scene III. V. 26.

Don't be diſmay'd, ſit down here by this altar.

V. 75. *My wits are beſt about me, when I'm ſitting.*] Here ſeems intended a little raillery on the cuſtom the antients had of paying their adorations and diſtributing juſtice; which they did *ſitting*: the prieſts, and other judges, when they paſſed ſentence, did it in the ſame poſture.

Sitting on the ground was the uſual poſture of ſuppliants, whether to man, or to the images of the gods, whoſe knees they embraced all the while. So is to be underſtood the following paſſage in *Homer*—

Beſides, advice is given with greater ſanction
From holy places—

THEU. Riſe, nor trifle thus:
Look on my face—

TRA. I do ſo—

THEU. Well, d'you ſee it?

TRA. I do—and ſee too, if a third man come,

Καὶ ῥα παρὰ' αυτοῖο καθεζέτο, καὶ λάβε γένυν
Σκαιῆ—— *Iliad.* Lib. i. v. 500.

Suppliant the Goddeſs *ſat*: one hand ſhe plac'd
Beneath his beard, and one his knees embrac'd— POPE.

It is remarkable that *Pope*, though the word is καθεζετο, which the *Latin* very properly renders *ſedit*, and the *Italian ſedente*, ſhould tranſlate it, as he does, *ſtood*. V. 650.

Non tamen immerito Minos *ſedet arbiter Orci.*
Victor erat quamvis, æquus in hoſte fuit.
Propertius. Lib. iii. Eleg. xvii. v. 27.

Nor without cauſe does *Minos* ſit as judge
In hell—Tho' victor, to his foe yet juſt.

——*modo vos iidem in* A. Gabinio *judices ſediſtis.*
Cicero, *Orat. pro* Rabirio.

You yourſelves *ſat* as judges upon *A. Gabinius*.

"Then went king *David* in, and *ſat* before the Lord."
2 *Samuel*, chap. vii. v. 18.

V. 76. —*advice is given with greater ſanction*—] The antients made uſe of places ſet apart for the purpoſes of religion, to debate affairs of importance in: as if the ſacredneſs of the place added weight and authority to their judgement. The *Roman* ſenate often met in their temples; in them they adminiſtered juſtice, and gave audience to ambaſſadors. DE L'OEUVRE.

V. 79. —*if a third man come,*]

Siquis intercedat tertius, pereat fame.

If any third man ſhould intrude himſelf, thinking to out wit us, he muſt be ſtarved. For we two are ſuch maſters in the trade of cheating, that we are ſure to run away with all the buſineſs.

And ſet his trade of cunning up againſt us,
He would be ſtarv'd—

THEU. Why ſo?

TRA. Becauſe he'd find
No buſineſs---We are both ſuch maſters in it.

THEU. I'm ruin'd!

TRA. What's the matter?---

THEU. You've deceiv'd me.

TRA. How ſo?---

THEU. Yes, yes---You've wip'd my noſe moſt nicely.

TRA. [*apart.*] Did I do't well?---What is it ſnotty ſtill?

THEU. You've wip'd my very brain out of my head,
For I have got to the root of all your rogueries---
By *Hercules!* not only to the root,
But rooted out the root—By *Pollux'* temple!
Not unreveng'd this day ſhall paſs---This inſtant,
Raſcal, I'll order fire and faggot round you.

TRA. Let it alone---I'm better boil'd than roaſted---

THEU. I'll make thee an example!---

TRA. What! becauſe I'm perfect, you will make me an example.

THEU. Anſwer me; ſay, how did I leave my ſon
When I went hence?

TRA. Left him?---With feet, hands, fingers,
Ears, eyes, mouth, lips.---

THEU. That is not what I aſk,

TRA. 'Tis what I anſwer tho', and nothing elſe.
But ſee, your ſon's companion, *Callidamates*,
Is coming hither---If you'd ought with me,
Aſk me your queſtions then, when he is by---

SCENE II.

Enter CALLIDAMATES.

CAL. Soon as I'd buried drowſineſs, and ſlept off
The night's debauch, *Philolaches* inform'd me
His father was return'd; and how his ſervant
Had, e're he could arrive, impos'd upon him---
He dreads, he tells me, to appear before him;
And I'm deputed from our company
Ambaſſador of peace to the old man---
And, apropos! he's here---Health to *Theuropides!*
I'm glad you're ſafe arriv'd—You ſup
To-day with us?---

THEU. The ſame to *Callidamates.*
As to your ſupper, I'm oblig'd to you---

CAL. But you will come---

TRA. Promiſe him, maſter mine;
If you don't chuſe it, I'll go in your ſtead---

THEU. Raſcal! ſtill ſneering!---

V. 1. *Soon as I'd buried drowſineſs*—] Here the poet introduces *Callidamates* quite ſober, and in a manner pleaſant and comick. We uſually ſay of a man aſleep, that he is buried in it; becauſe ſleep is the image of death, conſequently of ſepulture, as it deſtroys both knowledge and reflection. But our *Plautus*, by giving the thought an original turn, and different from its common acceptation, inſinuates that the drunkard himſelf buries ſleep, not that he is buried in it. As if he had ſaid, Sleep buries the man who is ſurprized into it, and the man who is drunk, in his turn, buries ſleep.

Gueudeville from *De L'Oeuvre* and *Lambin.*

V. 9. —*You ſup to-day with us?*—] See *The Diſcovery*, Act IV. Scene III. V. 8.

TRA.

TRA. What, becauſe I offer
To go to ſupper for you?---
THEU. You ſhan't go.
I'll have you hang'd as you deſerve, you villain.
CAL. Come let this paſs, and go with me to ſupper.
TRA. Say you will come?--What, maſter, not a word?
CAL. Fool of all fools! Why do you refuge take
There at that altar?---
TRA. For his coming frighted me.
Now, maſter, ſay, what have I done? Here ſtands
An umpire 'twixt us---Let's debate the matter.
THEU. My ſon you have corrupted--That I ſay--
TRA. [*to* CAL.] Why, do but hear---He has been to blame, I own,
Has freed his miſtreſs---taken money up
While you was abſent---ſpent it---But in this,
Has he done more than other youth of rank?
THEU. I muſt take care how I engage with you,
You are too ſly an orator for me.
CAL. Let me then act as judge in this affair---
Get up; and I'll ſit there---
THEU. Do by all means.
Take on yourſelf the courſe, make it your own---
TRA. Is there no trick in this?---But I conſent,
So from my fears he free me; and thoſe fears
He take upon himſelf, and make his own.
THEU. I value nothing but the ways he took,
To play upon his maſter---
TRA. That's the beſt on't.
I glory in it--Grey heads ſhould be wiſer---
THEU. What ſhall I do? Should *Demipho* my friend,
Philonides, or——

TRA. Tell them how your ſervant
Deceiv'd you neatly, 'twere a ſubject fit
For any Comedy——

CAL. Peace but a little,
'Tis my turn now to ſpeak—Attend—

THEU. Be't ſo—

CAL. Of your ſon's friends you know I am the firſt;
To me then he applied; for he's aſham'd
To look you in the face, as he is conſcious
Of what he has done, and that you know it all.
Pardon, I beg, theſe follies of his youth:
He is your ſon—You are not now to learn
That at that time of life, ſuch pranks are frequent.
What he has done, he has done with us in common:
We're all to blame—The principal and intereſt,
The whole expence attending on this miſtreſs,
All, we'll repay—Share it alike—The loſs
Shall all be ours, and not a drachma yours.

THEU. No orator could influence me more.
Nor am I angry with *Philolaches*,
Nor any thing reſent—Ee'n in my ſight,
Wench, drink, and do your pleaſures—If he's but
Aſham'd of his extravagance, I'm ſatisfied—

TRA. And I'm aſham'd—Be ſatisfied with that.—
What will be now my fate?—

V. 57. *Nor am I angry with* Philolaches,] *Neque illi ſum iratus.* The commentators have taken no notice of it; but *illi* muſt certainly mean his ſon *Philolaches*. His anger ſtill continued againſt *Tranio*, and was not eaſily appeaſed; as we ſee ſoon after.

V. 59, 60. —*If he's but aſham'd of his extravagance, I'm ſatisfied.*] A ſentiment ſimilar to this of *Plautus*, we meet with in *Terence*——

Micio

THEU. Tied for the ſcourge,
Dirt, as you merit——
TRA. What, tho' I'm aſham'd?
THEU. As I'm alive, I'll be the death of thee,
By *Hercules!*——
CAL. Come, grant a general pardon.
For my ſake pardon *Tranio* his offence.
THEU. Any thing elſe you eaſier might command,
Than not permit me to return him evil,
This ſcoundrel! for his evil deeds—
CAL. Nay, pardon him.
THEU. See how the villain keeps his poſt—
CAL. Be quiet,
If you've your ſenſes left—Be quiet, *Tranio*—
THEU. Do you be quiet—Urge this thing no farther—
The laſh ſhall quiet him——

Micio. *Tune has pepuliſti fores?*
Tacet. * * *
Non mihi reſpondes?——
Æſchines. *Non equidem iſtas, quod ſciam.*
Micio. *Ita? nam mirabar, quid hic negotii eſſet tibi.*
Erubuit. Salva res eſt. Adelphi, Act IV. Sce. V. v. 4.
Micio. Was't you that knock'd? What, not a word?
* * *
Why don't you ſpeak?
Æſchines. Not I, as I remember.
Micio. No, I dare ſay, not you: for I was wond'ring
What buſineſs could have brought you here. He bluſhes.
All's ſafe I find.—— COLMAN,

V. 63. *What, tho' I'm aſham'd?*] This retort of *Tranio* is quite in character, natural and highly humourous.

V. 67. *Than not permit me to return him evil—for his evil deeds.*] There is in the original, what our author is but too fond of, a play upon words; and which we have in ſome ſort endeavoured to imitate.

CAL. In truth no need.—
Let me prevail on you—
THEU. Inſiſt not on it.
CAL. By *Hercules!* I beg you—
THEU. Preſs me not.
CAL. Vain's your refuſal, this one only fault—
Pardon this one—I beg it for my ſake.
TRA. And why ſo loth to pardon? As if I
Should not commit another fault to-morrow—
And then, you'll have a right to puniſh me
For this and that at once——
CAL. Let me prevail.
THEU. About your buſineſs then—Begone, unpuniſh'd:
But hear me, thank him for it—Now, ſpectators,
The Play is finiſh'd—Give us your applauſe.

*** In the firſt Scene of this Act, we have a lively picture of *Tranio*'s impudence as well as his cunning and ingenuity, in endeavouring to ward off the puniſhment he found his maſter was meditating for him; and this naturally brings on the cataſtrophe: which was to be, the inducing the old gentleman to be reconciled to his ſon, and to pardon *Tranio*. Thus ends this Comedy; in our opinion, one of the moſt regular, as well as moſt entertaining of any of *Plautus*.

It may not be amiſs to inform the reader, if it has not already occurred to him, that *The Intriguing Chambermaid*, a Comedy of two Acts of the late *Henry Fielding*, is founded upon it. Our *Theuropides* he calls *Goodall*, his intriguing chambermaid *Lettice* is our *Tranio*, and our *Philolaches* is his *Valentine*. The entertainment, the old man's return from a voyage, the driving him off from ſurpriſing the company that were carouſing with his ſon in his own houſe, by making him believe it was haunted, the pretending the young gentleman had purchaſed another in the room of it, are all introduced with but little variation; ſcarce more than was neceſſary to accommodate it to modern times. This hint is ſufficient. For any thing farther, the reader is referred to the Comedy itſelf.

End of The APPARITION.

THE CHEAT.

PERSONS of the DRAMA,

SIMO, *a citizen of* Athens.
CALIDORUS, *his son, in love with* PHOENICIUM.
CHARINUS, *friend of* CALIDORUS.
PSEUDOLUS, *servant of* SIMO *and* CALIDORUS.
SIMIA, *a counterfeit.*
CALLIPHO, *friend of* SIMO.
BALLIO, *a procurer.*
COOK, } *servants of* BALLIO.
BOY }
Other servants of BALLIO.
HARPAX, *a boy.*

PHŒNICIUM, *mistress of* CALLIDORUS.

SCENE, *ATHENS.*

*PROLOGUE.

THIS day let me engage you: for this day
Good things I bring you here upon the ſtage.
Indeed, in my opinion, 'tis moſt equitable,
To good men to bring good, to bad men evil.
That all may have their due; the bad, things bad;
The good, things good.--Bad men are what they are,
Becauſe they hate the good—The good, becauſe
They hate the evil, muſt themſelves be good.
And therefore you are good; ſince you have always
Hated the bad; and by your laws and legions
Have driven them hence ſucceſsfully like *Romans*—
Now, as good men, beſtow your beſt attention
On theſe our good comedians, who to-day,
With the like juſtice bring good things to you.
Ears, eyes, imaginations, underſtandings,
Amply ſhall here be feaſted, amply fill'd.
But with an empty ſtomach, or dry mouth,
Whoe'er ſhall have come hither, all the time
Shall be kept broad awake, though not with laughing.

* PROLOGUE.] The commentators inform us that this Prologue is not to be found in ſome old MSS. the two laſt lines only excepted. *Camerarius* however allows it to be very ancient; and as it is in all the printed editions we have ſeen, we have made no doubt of tranſlating it.

To thoſe who have din'd, we ſhall give laugh enough—
Thoſe who have not, will ſtill be out of humour,
And ſtill find faults.—You then, who now are hungry,
If you have ſenſe, give place, and get you gone—
You with full bellies, ſtay; ſit down, and give
Attention—I ſhall not diſcover to you
The plot, nor yet the name of this our comedy,
That will be fully done by *Pſeudolus*—
In this I'm quite convinc'd I've ſaid enough,
Caſt off your cares; this day's a day of leiſure;
Where wit and joking, laughter, wine and jollity,
Are proper: where the graces, and decorum
Are mix'd with chearfulneſs, and true delight.
Who ſeeks aught elſe; I think he ſeeks for evil.
'Tis the beſt way for ſuch a man to ſtretch
His loins, riſe up and ſo walk off—For *Plautus*
Is bringing a long Play upon the ſtage.

V. 27. *That will be fully done by* Pſeudolus—] Thus *Plautus*, at the ſame time humourouſly, after his manner, tells the ſpectators, the name of the Comedy. For it is certain that the *perſon of* Pſeudolus does not tell it them.

V. 28. —*I'm quite convinc'd*—] The original is, *puto jam atque deputo*. *Deputo* is the ſame as *puto*; but only ſtrengthens the expreſſion: as if he had ſaid, *I think and think again*.

V. 33. —*aught elſe*—] The editions in general read *alta*, *ſublime things*; but that of *Elzevir*, 1652, reads *alia*; which we think makes much better ſenſe than *alta*, ſo have tranſlated it accordingly.

V. 35. *His loins*—] In the poſture of ſitting, the muſcles of the loins are contracted, unleſs one ſits very erect,

THE

THE

*CHEAT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter CALIDORUS *with a letter in his hand, and* PSEUDOLUS.

PSEUDOLUS.

IF from your ſilence, Sir, I could but learn
With what ſad cares you pine thus wretchedly,
Gladly I'd ſave the troubling of two perſons,
Myſelf in aſking, you in anſwering.
But as I cannot learn that way, I'm forc'd 5

* PLAUTUS calls this Comedy *PSEUDOLUS*, the name he has given to a ſervant, a principal character in it; and on whoſe tricks and contrivances all the incidents depend. The word is from the *Greek* Ψευδολος, diminutive from Ψευδης, *a lyar*. We have therefore called it *The CHEAT*.

V. 2. *With what ſad cares*—] The original is, *quæ miſeriæ te tam miſerè macerant*, which to preſerve *Plautus*'s jingle of words, might be tranſlated more literally, *what ſad diſtreſs diſtreſsfully torments you?*

To

To aſk you, and pray anſwer me this queſtion,
What is the cauſe, that now for many days
You're ſo diſpirited; and in your hands
Still hold a letter, which you wet with tears:
To none imparting the ſad ſecret?—Now
Speak out; that I may know't as well as you.
CAL. Ah! *Pſeudolus!* I am a wretched wretch!
PSEU. Forbid it, *Jupiter!*
CAL. This caſe of mine
Lies not before his court. 'Tis from the ſentence
Of *Venus* that I ſuffer, not from *Jupiter*'s.
PSEU. May I not know it, Sir? You us'd e'er now
To make me chief of all your confidants.
CAL. So would I now—
PSEU. Then tell me what's the matter,
I ſhall find means; if not, I ſhall contribute

V. 9. —*a letter*—] That he means, which he had received from *Phœnicium* his miſtreſs.

V. 11. —*I am a wretched wretch!*] The original is, *miſerè miſer ſum.* Literally, the ſame kind of jingle.

V. 15. —*of* Venus—] Youth of both ſexes from the age of ten to eighteen, were ſuppoſed to be under the dominion of *Venus*, to whom, when they were going to be married, they offered up the baby toys they had amuſed themſelves with in their infancy,

Nempe hoc quod Veneri *donatæ a virgine pupæ*——
Perſius, Sat. ii. v. 70.

As maids to *Venus* offer baby toys—— DRYDEN.

V. 19. —*I ſhall contribute*—] *Terence* has the ſame ſentiment, almoſt in the ſame words.

——*crede inquam mihi,*
Aut conſolando, aut conſilio, aut re juvero——
Heautontimoreumenos, Act I. Scene I, v. 33.

My aid, or give good counſel that may ſerve you.
CAL. Then take this letter, [*gives a letter.*] and there learn what cares
Make me thus wretched, and thus pine—
PSEU. I'll do
Juſt as you'd have me—But what's this, I pray?
[*looking on the letter.*
CAL. Why, what's the matter?
PSEU. Sir, in my opinion
The letters fain would propagate their ſpecies,
They climb ſo on the back of one another.
CAL. For your own ſport you play the fool with me.
PSEU. 'Troth, I believe, unleſs a Sybil reads them,
None elſe can tell the meaning of the ſcrawl.
CAL. Why ſuch ſweet letters treat with ridicule,
Wrote on ſo ſweet a table, with a hand
As ſweet?
PSEU. What, in the name of wonder, then,
Have hens got hands?—For nothing but a hen
Could ſcratch theſe characters—
CAL. Impertinent!
Or read the letter, or return it—
PSEU. Nay,
I'll read it through—But give me your attention.
CAL. I cannot—My attention's not at home.

——Prithee truſt me,
By conſolation, counſel or aſſiſtance,
I poſſibly may ſerve you—— COLMAN.

V. 25. *The letters fain—*] The ſpeaker means that the letters were wrote not in a ſtrait line.

V. 28. —*a Sybil—*] One who might divine the meaning of what ſhe could not read.

PSEU.

PSEU. Then call it in—

CAL. No, I'll in ſilence wait.
'Tis in that letter; call it home from thence;
There my attention's lodg'd, not in my breaſt.
PSEU. Methinks I ſee your miſtreſs, *Calidorus!*
CAL. See her!—O, where?
PSEU. Why in this letter here.
Stretch'd at full length ſhe lies upon the paper.
CAL. May all the gods and goddeſſes!—
PSEU. Preſerve me!
CAL. Not long ſince, was I like a plant that ſprings

V. 39. *'Tis in that letter; call it home from thence;*] The original is, *ex cerâ cita*, literally, *call it from that wax.* The tables the *Romans* wrote upon, were covered with wax, to receive the impreſſion made by the ſtyle they marked with.

Nonne liber medias ceras implere capaces
Quadrivio?— *Juvenal*, Sat. i. v. 63.
Would it not make a modeſt author dare
To draw his table-book within the ſquare— DRYDEN.

V. 40. —*There my attention's lodg'd*—] It is poſſible the reader may have been beforehand with me, in recollecting a thought in *Shakſpeare* very ſimilar to this—

——Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæſar*,
And I muſt pauſe till it come back to me.
Julius Cæſar, Act III. Scene VI. *Antony.*

V. 41. *Methinks I ſee your miſtreſs,*] A paſſage not much unlike this, the reader may poſſibly recollect in *Shakſpeare*—

Hamlet. My father!—methinks I ſee my father.
Horatio. O where, my lord?
Hamlet. In my mind's eye, *Horatio.*
Hamlet, Act I. Scene IV.

V. 43. —*ſhe lies upon the paper.*] The original is, *in cera cubat*, literally, *ſhe lies upon the wax.* See Note on Verſe 39.

In

In ſolſtice ſeaſon—Sudden I ſprang up,
As ſuddenly decay'd—

PSEU. Be ſilent, Sir,
'Till I have read it—

CAL. Why then don't you read it?

PSEU. [*reading.*] "*Phœnicium* to her lover *Calidorus*,
"By means of wax, wood, and expreſſive letters,
"Sends health—From you ſhe begs health to herſelf;

V. 46. *In ſolſtice ſeaſon*—] The commentators are much divided in their opinion what plant *Plautus* here alludes to. It ſeems to mean any autumnal plant in general. In autumn the dews are large; and falling in plenty, cauſe plants to flouriſh with vigour; which the ſun the next day, ſoon cauſes to wither and decay. *Auſonius* is thought to have had his eye on this paſſage, in his verſes on the death of a deſerving youth—

Oſtentatus, raptuſque ſimul
Solſtitialis velut herba ſolet.
Held forth to view, then inſtant ſnatch'd away,
Juſt like a plant that ſprings in ſolſtice ſeaſon——

The ſolſtice even in *France*, much more in *Italy* and *Greece*, muſt wither plants ſown at that ſeaſon, before they come to maturity—

"Let them be as the graſs upon the houſe-tops, which wither-
"eth afore it groweth up." *Pſalm* cxxix. V. 6.

Afore it groweth up—*i. e.* afore it comes to maturity.

V. 50. —*expreſſive letters*—] *Literaſque interpretes. Letters, the interpreters of the mind.* So *Horace* calls the tongue.

Poſt effert animi motus interprete lingua. *Ars Poetica*, v. 111.
The tongue theſe various movements muſt expreſs.
FRANCIS.

V. 51. —*ſends health*] The cuſtom of beginning letters with ſending health was very common among the *Romans*.

Hanc tibi Priamides *mittit*, Ledæa, *ſalutem*,
Quæ tribui ſola te mihi dante potes——
——Epiſt. xvi. V. 1.
All health, fair nymph, thy *Paris* ſends to thee,
Tho' you, and only you, can give it me. DUKE.

"Begs

" Begs it with weeping eyes, with trembling hand;
" With thoughts diſtracted, and heart full of fears—"
CAL. Undone!—For no where find I, *Pſeudolus*,
That health to ſend her—
PSEU. What health?—
CAL. Health in money.
PSEU. Would you, for health which ſhe ſends you on paper,
Return the compliment to her in money?—
Conſider what you do——
CAL. Do but read on;
And from the letter, I'll engage you'll find
What preſſing need I have to raiſe ſome money.
PSEU. [*reading.*] " The pandar, you muſt know, my dear, has ſold me
" To a *Macedonian* captain now abroad,
" For twenty minæ—Fifteen he paid down
" E'er his departure—Five remain ſtill due.
" For theſe, the captain left behind a token,
" His image ta'en in wax from a ſeal-ring;
" So that whoever brings the like impreſſion,
" The pandar is to ſend me off with him;
" And the next feaſt of *Bacchus* is the day
" Appointed."

V. 56. —*ſhe ſends you one of wood* [*on paper,*] Alluding to the tables made of wood, on which the letter was wrote. *Plautus* here ſeems to have a double entendre, alluding to the different acceptation of the word *ſalus*, which means health, or the goddeſs of health—Will you give her a *ſilver ſalus* for a *wooden one?*

V. 69. —*the next feaſt of* Bacchus—] *Proxima* Dionyſia. The *Athenians* celebrated ſeveral feaſts in honour of *Bacchus*. They were called *Dionyſia* from Διονυσιος, one of the names of *Bacchus*. By that name they are mentioned in *Terence*.

CAL.

CAL. That's to-morrow—Near at hand
Thus is my ruin, if you cannot find
Means to prevent it—

PSEU. Let me read to the end.

CAL. I'd have you—For the while you read, with her
I ſeem converſing—Pray read on—You give me
In this the ſweet and bitter mix'd together.

PSEU. [*reading.*] "Now all our loves, and lover's
"ways familiar,
"Our jokes, and play, ſweet converſe and ſweet
"kiſſes,
"Our equal cloſe embracings, wanton woundings
"With tender lips, provoking, gentle preſſures
"Of riſing breaſts; theſe pleaſures are all vaniſh-
"ing,
"From you as well as me; and ſeparation,
"Diſtance, a deſart of all bliſs is coming,
"Unleſs from this ſad fate you can preſerve me,
"Or think that I alone can make you happy.
"Thus have I taken care, that you ſhould know
"All that I know myſelf: and ſhall experience
"Now from the event, what real love you bear me,
"Or what make meer pretences to!——Farewell!"

CAL. 'Tis a ſad writing—

PSEU. Sadly writ, indeed!

CAL. Why doſt not weep?—

V. 89. *—Sadly writ indeed!*] The original is; *Eſt miſerè ſcriptum. Pſeudolus* replies, *O, miſerrimè!* which may only mean, *It is a ſad or melancholy letter.* To which *Pſeudolus* replies, *Yes, very ſad.* But we rather think he puns upon the word, and alludes to the bad writing mentioned before; and have endeavoured to tranſlate it accordingly.

PSEU. My eyes are pumice ſtones, I cannot make them ſhed a ſingle tear.

CAL. Why ſo?

PSEU. I'm of a dry-eyed generation.

CAL. And will you then adventure nought to aid me?

PSEU. What can I do for you?

CAL. Ah me! [*ſighing.*

PSEU. Ah me! I can ſupply you with ah me's! enough: Nor need you e'er be ſparing of the uſe of them.

CAL. Unhappy me! I ne'er ſhall find, my *Pſeudolus*, The means of borrowing money any where.

PSEU. Ah me!

CAL. I've not a ſingle piece at home.

PSEU. Ah me!

CAL. The fellow bears her off to-morrow.

PSEU. Ah me!

CAL. Is this the way then you aſſiſt me?

PSEU. I give you what I have—I've of this coin At home, a fund that's inexhauſtible.

CAL. Nay, then 'tis over with me—Can't you lend One drachma but?—You ſhall be paid to-morrow.

PSEU. Scarcely I think, if I ſhould pawn myſelf for it. What could a drachma do?

CAL. 'Twould buy a rope.

PSEU. For what?

CAL. To hang myſelf—For I'm determin'd E'er dark to take a leap into the dark.

V. 109. —e'er dark, &c.] The original is, *ante tenebras, tenebras perſequi.*

PSEU. Then who ſhall pay my drachma, if I lend it?

And would you wilfully go hang yourſelf,
To cheat me, ſhould I lend it, of my drachma?

CAL. Should ſhe become another's, and I loſe her,
I could on no account ſurvive the loſs.

PSEU. Why do you weep, you cuckow?—You ſhall live.

V. 115. *Why do you weep, you cuckow?—*] *Cuckow* has time out of mind been a term of reproach in general. It was commonly applied among the *Roman* common people to the vine-dreſſers, or gatherers in vintage time. This we learn from *Horace*.

——————*durus*
Vindemiator, et invictus, cui ſæpe victor
Celſiſſet magna compellat voce cucullum.
Lib. i. Sat. vii. V. 29.

A vine-dreſſer he was of ruſty tone,
Whom oft the traveller was forc'd to own
Invincible, with clamorous voice oppreſt,
When cuckow, cuckow, was the ſtanding jeſt.
FRANCIS.

And our author again,

At etiam cubat cucullus——
Aſinaria, Act V. Scene V. v. 73.

The cuckow ſtill upon his neſt——

And in other places. But it was in particular ſo, to huſbands who had tranſgreſſed in regard to the marriage-bed.

Similar to this, though not in an angry ſenſe, *Shakſpeare*.

When daiſies pied and violets blue,
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.
The cuckow then on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow!

CAL. Have I not cauſe? when I have neither money,
Nor hope to raiſe a ſingle piece.

PSEU. I find then
By the tenor of this letter, that unleſs
You could weep ſilver drachma's in her lap,
All you can do to endear you by your tears,
Would be but ſending water in a ſieve.
But I'm your friend, fear not, I'll not deſert you.
I've hopes by hook or crook, this very day
To get you a ſupply of money ſomewhere.
And yet I can't tell how—'Tis all to come—
But that it will be ſo, I make no doubt,
The dancing of my eyelids tell me ſo—

CAL. O that your words may be made good by deeds!

Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear.
Love's Labour's Loſt, Act V. Sc. X. *The Song.*

Of this enough. But if the reader chuſes any thing farther, he may conſult *Eraſmi Adagia*, Chil. iv. cent. v. *V.* 84.

V. 117. —*a ſingle piece.*] The original is, *libella*, a ſmall *Roman* coin, the tenth of a denier; value about three farthings of our money.

V. 123. —*by hook or crook*—] The original is, *me bonâ operâ aut hâc mâ, by honeſt means, or means becoming me as a ſlave, roguiſh ones.* I have made uſe of a common expreſſion, which means pretty much the ſame thing.

V. 127. *The dancing of my eye-lids*—] An antient ſuperſtition.

Αλλεται ὀφθαλμος μου ὁ δεξιός· ἀρά γ' ἰδησῶ
Αυταν—— THEOCRITUS, Idyl. iii. V. 37.

My right eye itches now; and ſhall I ſee
My love?—— CREECH.

Nor is it at this day totally exploded; eſpecially among the common people.

PSEU.

PSEU. You know if once I ſet my wheels a going,
What ſtir and buſtle I am us'd to raiſe.
CAL. My every hope is center'd now in you.
PSEU. Will you be ſatisfied, if I this day,
Make the girl yours, or get the twenty minæ?
CAL. Well ſatisfied, if ſo it comes about.
PSEU. The twenty minæ, then demand of me.
That you may know, I'll make good all I ſay,
Demand them now—I long to engage for them.
CAL. Will you this day then get me twenty minæ?
PSEU. I will—So be no farther troubleſome.
And that you may not ſay I did not promiſe,
I tell you this beforehand, if I fail,
I'll touch your father for the money.
CAL. Now may the gods preſerve you for my ſervice!
Nay, if you can, for aught my duty hinders,
E'en touch my mother too—
PSEU. For that be eaſy,
And ſleep on either eye—
CAL. On either eye!

V. 129. —*ſet my wheels a going,*] The original is, *mea ſi commovi ſacra*, literally, *if once I move what I have dedicated to the gods.* Taken perhaps, ſays *Lambin*, from things dedicated to *Bacchus*, which no one moved without being puniſhed for it; and even if *Bacchus* himſelf attempted it, it was the occaſion of much confuſion and diſorder.

V. 142. —*I'll touch your father*—] The original is, *tuum patrem tangam.* It is remarkable, that we ſhould have the ſame cant word as the *Romans* had—*touch*—And there is more humour in repeating it in *Engliſh*, with regard to the mother, as it is in V. 145.

V. 147. —*Or either ear do you mean?*] A *Latin* proverb uſed by *Terence* as well as our author, and borrowed from the *Greek*.

Or either ear, do you mean?

PSEU. The latter is
Too trite a saying—Now that none may say
That they were not forewarn'd, I here proclaim
To all both young and old, that here are present,
To all my friends, and those to whom I'm known,
That they this day take more especial care
How they give credit to me.

CAL. Hist! Be silent!

PSEU. Why, what's the matter now?

CAL. The pandar's door!
I hear it creak.—

——*Ademptum tibi jam faxo omnem metum,*
In aurem utramvis otiosè ut dormias——
Heautontimoreumenos, Act II. Scene III. v. 100.

——I mean to ease you of your fear,
That you in peace on either ear may sleep——
COLMAN.

Επ' ἀμφότερα νυ̃ χ' ἡ πτελήρος ὕαται,
Μέλλει καθευδήσειν κατεγέασα μεγα
Καὶ περιβόητον ἐργὸν——
MENANDER.

Now may our heiress sleep on either ear,
Having perform'd a great and mighty feat,
And satisfied the longings of her soul.
COLMAN.

Nihil est, quod in dextram aurem fiducia mei dormias: non impune cessatur. *Plinii*, Lib. iv. Epist. 29.

It is to no purpose to sleep on your right ear in confidence of my indulgence; your idleness will not go unpunished——

V. 154. *I hear it creak.*—] The original is, *concrepuit*. *Terence* uses the same expression.

Sed ostium concrepuit— *Hecyra*, Act IV. Scene I. v. 6.
But our door creaks!—— COLMAN.

PSEU.

PSEU. I would it were his legs.
'Tis the old rogue himſelf is coming forth.
[*they ſtand apart.*

SCENE II.

Enter BALLIO, *the procurer, and* * *ſeveral ſlaves.*

BAL. Come out, beſtir, ye lazy, dear-bought ſcrubs,
Who ne'er once think of doing what is right.
Of whom, unleſs after this manner treated,
[*beating them.*
No good is to be got—I ne'er ſaw men
Such aſſes, ſo unfeeling are their ſides,
Beat them, you hurt yourſelf—Such diſpoſitions
Have theſe ſame whipping-ſtocks, they'll counſel thus
Each other: Whenſoe'er occaſion ſerves,
Take, pilfer, pocket, ſeize upon, drink, gormandize,
Then run away—This is their trade—
You may as well leave wolves among your ſheep,
As theſe to guard your houſe—To look upon them,
You'd think them ſomething; they have no bad aſpect;
But when you come to action, they deceive you.

* —*ſeveral ſlaves*—] *Lorarii:* who were the ſlaves whoſe buſineſs it was to bind and ſcourge other ſlaves when ordered by their maſter: from *lorum, a ſcourge,* made of leather thongs.

V. 9. —*pilfer*—] *clepe:* from the *Greek* κλεπτω, which has that ſignification—*Take any thing by force, harpaga,* from the *Greek* ἁρπάζω, *to take any thing by force, to plunder.* From this word, *Moliere,* in his Comedy called *L'Avare, The Miſer,* has given his Miſer the name of *Harpagon.*

Hear now—Unleſs you will attend this charge;
Shake ſleep from off your eyes, and from your breaſt
Drive lazineſs, I'll have your ſides well ſcourg'd
With thongs, till they've as many colours on them
As carpets of *Campania*: and till
No *Alexandrian* tapeſtry, wrought with figures
Of beaſts, like them, be equally variegated.
Before I told you, gave you yeſterday
Your ſeveral taſks—But you're ſuch heedleſs animals,
And ſo perverſe, you force me thus with ſtripes
To make you do your duties, as you're order'd,
Such are your ſtubborn diſpoſitions.
Get then the better of this ſcourge and me.
Look at them—They're intent on other matters.
Attend to this, and mind now what I ſay;
Turn your ears to me, do, you race of raſcals,
Born for the ſcourge—You'll find this thong of mine
As tough as any of your backs, I warrant you.
[*ſtrikes one of them:*
How now?--Do you feel it?--This the ſlave deſerves

V. 20. *No* Alexandrian *tapeſtry*—]

Colores diverſos picturæ intexere Babylon *minime celebravit, et nomen impoſuit. Plurimis vero liciis texere, quæ Polymita appellant,* Alexandria *inſtituit*— *Plinii*, Nat. Hiſt. Lib. viii. cap. 48.

In *Babylon* they uſed much to weave their cloth of divers colours, and this was a great wearing among them; and cloths ſo wrought were called *Babylonica*. To weave cloth of tiſſue with twiſted threads both in woofe and warp, and the ſame of ſundry colours, was the invention of *Alexandria*, and ſuch clothes and garments were called *Polymita*. PHILEMON HOLLAND.

V. 21. —*equally variegated.*] The original is, *conchyliata*, a colour mixed with red and blue; making what we call a violet colour or purple.

Who

Who holds his maſter's orders in contempt.
Stand all of you before me, and attend
To what I ſay—You that have got a pitcher,
Bring water, and go fill that kettle there
Directly—You with the ax there, I aſſign
The taſk to cleave that wood—

SLAVE. But, Sir, the ax
Has loſt its edge—

BAL. Well, be it ſo—I think
The ſtripes you've had have taken off your edge—
Yet notwithſtanding you ſhall all be uſeful—
You, ſee and clean the houſe: you have your buſineſs.
Go, get you in—[*Exit 1 ſlave.*] You lay the couches ſmooth.
You, clean the plate, and place it all in order.
Be ſure, when from the Forum I return,
That I find all things ready: that I find them,
Bruſh'd, ſcour'd, ſmooth'd, each thing clean, and as it ſhould be.
It is my birth-day: and 'tis fit you all
Should celebrate it—Let the gammon, neck,
The loin, the paps, be ſoak'd a while in water.
D'ye mind me?—I ſhall make an entertainment
For men of rank, that they may look upon me
As of a man of property—Go in then,

V. 36. —*You that have got a pitcher,*] It ſeems not at all improbable but that *Ballio* giving directions to his ſervants, may have given Sir *Richard Steele* the hint of making *Sable* the undertaker give directions to his ſervants, in his Comedy called *The Funeral*, pretty much in the ſame manner.

V. 50. —*Let the gammon,* &c.] It has been often obſerved in the courſe of theſe notes, in particular on ſome paſſages in *The Captives*, in Vol. I. of this tranſlation, that what is here mentioned were eſteemed great delicacies by the *Romans*, and made always a part of their entertainments.

Get

Get all in readineſs; that when the cook
Comes to me, there be no delay—[*Exeunt ſlaves.*] I'll ſtrait
To market, and beſpeak there all the fiſh.
Go you before, boy—I muſt take great care
That no one cuts my purſe—Yet ſtay—I had
Almoſt forgot, I'd ſomething more to ſay
At home—Attend to me, ye women ſlaves.
I've ſome commands for you—You then, who ſpend
Your time with men of figure, in the indulgence
Of neatneſs, dainties and of delicacy;
You miſſes of diſtinction; I ſhall know
By trial made this day, which of you minds
Her perſon, which her appetite, and which
Thinks on her buſineſs, which on nought but ſleeping.
Which of you I ſhall think of ſetting free,
And which of parting with by ſale to others.
See that you bring home preſents in abundance
From your gallants this day.—For, mark,
Unleſs I raiſe of you a whole year's proviſion,
To-morrow I ſhall let you out for hire.
You know it is my birth-day—Where are now
Your men who love you as they do their eyes?
Who call you life, dear, darling, ſweeting, honey?
Here make them come in crowds before my doors
With preſents—Why procure I for your uſe
Money, and cloaths, and all—While I at home,
Get nothing but vexation for my pains.
Jades, ever moiſtening your clay with wine;
While I'm without a drop—I find 'tis beſt

V. 83. —*I find 'tis beſt*—] *Hoc factum eſt optimum.* Taubman is of opinion that this alludes to the words *bonum factum*, prefixed

To call you o'er by name; leſt ſome of you
Should ſay they were not told their buſineſs—Liſt!
Liſt all then—Firſt *Hedylium* with you—
Your dealings are among the corn-factors—
Who all heap up mountains of wheat at home.
Be it your care, they bring ſufficient hither,
To ſerve me and my family a year:
And that I may abound ſo much in corn,
The city may henceforward change my name,
And call the pandar *Ballio*, royal *Jaſon*.

CAL. [*apart.*] Do you hear the rogue? What pompous words he utters?

PSEU. In troth he does, and miſchievous ones too.

But let's be ſilent, and attend to him.

BAL. You too, who have your friends among the butchers,
Thoſe apes of us procurers, men who get,
Like us, their money by their perjuries,
You, *Æſchrodora*, hear me—If to-day
You fill not my three larders full of meat,

fixed to edicts, &c. which ſee explained at large in a Note on V. 19. at the end of the Prologue to *The Carthaginian*, Vol. IV. of this tranſlation.

V. 93. —*royal* Jaſon—] Not *Jaſon*, the ſon of *Æſon*, king of the *Argonauts*: but another *Jaſon*, who was king of *Theſſaly*, and lived in the time of *Epaminondas*.

V. 94. —*What pompous words he utters?*—] This is the ſenſe. But as there ſeems to be a jingle between *magnificus* and *malefices*, the words of the original, it might perhaps be imitated in ſome ſuch manner as the following one.

Cal. Think not he is
On the *grand-pas?*
Ben. Ay, all he does is *paw*——

I'll

I'll tye you up to-morrow to the larder,
As heretofore the ſons of *Jove* ſerv'd *Dircè*,
And tyed her to a bull, as ſays the ſtory—
Your bull ſhall be that larder—
PSEU. [*apart.*] I'm on fire
To hear the fellow's talk—Is't not a ſhame
The *Athenian* youth ſhould ſuffer ſuch a man.
Where are they, ſay, where ſkulk the youth who at
Maturity, have dealings with this pandar?
Why not agree, why not combine together
To rid the city of this peſtilence.
But I'm a fool, and ignorant of the matter.

V. 103. —*ſerv'd* Dircè,] *Dircè* was the daughter of *Lycus* king of *Thebes*, who married her, after he had divorced *Antiopè*. In revenge of which *Zethus* and *Amphion*, ſons of *Antiope* and *Jupiter*, faſtened *Dircè* to the tail of a wild bull, and cauſed *Lycus* to be put to death. *Limiers* from *Paſſeratius*.

The reader will find the ſtory at large, elegantly related in *Propertius*, Lib. iii. Eleg. xiii. V. 11, to the end.

V. 110. —*why not combine together*—] The original of this paſſage is pointed thus:

Ubi ſunt, ubi latent, quibus ætas integra eſt, qui amant a lenone, Quin conveniant quin unâ parte hàc, &c. which renders the conſtruction much embarraſſed. It would be more eaſy, if it was pointed thus,

—*quibus ætas integra eſt, qui amant. A lenone quin conveniant quin una parte hac*, &c. Here *parte hâc* is referred to *lenone*, and we have tranſlated it accordingly. If the common pointing is adhered to, *mulieres emptas*, or ſomething like it, muſt be underſtood—*qui amant a lenone*—i. e. *qui amant mulieres emptas a lenone, who are in love with women bought of the pandar.* And indeed a ſimilar expreſſion occurs again in our author—

Amat a lenone hic—— *Pœnulus*, Act V. Sc. II. V. 132.

i. e. *amat puellam quæ eſt in poteſtate lenonis. He is in love with a girl who is the property of the pandar.*

Dare

Dare they deal ſo with thoſe, to whom their luſt
Makes them ſubmiſſive; and prevents their acting
Againſt the rogues, as otherwiſe they would?
CAL. Pſha! Peace!
PSEU. Why ſo?
CAL. It is not quite ſo civil
To me, to ſpend your breath on ſuch a raſcal.
PSEU. Sir, I am dumb—
CAL. 'Tis better ſo you were,
Than keep thus prating of it.
BAL. *Xyſtilis*,
Do you attend to me—Your lovers deal
In oyl, and have large quantities at home.
If you procure me not ſome ſkins of oyl;
I'll put you in an empty ſkin to-morrow,
And hang you up in't 'gainſt the portico—
That ſkin ſhall be your bed—A bed, I warrant,
Of little ſleep, but languiſhment enough.
You mark the tendency of what I ſay—
You viper, you who have ſo many friends,
Laden with oyl, are any of the heads
Of theſe your fellow-ſlaves, ſay, are they better
Anointed for't? Or ſhall I have my lmſh
The better oyl'd for it—But well I know
You are too fond of wine to value oyl.
Aſſure yourſelf however, I'll pay off
All your old ſcores, you jade, if you this day

V. 131. *Anointed for't*—] *Pulmento uti magis. Unctiuſculo*, which is the original, ſignifies *to fare deliciouſly*, as *cœnam ſine uncto*, in *Perſius*, Sat. vi. V. 16. means the contrary.
GRONOVIUS.

The cuſtom of uſing oyl with their meat, was common among the *Romans*; as appears from many paſſages in antient authors.

Perform

Perform not what I here enjoin you?—Now,
For you, *Phœnicium*, now I ſpeak to you,
The minion of the great, you who are always
So ready to pay down the money for
Your liberty, yet never keep your word:
Unleſs good ſtore come from your friends to-day,
To-morrow ſees your hide under the pent-houſe,
Dyed with *Phœnician* colour, my *Phœnicium*.

[*Exeunt ſlaves.*

SCENE III.

CALLIDORUS *and* PSEUDOLUS *come forward.*

CAL. Hear you not what he ſays, my *Pſeudolus?*
PSEU. I hear it, Sir, and take good notice of it.
CAL. What preſent would you have me ſend to him,
To hinder him from making my own miſtreſs
Stand here for hire?
PSEU. Take you no care about it;
But ſmooth your mind—I'll take ſufficient care
Both for myſelf and you—'Tis now long time
That he and I have equally well wiſh'd
Each other—An old grudge ſubſiſts between us.
I'll ſend him ſomething upon this his birth-day,
Some heavy miſchief—
CAL. But be ſpeedy with
Whate'er is to be done—
PSEU. Mind ſomething elſe,
Can't you?
CAL. But—

V. 143. —Phœnician *colour*—] i. e. *purple.*

PSEU.

PSEU. Huſh!

CAL. I'm on the rack—

PSEU. Take courage.

CAL. I can't—

PSEU. Endeavour—

CAL. How can I controul
My paſſion?

PSEU. By attending more to what
Regards your intereſt, than in your diſtreſs,
What ſuits your inclination—

CAL. Trifling all!
There's no delight in love unmix'd with folly.

PSEU. Do you perſiſt?

CAL. Let me alone, my *Pſeudolus*,
And let me be undone—

PSEU. I may depart then? [*going.*

CAL. Stay, ſtay—I'll be as you would have me be.

PSEU. Now you talk ſenſibly—

BAL. Time wears. I loiter.
Go you before, boy— [*going.*

CAL. Hola! there—He's gone—
But call him back—

PSEU. And why in ſuch a hurry—
Gently— [*to* CALLIDORUS, *who is preſſing him.*]

CAL. Before he's gone—

BAL. What hindrance now?
Do you ſaunter now?— [*to the Boy.*

V. 13. *Huſh!—*] The original is *bat*; which we are told is uſed by *Plautus* as an interjection of ſilence.

PSEU.

PSEU. You, born to-day! you, born to-day!
'Tis you I call; you born to-day, look on us—
Whatever buſineſs you're about, we ſtay you.
Stop—There are thoſe who fain would ſpeak with you.

BAL. What is the matter? Who is't ſtops me thus,
When I have buſineſs?

CAL. One who has been your friend.

BAL. Your has been friend is dead—The man that is,
He is your living friend—

PSEU. You are too ſaucy.

BAL. You, too impertinent—

CAL. Lay hold on him!
O'ertake him—

BAL. On boy—

PSEU. This way let us meet him.

BAL. Confound thee, whoſoe'er thou art!

PSEU. And thee!—

BAL. And both of you, ſay I!—Turn this way, boy—

PSEU. Muſt I not ſpeak to you?

BAL. When I pleaſe, you may.

PSEU. Suppoſe 'tis for your intereſt?

BAL. You may.
Have I your leave to live, or have I not?

PSEU. Piha! ſtop—

BAL. Nay, let me go—

V. 26. *You born to-day,*] *Hodiè nate. You whoſe birth-day this is,* Scene II. V. 75.

V. 40. *—to live, or have I not?*] i. e. *do not plague me to death with your impertinence.*

CAL. But, *Ballio*, hear——

BAL. I'm deaf; you talk but nonſenſe—

CAL. When I had
To give, I gave——

BAL. What's given I aſk not for——

CAL. And when I have it, I will give again.

BAL. When that's the caſe, why take away your miſtreſs.

CAL. Alas! How ill my money's been beſtow'd,
How ill my preſents!

BAL. Now your money's gone,
You give me words—Fool that you are, your cauſe
Is tried already—

PSEU. Ay, but know at leaſt,
Who 'tis that ſpeaks to you.—

BAL. Full well I know
Who once he was—Who he is now, is beſt
Known to himſelf.—On, boy—

PSEU. What! not one look,
When 'tis your intereſt—

BAL. At that price, I will.
For were I to high *Jove* to ſacrifice;
The entrails in my hand, ready to lay
Upon the altar, ſhew one glimpſe of intereſt,
With joy I'd quit the unfiniſh'd ceremony.

V. 48. *Is tried already*—] *Rem actam agis.* A term in civil law. This is the ſenſe moſt of the commentators give it. But it may mean, according to *Lambin*, literally, *you are doing what is done already*; i. e. *you labour in vain, for what is done cannot be done again.* See *The Caſket*, Act IV. Scene I. v. 41. Vol. IV. of this tranſlation.

V. 55. —*ready to lay upon the altar,*] The original is, *ut porriciam. Porricere*, *Gronovius* tells us, is a ſolemn word made uſe of in ſacrifices; and means, *to lay the entrails on the altar in order for the burning of them.*

PSEU. This fellow's not to be attack'd with piety,
As others are—As to the gods, whom all
Ought highly to revere, he values not
A ruſh——

BAL. I'll ſpeak to him—Good day to you!
Of all *Athenian* ſlaves, the very vileſt. [*to* PSEU.

PSEU. The gods and goddeſſes protect you, *Ballio!*
It is his wiſh and mine——Or, if unworthy,
May they ne'er be propitious, nor protect you!

BAL. How fare you, *Callidorus?*

PSEU. Why, he fares
As well as love and poverty will let him.

BAL. If pity would maintain my family,
I'd pity him——

PSEU. We know you well enough,
No need proclaim yourſelf—But know you, *Ballio*,
What we would with you?

BAL. I can gueſs—No good—

PSEU. Attend to this, and what we call'd you back for.

BAL. Well, I attend—But be as brief as may be,
For I am buſy——

PSEU. My young maſter here,
Is quite aſham'd he has not perform'd his promiſe:
And paid you at the time he had appointed,
The twenty minæ alſo for his miſtreſs.

BAL. What we're aſham'd of, with more eaſe we bear
Than what we're vex'd at.--The young man's aſham'd,

V. 78. *What we're aſham'd of*, &c.] A ſentiment, ſay the commentators, fitter for the mouth of a procurer, than an honeſt man. *Plautus* has one not much unlike it in another of his Comedies—

Pal

He has not paid the money—And I'm vex'd
I've not receiv'd it—

PSEU. He'll procure and pay it:
Wait a few days.—He only fears you'll ſell her,
Upon this diſappointment.

BAL. Had he choſe it,
He might have paid it to me long ago—

CAL. What if I had it not?—

BAL. Why, was you not
In love?—You ſhould have gone and borrow'd it—
Have given intereſt for it to a banker—
Or robb'd your father of it—

PSEU. Shameleſs raſcal!

Pol pudere quam pigere præſtat totidem literis—
Trinummus, Act II. Scene II. v. 64.

'Twere better *ſhame* than *blame*, though both are ſpelt
With nearly the ſame letters———
THORNTON, Vol. II. of this tranſlation.

And they ſeem to be founded on the proverb, *Lucrum pudori præſtat. Gain is better than ſhame.*

To which *Terence* ſeems alſo to allude—

———*Non pudet*
Vanitatis?—*Minimè dum ad rem*———
Phormio, Act III. Scene II. v. 40.

Arn't you aſham'd of ſuch baſe treachery?
Not I, while I can get by't——— COLMAN.

Sophocles alſo the ſame.

Τὸ κέρδος ἡδὺ κἂν ἀπὸ ψευδῶν ἔῃ———

Lucre is ever pleaſant, tho' obtain'd
By falſehood and deceit.
See *Eraſmi. Adagia*, Chil. Cent. 7.—14.

What! robb'd his father?—There's not any fear
You'll put him in an honeſt way of doing it.
BAL. That is not pandar like—
CAL. Is't like I ſhould
Steal from my father: from a man ſo cautious.
And if I could, duty forbids the crime.
BAL. I hear you—Take your duty to your arms
This night, inſtead of your *Phœnicium*.
But ſince your duty's to your love prefer'd,
Is every man your father?—Can't you borrow
Of ſome one elſe—
CAL. The term is obſolete.
BAL. They who inſiſt upon their own, yet pay not
The money that they owe, and leave the table,
When they have had ſufficient, then men learn
Caution from others never to lend money.
CAL. Moſt wretched am I! I ſhall ne'er procure
Some money: I'm as much undone by love,
As want of caſh—
BAL. Why then, buy oyl on truſt,
And ſell for ready money—By this means,
You eaſily will raiſe two hundred minæ.

V. 99. —*who inſiſt upon their own*—] Here is a chaſm in the original, and the ſenſe is imperfect. The common editions read *poſt*, and add an * as ſuppoſing ſomething is loſt. That of *Elzevir* 1652, leaves out *poſt*, and reads *diſſentu ſuo*, but prints it in Italicks.

V. 105. —*buy oyl on truſt, And ſell for ready money*—

Eme die cæca olivam, id vendito oculata die—

The foundation of this in *Latin* is, that thoſe who make theſe kind of bargains, have an eye only to the preſent time, that is, the ready money they receive; but keep themſelves in the dark, and are blind to the future conſequences of it. Not much unlike the practice

CAL. The quina-vicinarian law there ruins me—
All fear to truſt me—
BAL. That ſame law binds me.
I am afraid to truſt——
PSEU. Afraid to truſt?—
Repent you then the profit you've made of him?
BAL. He's no true lover, who deſiſts from giving—
Give to the laſt—And when he has nothing left,
Then let him ceaſe to love—
CAL. No ſpark of pity!
BAL. You're empty handed—Speeches make no chink.
I wiſh you, Sir, however, health and life—
PSEU. What! is he dead then?
BAL. In ſome ſort he is—
He's with theſe ſpeeches really dead to me.
When his procurer's pleas'd, a lover lives.
Be your complaint to me, a monied one.
For this ſame want of caſh, which you lament
So deeply, tell your ſtory to your ſtep-mother.

practice of our modern ſtock-jobbers in *Exchange-Alley*; who buy and ſell ſtock on *ſpeculation*, and truſt to the conſequences.

V. 108. *The* quina-vicinarian *law*—] So called, becauſe it was made in favour of young men under the age of twenty-five. *Plautus* again alludes to it. See *The Shipwreck*, Vol. II, of this tranſlation, Act V. Scene XIV. v. 36. and Mr. THORNTON's note on the paſſage. It was alſo called *Lex* Lætoria, *the* Lætorian *law*.

V. 123. —*to your ſtep-mother.*—] The harſh and uncompaſſionate temper of ſtep-mothers, or mothers-in law, to their huſbands children, is often mentioned by the ancients, and became a ſort of proverb. So that to complain of any thing to a perſon without compaſſion, was as if to complain to a *ſtep-mother*.
LIMIERS.

PSEU. Say, was you ever married to his father?
BAL. From ſuch a thing as that, defend me, gods!
PSEU. I prithee, *Ballio*, do what we requeſt,
And, if you will not truſt him, on my faith,
Both ſea and land I'll ranſack, but I'll pay
The money in three days—
BAL. Truſt you!—
PSEU. Why not?
BAL. Becauſe I look upon the truſting you
Like tying up a dog with chitterlings,
That's like to run away—
CAL. And do you thus
Requite the favours I have done to you?
BAL. What would you with me now?
CAL. Only to wait
Six days before you ſell the girl, and be
The death of him who loves her—
BAL. Courage then,
Even ſix months I'll wait.
CAL. Well ſaid, a clever fellow!
BAL. Shall I then make you, happy as you are,
Still happier?
CAL. How is that?
BAL. Becauſe I've now
Got no *Phœnicium* to ſell to you.
CAL. Not have her?
BAL. Not I, truly.

Mors mihi munus erit. Decet hæc dare dona novercam.
OVID *Metam.* Lib. ix. V. 781.

——Death would prove
To me a bleſſing; and a ſtep-dame's love
May ſuch a bleſſing give—— SANDYS.

CAL.

CAL. Hither *Pseudolus*,
The victims bring, the offerings and the priests,
That I may sacrifice to this high *Jove*,
A greater *Jove* to me, than *Jove* himself.
BAL. I want no victims, give me but the entrails.
CAL. Why this delay?—Hasten and bring the lambs—
Hear you not *Jove* here?—
PSEU. I'll be here this instant.
I will but run without the *Metian* gate—
CAL. Why thither?
PSEU. But to bring two executioners
With carts; fit priests for him—With them, two flocks.

V. 142. —*priests*—] The original is, *lanios*, which properly means *butchers*; but, in this place, is the same with *victimarii* or *popæ*, the priests whose business it was to kill the beast for sacrifice, and to offer it up when slain.

V. 146. —*give me but the entrails.*] *At minis me extis placari volo.* This passage is difficult to understand, more so to translate, as there is a double entendre not to be maintained in *English*. It consists in the different senses of the word *mina*, which signifies the piece of money so called, and the teat of a sheep, without milk. *Callidorus* takes it in the latter sense, as wanting it literally to make part of his intended sacrifice; but *Ballio*, the procurer, chuses to take it in the former sense, viz. money. Some editions, instead of *at minis*, read *agninis*. If this reading is preferred, it may mean, only, *give me the entrails*; as they were the eatable, that is, the profitable part; and we have so translated it.

V. 148. —*without the* Metian *gate*—] where butchers kept their shops. It was also the place where common executioners lived, and where gibbets were erected for the execution of malefactors, and whipping-posts for the punishment of criminals.

V. 150. *With carts*—] The original is, *cum tintinabulis*. *Tintinabulum* properly means *a little bell*: but is also means *a cart*;

Of elm twigs—to appeaſe this *Jove* of ours—
I'll to gibbet ſend this pandaring *Jupiter*.

ſo called on account of the creaking of its wheels when it is drawn along. And ſome commentators tell us, it has that ſenſe in this paſſage; *Lambin*, on the authority of *Jul. Scaliger*, *Taubman*, and *De L'Oeuvre* in particular. Other commentators will have it mean *bells*, and abuſe *Scaliger* for his interpretation of it. It is acknowledged that prieſts, eſpecially thoſe of *Cybele*, in their proceſſions made a confuſed noiſe, with timbrels, cymbals, pipes, bells, &c.

Tympana tenta tonat palmis, et cymbala circum,
Concava, raufinoque minantur cornua cantu.

Lucretius, Lib. ii. V. 615.

Amidſt her pomp, fierce drums and cymbals beat,
And the hoarſe horns with ratling notes do threat.

CREECH.

There is a paſſage in *Longinus* which ſeems to favour this ſenſe.

——ἐπέιτοι τὸ πανταχοῦ κώδωνας ἀνηφθαι λιαν σοφιστικόν.

Sect. 23.

Which Mr. *Smith* tranſlates thus:

For to hang ſuch trappings to every paſſage is highly pedantic.

On this he has the following note.

"I have given this paſſage ſuch a turn, as, I hope, will clear "the meaning to the *Engliſh* reader. The literal tranſlation is, "*For hanging the bells every where, favours too much of the ſophiſt* "*or pedant*. The metaphor is borrowed from a cuſtom among the "antients, who at publick games and concourſes were uſed to "hang little bells (κώδωνας) on the bridles and trappings of their "horſes, that their continual chiming might add pomp to the "ſolemnity."

"The robe or ephod of the high-prieſt in the Moſaic diſpenſation had this ornament of bells, though another reaſon, "beſide the pomp and dignity of the ſound, is alledged for it. "See *Exodus*, chap. xxviii. v. 33, 34."

On the whole, the reader will adopt which ſenſe he thinks proper.

BR... 0818

BAL. 'Tis not for your advantage, I ſhould die.

PSEU. Your reaſon?

BAL. This--If I were dead, you'd find
No greater rogue in *Athens* than yourſelf.

PSEU. Nor is't for your advantage I ſhould die.

BAL. Your reaſon—

PSEU. This—If I were dead, you'd find
No greater rogue in *Athens* than yourſelf—

CAL. But tell me, *Ballio*, in good earneſt tell me,
Have you not my *Phœnicium* now to ſell?

BAL. By *Pollux'* temple! no--I have her not--
I ſold her ſome time ſince--

CAL. And how?

BAL. Why ſtripp'd
Of all appertinences--but her purtenance.

CAL. What! ſold my love!

BAL. And well: for twenty minæ.

CAL. For twenty minæ?

BAL. If you like it better,
For four times five—To a *Macedonian* captain;
And have fifteen in hand—

CAL. What do I hear of you?

BAL. Hear!—That your love is turn'd to ready money.

CAL. How durſt you?—

BAL. 'Twas my pleaſure—ſhe was mine;

V. 163. *—her purtenance.*] The original is, *inteſtinis omnibus, with all her inwards*; he means, ſtark naked. *Purtenance* is a word ſtill in uſe in ſome countries, to ſignify the inwards of a calf, lamb, or any other animal, that are eatable; often called the *pluck*; and we meet with the word in Scripture. Speaking of the paſchal lamb, "Eat not of it raw, nor ſodden at all "with water, but roſt with fire: his head, with his legs, and "with the purtenance thereof—" *Exodus*, chap. xii. v. 9.

CAL.

CAL. Ho! *Pseudolus!* go bring a sword—

PSEU. For what!

CAL. To kill that rascal first, and then myself.

PSEU. Rather yourself—As for that rascal there, Famine will be his executioner.

CAL. Most perjur'd villain, that the earth e'er swallow'd,
Did you not swear you'd sell her but to me?

BAL. I own it—

CAL. Ay, and on your conscience too.

BAL. Ay, on my conscience.

CAL. You are perjur'd then,
You villain——.

BAL. I have got the money tho',
And wicked I, may broach it at my pleasure—
While you, a good and pious son, have nothing.

CAL. Assist me, *Pseudolus*, on either side,
To load this rascal here with maledictions.

V. 176. *Ay, and on your conscience too.*] The original is, *nempe conceptis verbis*; an expression our author often uses. The following passage may serve to illustrate it—

Non enim falsum jurare, perjurare est; sed quod ex animi tui sententia juraris sicut verbis concipitur more nostro, id non facere, perjurium est: scitè enim EURIPIDES—

Juravi lingua, mentem injuratam gero—
CICERO, *De Officiis*, Lib. iii. c. 29.

For to swear a thing and yet not to perform it, it is not immediately to forswear one's self. But then a man is properly said to be *perjured* when he swears *upon his conscience*, (as our form runs) to do such and such things, and yet does not do them—For that of EURIPIDES may be said in some cases to be very good.

——My tongue indeed swore, but my conscience
Did not assent—— COCKMAN.

PSEU.

PSEU. With all my heart—Nor would I to the Prætor
More ſwiftly run, was he to make me free.
CAL. Load him with curſes in abundance then.
PSEU. I'll publiſh him to all the world—Thou lack-ſhame!
BAL. Moſt true.
PSEU. Thou raſcal!—
BAL. True.
PSEU. Thou whipping-poſt!
BAL. Why not?
CAL. Thou robber of the dead!
BAL. For certain.
CAL. Jail-bird!
BAL. Well done—
CAL. Faithleſs!
BAL. O, that's my trade.
PSEU. Parricide!
BAL. On—
PSEU. Robber of holy places!
BAL. I own it—
CAL. Perjur'd!
BAL. An old ſtory that.
CAL. A law-breaker!
BAL. A ſtrong one—
PSEU. Peſt of youth!
BAL. O, much ſo—

V. 188. *Thou robber of the dead!*] The original is, *Buſtirape, one who plunders the dead, or ſnatches the victuals dreſt at the funeral feaſts.*

It is not impoſſible but that *Ballio*'s bearing *Pſeudolus*'s abuſe ſo patiently, may have given a hint to Sir *Richard Steele*; where in his Comedy of *The Tender Huſband*, he makes *Tipkin* ſubmit to *Sir Harry Gubbins*' abuſe, much in the ſame manner.

CAL.

CAL. Thief!

BAL. Ay, wonderful, indeed!

PSEU. Thou vagabond!

BAL. Pſhà! Pſhà!

CAL. Thou common cheat!

BAL. Moſt plainly ſo—

PSEU. Deceitful!—

CAL. Filthy bawd—

PSEU. Scum of the earth!

BAL. Fine fingers, both of you!

CAL. You beat your father and your mother—

BAL. Nay,
Kill'd them too, rather than give them food—
Is that a crime?

PSEU. No more: for all we ſay
Is juſt like pouring water in a ſieve,
Our labour's all in vain.

V. 194. *Pſhà! Pſhà!*—] The original is, *Bombax*, which we are told, is an interjection of contempt. *Greek*, βομβὰξ, *Poh!* or *Pſhà!*

V. 201. *Our labour's all in vain.*] The original is, *In pertuſum ingerimus dicta dolium. We throw our words into a veſſel with holes bored in it.* A proverbial expreſſion.

Nam ſi grata fuit tibi vita anteacta, priorque,
Et non omnia pertuſum congeſta quaſi in vas
Commoda perfluxêre atque ingrata interîêre;
Cur non, ut plenus vitæ conviva, recedas?
Lucretius, Lib. iii. V. 948.

For if the race thou haſt already run,
Was pleaſant; if with joy thou ſaw'ſt the ſun;
If all thy pleaſures did not paſs thy mind,
As thro' a ſieve, but left ſome ſweets behind;
Why doſt thou not then, like a thankful gueſt,
Riſe chearfully from life's abundant feaſt,
And with a quiet mind go take thy reſt?

CREECH.

We

BAL. Have you ought elſe
To charge me with?

CAL. Are you aſham'd of nothing?

BAL. To have found a lover empty as a nut-ſhell!
But tho' you have beſtow'd hard names upon me;
Curſes in plenty too; unleſs the captain
Bring the five minæ which he owes to me,
(This is the very day he was to pay it)
If he comes not, I think I'll do my duty—

CAL. And what is that?

BAL. Why, if you bring the money,
I'll break my faith with him—This is my duty—
So, if 'tis worth my while, we'll have more talk—
But without money, 'tis in vain to prate
Of pity—This I am determin'd—So
You may conſult what 'tis you have to do—

CAL. What, are you going?

BAL. I am full of buſineſs.

PSEU. E'er long you will be more ſo—He's my man: [*Exit* BALLIO.
And now, if gods and men do not defert me,
I'll bone him, in like manner as a cook
Will bone a lamprey—But now, *Calidorus*,
I'd have you mind me—

We meet with it alſo in Holy Scripture.

"He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag "with holes." *Haggai*, chap. i. V. 6.

The whole is an alluſion to the fifty daughters of *Danaus*, who were married to the fifty ſons of *Ægyptus* his brother; all of whom, except *Hypermneſtra*, ſlew their huſbands on the wedding-night; and were ſentenced for it, to fill a veſſel full of holes with water. The reader will find the ſtory at large in *Ovid Met.* Lib. iv.

CAL.

CAL. What are your commands?
PSEU. I'd raiſe a battery 'gainſt this town, to take it.
This day: and for that purpoſe, I muſt have
Some artful, knowing, clever, cunning fellow,
One who'd diſpatch the buſineſs, and ne'er think
Of ſleeping o'er it---
CAL. Tell me your deſign.
PSEU. You'll know in time---I love not repetitions
Of the ſame things.---That way are ſtories made
Too long.
CAL. Your plea's indeed moſt right and juſt.
PSEU. Make haſt; and quickly hither bring the man.
For out of many men, we find but few,
Who are ſtaunch friends---
CAL. 'Tis what I know full well.
PSEU. Haſt then, and make your choice; and out of many,
Pick one that ſhall be ſo.
CAL. He ſhall be here
This inſtant---
PSEU. Hence---You loſe your time in talk.
[*Exit* CALIDORUS.

V. 228. *Who are ſtaunch friends*---] This is a ſentiment the claſſick authors are full of. To enumerate them would be tireſome to the reader.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

PSEUDOLUS *alone.*

PSEU. Since he is gone, here, *Pſeudolus*, thou ſtand'ſt
Alone---What's now to do, now that thou's been
So liberal to thy old maſter's ſon
In promiſes?---Where are they?---Thou haſt not
A ſingle drop of any certain project;
Much more, thou art not ſure of any money.
And what to do I know not: how begin
To weave this web; nor, when begun, to end it.
But as a poet ſits him down to write,
And ſeeks that which is no where, and yet finds it,
Making the probable from fiction ſpring,
So, I will be that poet---Twenty minæ
Which now are not, I'll find---A long time ſince
I promis'd my young maſter to procure them.
I then had thoughts of throwing out my hook
To catch the old one---But I know not how,
He ſmelt a rat---But huſh! I muſt be ſilent:
I ſee my maſter *Simo* walking there
With *Callipho* his neighbour---I'll 'ere night
Dig twenty minæ out of this old ſepulchre,

V. 17. *He ſmelt a rat*—] *Preſenſit. prius*—literally, *he found it out beforehand.*

V. 20. —*out of this old ſepulchre,*] M. *De L'Oeuvre* obſerves, that it was the cuſtom of the antients to hide their money in tombs or ſepulchres: to rob them of it was accounted a great crime. *Pſeudolus* gives *Simo* that appellation, becauſe he ſeemed to him like an old ſepulchre, in which money might be ſuppoſed

to

And give them to his ſon-- Here I'll retire,
And try to pick up what they're talking of---
[*ſtands apart.*

SCENE V.

Enter SIMO *and* CALLIPHO.

CALL. If a Dictator now were to be choſen
Out of the ſpendthrifts and gallants of *Athens*,
None of them would bid fairer than my ſon.
'Tis the town-talk, in ev'ry body's mouth,
He had ſet his miſtreſs free--And for that purpoſe
He is hunting after money.---This I hear
From others---And indeed, for ſome time paſt,
I have thought on it, and ſuſpected it myſelf.
PSEU. [*apart.*] So then, the affair's cut ſhort---
This buſineſs
Won't be done here---The way I find's block'd up

to be repoſited in ſafety; but he would take care it ſhould not be ſo.

There is a ſtory on record, of a man who had amaſſed a conſiderable ſum of money, locked it up in a cheſt, buried it in his ſepulchre, and wrote upon it, *Hic deus eſt. Here is a god.* An inſcription intended for the better ſecurity of his treaſure, no doubt. A wag however, not actuated by *Roman* apprehenſions or *Roman* ſuperſtition, regardleſs of the ſacred repoſitory, ventured to take away the money, and wrote on the cheſt, *Non hic eſt, reſurrexit. Your god is riſen, he is not here.*

V. 1. *If a Dictator*—] Though the Scene is at *Athens*, and the characters ſuppoſed to be *Athenians*, yet as the ſpectators were *Romans*, *Plautus* in this as well as in many other inſtances, alludes to the *Roman* officers and cuſtoms. *Dictator* was an officer of the *Romans*, not of the *Grecians*.

Where

Where I propos'd to go a foraging
For money---Yes, he ſmoak'd me---On that coaſt
No pilfer for marauders——

CALL. Your reporters,
And liſtners after faults, by my good will,

V. 13. —*Your reporters*, &c.]

Peſſimum genus hominum videbatur, qui verba geſtarent: ſunt quidam qui geſtant. Horum ſermo multum nocet, nam etiamſi non ſtatim officit: ſemina in animo relinquit, ſequiturque nos etiam cum ab illis diſceſſerimus, reſurrecturum poſtea malum.

Seneca, Epiſt. cxxiii.

Tale-bearers were reputed the worſt ſort of men: but ſome there are which bear vices. The ſpeech of theſe ſort of men are productive of much miſchief; for although it hurts not inſtantly, yet it leaves ſome ſeeds in the mind; and it follows us even when we have left them, likely hereafter to enkindle in us a new evil.

It was uſual to puniſh offenders in the part offending; thus liars and ſlanderers by cutting out or wounding the tongue; thieves, by cutting off the hand; and ſo of the reſt. M. *Dacier*, informs us in a note on the following paſſage in *Horace*, that the *Greeks* and *Romans* branded the belly of a gluttonous ſlave, the feet of a fugitive one, the hand of a thief, and the tongue of a babler.

Quicquid quæſierat, ventri donaret avaro:
Hic ubi nequitiæ fautoribus ac timidis nil
Aut paulum abſtulerat, patinas cœnabit ornaſ
Vilis et agninæ, tribus urſis quod ſatis eſſet;
Scilicet ut ventris lamna candente nepotum
Diceret urendos, correctior Beſtius.—— Lib. i. Epiſt. 15.

His throat devour'd whate'er his wit could gain.
When uninvited, to ſome patron's board,
Or when the dupes who fear'd him, would afford
No dinner, tripe he thought moſt dainty meat,
And more would ſwallow than three bears could eat.
The ſpendthrift's paunch, he then has oft been heard
To ſay, with red hot iron ſhould be ſear'd.

JOHN DUNCOMBE.

Should both be hang'd; the former by the tongue,
The latter by the ears---What you have heard

Again—

Ulla ſi juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, nocuiſſet unquam;
Dente ſi nigro fieres, vel uno
Turpior ungui;
Crederem: ſed tu, ſimul obligaſti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis
Publica cura. Lib. ii. Od. 8.

If e'er the inſulted powers had ſhed
The ſlighteſt vengeance on thy head,
If but a nail or tooth of thee,
Were blackned by thy perjury;
Again thy falſehood might deceive,
And I the faithleſs vow believe;
But when perfidious, you engage
To meet high Heaven's vindictive rage,
You riſe, with heighten'd luſtre fair,
Of all our youth the publick care. FRANCIS.

The ſtory of *Porſena* and *Mucius Scævola*, as related by the *Roman* hiſtorians at large in *Livy*, may be conſidered alſo as a farther illuſtration. There is an elegant epigram in *Martial* alluding to the ſtory. The reader may not perhaps be diſpleaſed if I tranſcribe the whole of it.

Dum peteret regem, decepta ſatellite dextra,
Injecit ſacris ſe peritura focis:
Sed tam ſæva pius miracula non tulit hoſtis;
Et raptum flammis juſſit abire virum.
Urere quam potuit contempto Mucius *igne,*
Hanc ſpectare manum Porſena *non potuit:*
Major deceptæ fama eſt, et gloria dextræ,
Si non erraſſet, fecerat illa minus. Lib. i. Ep. 22.

The hand, which ſtruck the ſervant for the king,
Did in the fire itſelf a victim fling.
The dreadful wonder mov'd the pious foe:
He ſnatch'd the man from flames, and let him go.

Mucius

Of your ſon's love, and chouſing you of money,
May be a pack of lies---But were they true,
As the world goes, what has he done ſurpriſing?
'Tis nothing new, that a young man ſhould love;
And make his miſtreſs free.

PSEU. [*apart.*] Well ſaid, old boy!

SIM. Tho' old the cuſtom, I'd not have him follow it.

CALL. What you'd not have, it is in vain to ſay.
I warrant, you ne'er did ſo in your youth:
That father muſt be good indeed, who'd wiſh
His ſon to be ſtill better than himſelf.
The pranks you've play'd, diſtributed about,
Would ſerve the town---And is it then a wonder
Your ſon ſhould then thus imitate his father---

PSEU. [*apart.*] O *Jove!* How few men are there thus commode!
Ay, ay! This is indeed to be a father.

SIM. Who is't that ſpeaks here!---'Tis my ſervant *Pſeudolus.*
This raſcal's the corrupter of my ſon,
His chief, his leader to the ſchool of luſt.
I'd put him to the torture.

Mucius unmov'd the hand to burn decreed;
Porſena could not view the tragic deed.
The hand by failing gain'd a nobler fame;
And leſs had done, had it not miſs'd his aim. HAY.

V. 30. *O Jove!*—] The original is in *Greek*, Ὦ Ζεῦ, which *Limiers* obſerves, properly ſignifies, *the father of life*, from ζάω, *vivo*: and is the name the antients gave to *Jupiter*, whom they looked upon as the moſt powerful of all their gods, and, from that power, animating all things.

V. 34. —*his leader*, &c.] *Hic ille eſt pædagogus. Pædagogus* is properly a ſervant who attends upon his young maſter, takes care

CALL. Folly that, 35
To be ſo quick in anger!---Sure 'tis better

of his behaviour and morals, and attends him to his exerciſes and to ſchool. In this it is diſtinguiſhed from *præceptor*; which meant one that took care of his ſtudies, and inſtructed him in arts and ſciences. This obſervation the reader will find in *Lipſius*'s note on the following paſſage in *Seneca*—

Pertinebit ad rem, præceptores pædagogoſque pueris placidos dare.
De Ira, Lib. ii. cap. 22.

It will be to the purpoſe to give to children ſuch maſters and attendants, who are gentle and kind.

Compare this with another paſſage in *Plautus*—

Servum unà mittit, qui olim à puero parvulo,
Mihi pædagogus fuit, quaſi uti mihi ferat
Cuſtos—— *Mercator*, Prol. v. 89.

With me he ſends a ſlave too, who had been
Attendant to me in my infancy,
By way of governor——

Again—

——*illud ſis vide,*
Non pædagogum me, ſed Lydum *vocat.*
Bacchides, Act I. Scene III. v. 29.

——Obſerve that pray—
He does not call me leader now, but *Lydus*.

To which we may add a paſſage from St. *Paul*'s Epiſtle to the *Galatians*—

Ὡςε ὁ νόμος παιδαγωγὸς ἡμῶν γέγονεν εἰς Χριστὸν, ἵνα ἐκ πίστεως δικαιωθῶμεν—— *Gal.* c. iii. v. 24.

The word παιδαγωγὸς, the *Latin* tranſlators render *pædagogus*. Our *Engliſh* verſions have it *ſchool-maſter*. But they are wrong. The original (as a learned commentator, Dr. *Dodd*, has obſerved) does not ſignify a *ſchool-maſter*, but *one who leads or conducts children to ſchool*.

The

To addreſs your ſon with calmneſs; and enquire
Whether theſe things you hear abroad are true.
O, a good temper's half in half in evils.
SIM. I'll do as you would have me.
PSEU. [*apart.*] *Pſeudolus*, 40
They're making up to thee—Now for a ſpeech
Againſt the old man comes—I firſt muſt greet,
As it is right, my maſter, wiſh him happineſs.
And, if I've any left, I'll give't my neighbours.
SIMO. [*to* PSEU.] Good day to you—What are you upon? 45
PSEU. My legs:
Juſt as you ſee—.
SIM. Obſerve his poſture, *Callipho*.
As if he were a perſon of condition.
CALL. I ſee he ſtands upright with good aſſurance.
PSEU. So ſhould a ſervant who is innocent, 50
Stand up with confidence—And chiefly ſo
Before his maſter—
CALL. *Pſeudolus*, we want
Strictly to queſtion you about ſome matters
We've ſeen and heard as through a cloud, imperfectly—
SIM. He has ſuch command of words, you'd think
'tis *Socrates*, 55
Not *Pſeudolus*, that holds you in diſcourſe.

The reader will find more of this in *Plato's Republick*, and his *Lyſis*. But the paſſages are too long to be quoted in a note.

M. *De L'Oeuvre* obſerves, that among the antients, attendants in this ſenſe, tutors, preceptors and phyſicians, now profeſſions held in eſteem, were then chiefly ſlaves.

V. 45. —*What are you upon?*] See *The Apparition*, Act II. Scene I. v. 27, and the note, Vol. III. of this tranſlation.

PSEU. 'Tis ſo—You long have held me in contempt
I know; and little confidence have had in me.
You'd make me out a villain; but ſhall find
I ſhall appear to you an honeſt man.
SIM. See that there be free entrance, *Pſeudolus*,
In at your ears; ſo that my words may paſs
Whither I'd have them—
PSEU. Come then, ſpeak your mind;
Say what you will, yet am I angry with you.
SIM. You who're a ſlave, angry with me your maſter?
PSEU. Do you think that ſtrange?
SIM. I do, by *Hercules!*
Think ſtrange, that I muſt guard againſt that anger
Which you avow—You mean to make me ſuffer
A different kind of ſufferings from thoſe
You've us'd to bear from me—
CALL. Whate'er you think,
He's right, in my opinion, to be angry,
For that you queſtion his integrity—
SIM. Well, let him be as angry as he will,
I'll be upon my guard, he ſhall not hurt me—

V. 62. *In at your ears*—] The original is, *ædis aurium. The houſe of your ears.* Meaning only *your ears.* An expreſſion, reſembling that of *Shakſpeare*—

> The fringed curtains of thy eyes advance,
> And ſay what thou ſeeſt yond——
> *Tempeſt*, Act I. Scene V. *Proſpero.*

Another, not much unlike it, we meet with alſo in *Hamlet*—

> ——in the porches of mine ears did pour
> The leperous diſtilment—— Act I. Scene VIII. *Ghoſt.*

But

But tell me, what do you ſay?—What's this affair
On which I queſtion you?---

PSEU. If you would know
What's in my power to tell you, why then aſk me,
Depending on an anſwer as authentick
As from the *Delphick* oracle?---

V. 79. *As from the* Delphick *oracle*] A proverbial expreſſion, to denote any thing that was true or abſolutely certain. See *Eraſmi Adagia*, Cent. i. Chil. 4.—80.

Pauliſper fremitus approbantium dicta fuit: monentiumque aliorum alios ut eas voces velut oraculo miſſas in pectora animoſque demiſerat.
Livii, Lib. xxxiv. cap. 50.

For a while, nothing was heard but murmurs of applauſe; and they exhorted one another to regard and remember the advice, as the dictates of an oracle.

Hoc ex oraculo Apollonis Pythii *edita tibi puta. Nihil poteſt eſſe verius.* *Cicero ad Brutum*, Epiſt. ii.

Suppoſe this to be ſent to you as from the oracle of *Apollo* of *Pythos*. Nothing can be more true.

Hic tamen, et ſupera quos diximus, inferiores
Partibus egregiè multis, multoque minores:
Quanquam multa benè, ac divinitus invenientes,
Ex adyto tanquam cordis reſponſa dedêre
Sanctius, et multò certa ratione magis, quam
Pythia, *quæ tripode ex* Phœbi, *lauroque profatur,*
Principiis tamen in rerum fecere ruinas,
Et graviter magni magno cecidere ibi caſu.
Lucretius, Lib. i. v. 735.

Yet he, with all the meaner others nam'd,
Tho' for ſome rare invention juſtly fam'd,
Which they have left as oracles, more ſure
Than from the tripod ſpoke, and leſs obſcure
Than thoſe the ancients from the *Pythia* heard,
In the firſt ſeeds of things had greatly err'd. CREECH.

SIM. Then mind me,
And take good heed you keep your promiſe----
Well,
What ſay you?---Know you that my ſon's in love,
And with a muſick-girl?---
PSEU. [*aſide.*] I muſt deny it---
SIM. Whom he would fain make free?---
PSEU. This and that too,
I do deny---
SIM. And that by fraud and cunning,
You're now contriving to get out of me
Some twenty minæ---
PSEU. I, Sir! out of you!
SIM. Ay, out of me: which you may give my ſon
To free his miſtreſs---
PSEU. This too, Sir, and that
I do confeſs---
CALL. Come, come, he owns the fact---
SIM. Have I not ſaid as much to you but now?
CALL. I recollect---
SIM. Why, when you knew all this,
Was it conceal'd?---Why was I kept i'th' dark?
PSEU. I'll tell you---'Twas becauſe I did not care
To be the author of ſo bad a cuſtom,
As for a ſervant to accuſe his maſter,
And to his maſter---
SIM. Would you not adviſe
To have this fellow drag'd by neck and heels
Strait to the work-houſe?
CALL. Has he done amiſs?
SIM. Amiſs?—Yes much amiſs—

V. 86. *Some twenty minæ*—] See the table of coins, in the firſt volume of this work.

PSEU. Deſiſt, I beg you—[*to* CALL.
I underſtand my own affairs—The fault
Is mine—Attend then, and I'll tell you why
I kept the ſecret of your ſon's amour.
I knew that if I had inform'd you of it,
I had been ſent that inſtant to the work-houſe.
SIM. And knew you not the work-houſe was your doom,
If you did not diſcover it?
PSEU. Why yes.
SIM. Then why not tell it me?—
PSEU. Becauſe this was
A preſent evil; t'other, farther off:
This is the ſpot, and that a little diſtant.
SIM. And what's now to be done?—You cannot trick
Me of the money who have ſmoak'd your plot.
And I'll take care to make the affair ſo publick,
No one ſhall truſt you for the ſmalleſt ſum.
PSEU. I ſhall apply to none, while you're alive.
You will yourſelf lay down the money, Sir—
Of you I'll have it.
SIM. Have of me the money?
PSEU. Undoubtedly—
SIM. Yes, you ſhall have an eye
Out of this head, if e'er I give it you.
PSEU. You'll give it tho'—I tell you this, that you
May be upon your guard now—
CALL. This I know
For certain, that if you get ought from me,
It will be great and wonderful, indeed—
PSEU. I'll do it—
SIM. If you don't—
PSEU. Why then, the ſcourge.

And now, what if I do?—

SIM. *Jove* be my witneſs!
You ſhall live ever free from puniſhment.
PSEU. See you remember.—
SIM. Shall I not take heed,
When I'm forewarn'd?—
PSEU. Take heed, I ſay, take heed.
Still I forewarn you—With thoſe very hands
You will pay me the money—
CALL. By *Pollux'* temple!
A clever fellow if he keeps his word!—
PSEU. Make me your ſlave for ever if I don't.
SIM. Kindly ſaid that, when you are mine already!
PSEU. Shall I then tell you both more wonders ſtill?
CALL. Thoſe I'd fain hear—I liſt with pleaſure to you.
SIM. Come on, I liſt with pleaſure to you too.
PSEU. Yet e'er I fight this fight, I'll fight another,
Which ſhall be ſtill more famous and more memorable.
SIM. What fight?—
PSEU. A victory o'er this pandar here—
By fraud and artful tricks, this muſick-girl
Your ſon ſo loves, I'll cheat this fellow of.
SIM. Say you?—
PSEU. This evening bring them both to bear.
SIM. Then do but as you ſay, and king *Agathocles*

V. 130. *A clever fellow—*] *mortalem graphicum.* See *The Diſcovery*, Act IV. Scene I. v. 21. of this tranſlation, and the note.

V. 142. *—king* Agathocles—] See *The Apparition*, Act III. Scene II. v. 87. of this tranſlation, and the note.

In valorous deeds is but a fool to you.
But, ſhould you fail, can you ſhew any cauſe
I ſhould not ſtrait confine you to the work-houſe?
PSEU. Not only for a day, but, troth, for ever.
But tell me, if I ſhould effect my purpoſe,
With good will, will you then advance the money,
To pay to the procurer out of hand?
CALL. He aſks but right—Say, Yes, I'll give it him—
SIM. But know you, Sir, what's come into my mind.
Suppoſe they lay their heads together, *Callipho*,
And in compact, by ſome invented trick,
They ſhould contrive to chouſe me of my money.
PSEU. 'Twere impudence beyond compare, for me
To attempt ſo foul a deed—And, if in compact,
Any contrivance, *Simo*, we have form'd,
Or ever join'd in this affair together;
Write on my back with elm-twigs for your ſtyles,
As thick as you would letters in a book.
SIM. Proclaim the games as ſoon as e'er you pleaſe.
PSEU. I beg you, *Callipho*, give me this day,
And don't engage yourſelf in other buſineſs.
CALL. I had determin'd yeſterday, to go
This day into the country.
PSEU. Change your ſcheme.
CALL. On this occaſion then, I'll ſtay, that's certain,
I have a mind to ſee theſe games of yours.

V. 159. —*for your ſtyles*,] *Stilis ulmeis conſcribito.* He ſhould have ſaid *elm twigs*; but as he had ſaid *conſcribito*, *write*, he ſays *ſtyles*; what the ancients made uſe of in writing, as we do a pen.

And

And if I ſee my friend refuſe his promiſe,
Rather than ſo, I will pay down the money—
SIM. I ſhall not change my purpoſe.
PSEU. If you do,
Both ears ſhall hear of it, by *Pollux'* temple!
Come on, remove you in doors for a while,
And leave me room in turn to play my tricks in.
SIM. Then be it ſo—You e'en ſhall have your way.
PSEU. But I muſt have you keep at home—
SIM. This too
I'll do to humour you—
CALL. Well, I muſt hence
To th' Forum—I'll be back again immediately—
SIM. Make haſt then, and return—
[*Exeunt* CALL. *and* SIMO *ſeverally.*
PSEU. [*to the ſpectators.*] I much ſuſpect
That you ſuſpect I mean but to amuſe you,
With all my feats, while this my play is acting;
And never do what I have ſaid I would.
I ſhall not change my purpoſe—'Tis full ſure
It will be ſo; but by what means I know not—
Only, that ſo it will be—Who appears
Firſt on the ſcene, in ſome new character,
Should ſhew ſome new invention—If he cannot,
Let him reſign his place to one who can.
Permit me therefore to withdraw a while,

V. 178. *I muſt ſuſpect—*] *Suſpicio eſt mihi nunc vos ſuſpicarier.*

V. 189. *To bring my tricks together—*] *Dum concenturio*, which *Nonnius* informs us, ſignified to collect together, from the centuries or companies of an hundred men, meeting together to give their votes.

To

To bring my tricks together—In the mean time,
Our player on the flute ſhall entertain you.
[*Exit.*

*** The Prologue to this piece, quite different from that of moſt others of *Plautus*, ſays nothing at all of the ſubject of it; but is calculated meerly to beſpeak the attention and favour of the ſpectators. The firſt Act is opened by *Calidorus* and his ſervant *Pſeudolus*; to whom the young man communicates a letter he had received from his miſtreſs, in which ſhe mentions the very day the *Macedonian* captain had fixed to demand her of the pandar, of whom he had purchaſed her; which he moſt certainly would do, unleſs prevented. This affair *Pſeudolus* undertakes, and alſo to procure the money neceſſary to accompliſh it. This is the buſineſs of the firſt Scene. In the ſecond, *Ballio* the pandar appears. He appoints his men ſlaves their reſpective duties, and then threatens all his women ſlaves with ſevere diſcipline, if they do not procure him from their gallants preſents on his birth-day, which he is now preparing to celebrate. *Calidorus* and *Pſeudolus* are retired apart to a corner of the ſtage; and overhear all this with great compoſure, till he addreſſes himſelf with the ſame threats to *Phœnicium*, who was his miſtreſs. *Calidorus* unable to endure this any longer, accoſts him, in the third Scene, and tries every argument to engage him to put *Phœnicium* into his hands. But *Ballio*, deaf to all his entreaties, is not moved either by the kindneſſes he had heretofore received of him, nor by the diſtreſs he ſees him in at preſent. Money is his ſole object; and he fairly tells him, if he does not come down handſomely, he has nothing to expect from him: and, like a true pandar, fairly promiſes him to break his word with the *Macedonian* captain, provided he would give him the ſame ſum he had agreed to take of him for the ſlave he was to deliver up to him. On this, he returns into his own houſe, and *Calidorus* ſoon after quits the ſtage; leaving *Pſeudolus* alone in the fourth Scene, to conſider of ways and means to procure this money. For this purpoſe he has thoughts of attacking *Simo*, his young maſter's father, but ſcarce knows how to bring it about. When, in the fifth Scene, *Simo* and his friend *Callipho* make their appearance. *Simo* is very angry with *Pſeudolus*, for aſſiſting his young maſter in his amour. When *Pſeudolus*, who had ſtood apart to liſten to their converſation, joins them. *Simo* aſks him ſome queſtions,

in

in regard to the ſlave with whom he had found out his ſon had an intrigue. *Pſeudolus* at firſt denies the fact. But, obſerving that *Callipho* ſeemed to be in his intereſt, he changes his battery, and avows the debt. *Simo* finding himſelf obliged to put up with what he could not avoid, comforts himſelf, with affirming that neither *Pſeudolus* nor his young maſter *Calidorus* ſhould ever get any money of him, in order to procure that ſlave her liberty. *Pſeudolus* then with no ſmall ſhare of effrontery, lays a wager with him, that he will find out ſome way to chouſe him out of the money. The good man wagers the contrary; and, confident of winning, begins to turn the affair he was juſt now ſo angry at, into raillery. Not only ſo, but *Pſeudolus* goes one ſtep farther, and wagers that he will bear off *Phœnicium* from the pandar's houſe before night. This new propoſal aſtoniſhes the old man; and he is ſo diverted with it, and eſteems it ſuch a rarity, that he promiſes the money to *Pſeudolus*, that he wanted, provided he brought it to bear. Thus ends this Act; and the time neceſſary for *Pſeudolus* to think on ways and means to accompliſh his deſign, naturally fills up the firſt interval.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter PSEUDOLUS.

O *Jupiter!* whate'er I undertake,
How pretty, and how proſperous is the event!
Whatever project in my mind is form'd,
I neither doubt of the event, nor fear it.
'Tis folly with a timorous heart, to attempt
A great exploit.—For all affairs turn out
According as we manage them, and raiſe them
Into importance—By premeditation
So well am I provided with my forces,
My double, triple tricks and perfidies,
That whereſoe'er I meet the foe, relying
On my own wicked induſtry and wit,
Deceitful, I may confidently ſay,
My perfidies will give an eaſy conqueſt,
And furniſh me with plunder cheaply purchas'd.
Firſt you ſhall ſee how cleverly I'll batter
This *Ballio*, this our common enemy.
This town will I beſiege with ſuch ſucceſs,

V. 17. *I'll batter This* Ballio—] *Ballionem exballiſtabo. Baliſta* or *balliſta*, is a warlike engine out of which they threw or ſhot ſtones or darts. *Exballiſto* ſeems to be a word formed from *Balliſta*, with ſome ſimilitude of *Ballio* the name of the Procurer, which we have endeavoured to imitate by tranſlating it *I'll batter this* Ballio. The whole of what follows, to the end of the ſpeech, is an alluſion to military operations. We meet alſo with the ſame metaphorical way of ſpeaking and the ſame military alluſion in his *Bacchides*, Act IV. Scene IV. v. 58, 59.

This

This day it ſhall ſurrender.—Hither, ay,
Hither I'll march my legions.—If I ſack it,
I ſoon ſhall make all eaſy to my friends.
This done, to the old town I'll march my army;
There load myſelf and my allies with plunder;
Then put my enemies to fear and flight;
And make them know I'm ſomebody.—A man
So born ſhould ſuch exploits perform, as may
Make him illuſtrious to poſterity.
Who have we here? What unknown fellow's this
That meets my eyes? I'd fain know what he means;
[*ſeeing* HARPAX *at a diſtance.*
And with a ſword—I'll lye in ambuſh for him.—
[*retires apart.*

SCENE II.

Enter HARPAX, *foot-boy to the* CAPTAIN.

HAR. This is the place, and this the very ſpot
My maſter pointed out to me, if rightly
My eyes the meaſure take of the directions,
Which thus my maſter gave me—From the gate
The ſeventh houſe; that houſe the captain told me,
Where the procurer liv'd; to whom he bad me
Carry this money, and this ring.—I wiſh
Some one for certain would inform me where
This *Ballio* lives—

PSEU. [*aſide.*] 'St! 'St!—This is my man.
If gods and men do not at once deſert me,
Here is new matter, that requires new counſel.
I at firſt ſight, find I muſt change my meaſures,
And alter my firſt battery—A ſmart onſet

I'll

I'll make upon this ſoldier-like appearance,
This captain's meſſenger—

HAR. I'll beat the door,
And call out ſome one hither from the houſe.

PSEU. Whoe'er you are, I ſoon ſhall ſtop your knocking,
I, patron and defender of theſe doors.

HAR. Are you then *Ballio?*

PSEU. No: I'm *Under-Ballio.*—

HAR. How's that?

PSEU. Why, yeoman of the larder, butler,
And caterer.

HAR. O ho! that's to ſay, his porter.

PSEU. Nay, I'm above his porter.

V. 18. —*I'm* Under-Ballio.] The original is, *ſum Subballio.* So *Pſeudolus* calls himſelf, as he is inferior to *Ballio*, who is his maſter. *Gronovius*, in his *Lectiones Plautinæ* informs us, that *Cicero*, in his Epiſtles to *Atticus*, ſpeaks of a *Submarius*, one under *Marius*: and that *Tertullian* calls *Domitian Subnero*, one juſt inferior to *Nero* in cruelty. *Plautus* calls an undebutler *ſuppromus*, or *ſubpromus*.

Poſtea ſaginâ ego ejiciar cellaria,
Ut qui tibi promat, alium ſuppromum pares.
Miles Glorioſus, Act III. Scene II. v. 31.

——then ſhall I
Be ouſted from my battening poſt, that you
May have an underbutler to your mind,
To draw you wine in plenty—— THORNTON.

So in our univerſities, at this time, we have *ſubpremus*, *underbutler*, *ſubcoquus*, *undercook*; and to go to the head of the college, when he is called *gardianus*, *warden*; the next in authority under him, is called *ſubgardianus*, *ſubwarden*.

V. 20. —*his porter.*] *Atrienſem*, *his maſter of the hall*; which term has been explained more than once in the courſe of theſe notes.

HAR. Then what are you?
Are you a ſlave, or freeman?
PSEU. I'm as yet
A ſlave.
HAR. So it ſhould ſeem; nor by your looks
E'er likely to be otherwiſe.
PSEU. When you
Abuſe another, do you ne'er look back
Upon yourſelf?
HAR. A ſly chap! [*aſide.*
PSEU. As the gods
Shall love and favour me, this man's my anvil:
And many a project ſhall I forge on him. [*aſide.*

V. 25. —*do you ne'er look back*, &c.] We meet with the ſame ſentiment again in our author.

——*qui alterum incuſat probri, eum ipſum ſe intueri oportet*—
Truculentus, Act I. Scene II. v. 58.

——thoſe who twit others with their faults,
Should look at home.——

The learned reader will recollect pretty much the ſame in *Horace*.

Quum tua prætereas oculis malè lippus inunctis,
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum
Quam aut aquila aut ſerpens Epidaurius? *At tibi contra*
Evenit, inquirant vitia, ut tua rurſus et illi.
Lib. i. Sat. iii. v. 25.

For wherefore, while you careleſsly paſs by
Your own worſt vices with unheeding eye,
Why ſo ſharp-ſighted in another's fame,
Strong as an eagle's ken or dragon's beam?
But know that he with equal ſpleen ſhall view,
With equal rigour ſhall thy faults purſue. FRANCIS.

It is alſo made uſe of by St. *Matthew*, chap. vii. ver. 3, 4, 5.

HAR. What is it he keeps muttering to himſelf?
PSEU. What is't you ſay, young man?
HAR. What is't I ſay?
PSEU. Com'ſt thou or no, from the *Macedonian* captain
A meſſenger, who bought a girl of us?
Who fifteen minæ to my maſter paid,
And owes five more?----
HAR. I do--But how i'th' world
Do you know me? where ſeen, or ſpoke to me?
For I have never been before at *Athens*;
Nor, till this day have e'er ſet eyes on you.
PSEU. I thought you ſeem'd from thence; becauſe your maſter
Appointed, when he went away, this day
For payment of the money; and ne'er ſent it.
HAR. Here 'tis.
PSEU. And have you brought it?
HAR. Ay, myſelf.
PSEU. Why then not give it me?
HAR. Give it to you?
PSEU. By *Hercules!* to me, I'm *Ballio*'s ſteward,
Look after his accounts; receive, lay out,
And pay his money where 'tis due.
HAR. By *Hercules!*
If you was treaſurer to *Jove* ſupreme,
I would not truſt you with a doit.
PSEU. How ſtout
Soe'er you are, the money will be paid.

V. 45. *How ſtout—Soe'er you are—*] The original is, *Dum tu ſtrenuas, while you make yourſelf ſtout. Strenuo*, a verb active, is a word of *Plautus*'s coining. Some commentators, not having regard to this, would read *ſternuas*, others *ſternuis*; but *Plautus* coins words ſo very frequently, there ſeems no need of alteration.

HAR. No, I ſhall rather keep it cloſer.

PSEU. Fie!
Are you the firſt man that has found the way
To call in queſtion my fidelity;
As if I was not often truſted with
Six hundred times as much!

HAR. Others may truſt you;
But by my troth, not I.

PSEU. Why, that's as if
You ſaid I ſhould defraud you---

HAR. You ſay that---
'Tis but as if I only ſhould ſuſpect it.
But what's your name?

PSEU. [*aſide.*] This pandar has a ſlave
Call'd *Syrus*---I will ſay that I am he---
My name is *Syrus.* [*to him.*]

HAR. *Syrus?*

PSEU. That's my name.

HAR. We waſt the time.---If *Ballio* is at home,
Why, call him forth, that I may do my meſſage,
Whatever your name may be.

PSEU. Were he within,
I'd call him---But if you will give it me,
The buſineſs ſhall be better done, than if
You gave it him.

The change however is only the tranſpoſition of a ſingle letter; and then the tranſlation might be

——As ſoon
As you can ſneeze, the money will be paid.

The reader will adopt which he beſt approves of.

V. 49. *To call in queſtion my fidelity.*] The original is, *meam qui furcillas fidem. Furcillo* or *furcillo*, another word of *Plautus's* coining; literally, *do you thruſt out my fidelity as with a pitch-fork.*

HAR.

HAR. But you're to know, my maſter
Sent me to pay this money, not to loſe it.
You're in a fever now, becauſe you can't
Lay your claws on it. I'll not truſt a doit,
To any one, except to *Ballio*'s ſelf.
PSEU. But he is buſy now: he has a cauſe
Before the judge.
HAR. Succeſs attend him in it!
And when I judge that he's at home, I'll come
Again—Here take this letter; give it him:
For there's the token between both our maſters
About the girl.
PSEU. I know full well, my maſter
Order'd the girl ſhou'd be deliver'd him,
Who with the money ſhou'd produce his figure
Cut on a ring; and left its fellow here.
HAR. You know the whole affair.
PSEU. Ay, what ſhould hinder?
HAR. Then, give this ring to him—
PSEU. Depend upon it.
And now what is your name?—
HAR. *Harpax.*
PSEU. How! *Harpax!*
I like you not, friend *Harpax!* and, by *Hercules!*
You ſhall not come within theſe doors, for fear
You verify your name; call'd rightly *Harpax.*
HAR. I us'd to carry captives off alive

V. 74. — *his figure—Cut on a ring*—] The reader will obſerve, that there is an incident very like this in *The Paraſite*, Vol. IV, of this tranſlation.

V. 82. *You verify your name*—] The original is, *Ne quid harpax feceris. Harpax, a thief*, from ἁρπάζω, *to take any thing by force, to plunder.* See the note on Act I. Scene II. v. 11.

From battle; thence I had the name of *Harpax.*

PSEU. Rather, by *Pollux!* from your carrying off
From houſes, pots and kettles.

HAR. 'Tis not ſo.
I ſcorn your words. But, *Syrus*, do you know
What I'd beg of you?

PSEU. Yes, if you would tell me.

HAR. I go to ſtep aſide into a tavern,
The third without the gate; 'tis kept by *Chryſis*,
A tun-bellied, lame, heavy crone—

PSEU. What then?

HAR. That you, as ſoon as e'er your maſter comes,
May ſend for me from thence—

PSEU. Ay, if you chuſe it—

HAR. For as I am fatigu'd with my long journey,
I want refreſhment—

PSEU. Senſible enough!
I like your ſcheme—But when I ſend for you,
Be ſure you're in the way—

HAR. O, after dinner
My buſineſs always is, to take a nap—

PSEU. That I ſuppoſe—

HAR. Have you ought elſe with me?

PSEU. Only that you will go and take your nap—

HAR. I'm gone—

PSEU. But hark you, *Harpax!*—Take good care
That you have clothes enough to cover you;
A ſweat will do you good. [*Exit* HARPAX.

V. 91. —*heavy crone.*] The original is, *anum diobolarem.* So in *Pœnulus*, Act I. Scene II. v. 58. *Scortum diobolarium* is uſed for *a common ſlut, a hackney.* In the firſt inſtance, M. *De L'Oeuvre*, from ſome other commentators, ſays, the meaning is, *where you may ſup for two oboli*, and others, *one who proſtitutes herſelf for two oboli.* But *Gronovius* has ſufficiently ſhewn the abſurdity

SCENE III.

PSEUDOLUS *alone.*

PSEU. Immortal gods!
This fellow by his coming has preſerv'd me:
And by his journey, when I'd loſt my way,
Has put me right again. E'en Opportunity
Herſelf could ne'er have come more opportunely,
Than he, that opportunely brought this letter.
My horn of plenty this, in which, whate'er
I wiſh'd is all contain'd. Here are my wiles,
Here all my ſtratagems, here all my tricks;
My money's here; here my young maſter's miſtreſs.
Now ſhall I boaſt, from what a fertile fund
Of thoughts in my own breaſt I did delineate
Exactly in what manner I ſhould act,
So as to ſteal the girl from the procurer:
All things beforehand plann'd and decorated,
In order juſt as I myſelf would have them.
And all my ſchemes are form'd with certainty—
But this affair in truth will thus ſucceed
Meerly by fortune—For the goddeſs Fortune

abſurdity of this interpretation. *Aldus*, and ſome ſubſequent editions read *anum doliarem*; the ſenſe will then be *an old gor-bellied hag, or one as big as a tun.*

V. 4. —*E'en Opportunity herſelf*—] The ancients perſonified *opportunity*, and made a goddeſs of her.

V. 19. —*the goddeſs Fortune*, &c.] The following paſſage from *Pliny* the younger, may ſerve to explain and illuſtrate this obſervation of *Plautus*—

Fruſtrates the counſels of a hundred wiſe heads.
And 'tis but truth—The man who knows to uſe
His fortune, he ſuppoſes all: by all
Is therefore call'd a man of underſtanding.
Whoe'er we find ſucceſsful in his counſels,
We call a prudent man—The unſucceſsful
We hold a fool—Fools as we are, we know not
How greatly we're miſtaken, when ſo ardently
We pray the gods to grant us what we wiſh:
As if 'twere poſſible for us to know,
What will turn out to our advantage—Thus

Et omnino iniquum, ſed uſu receptum, quod honeſta conſilia, vel turpia, prout malè aut proſperè cedunt, ita vel probantur, vel reprehenduntur. Inde plerumque eadem facta, modo diligentiæ, modo vanitatis, modo libertatis, modo furoris nomen accipiunt. Lib. v. Epiſt. xxi.

It is certain nothing is leſs equitable, yet more common, than to ſee honeſt or corrupt counſels approved of, or condemned, according as they fail or proſper. From hence it often happens, that the ſame actions take different denominations, ſometimes of zeal, ſometimes of vanity, ſometimes of liberty, and ſometimes of madneſs. Lord ORRERY.

The making a goddeſs of fortune, *Juvenal* mentions in the following lines—

Nullum numen habes, ſi ſit prudentia: ſed te
Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam, cæloque locamus——
Sat. x. V. 365.

——All the powers
Will be our own, if wiſdom be but ours.
And yet to thee, vain Fortune, we have given
The name of goddeſs, and plac'd thee in heaven.
Sir ROBERT STAPYLTON.

V. 25. —*we hold a fool*—] *Boxhornius* obſerves that the whole tenth Satire of *Juvenal*, is an illuſtration and comment on this paſſage.

We

We loſe a certainty, and graſp a ſhadow—
What follows, but i' th' midſt of pains and labour,
Death creeps upon us in the interim.—

V. 30. —*we loſe a certainty*—] We meet with a paſſage very ſimilar to this in *Seneca*,

Fluctuamur, aliudque ex alio comprehendimus; petita relinquimus, relicta repetimus. Alternæ inter cupiditatem noſtram, et penitentiam vices ſunt. Pendemus enim toti ex alienis judiciis: et id optimum nobis videtur, quod petitores laudatoreſque multos habet, non id quod laudandum petendumque eſt. *De Otio Sapientis*, cap. xxviii.

We are continually fluctuating, and embrace firſt one thing, then another. What we have wiſhed for, we leave, and wiſh again for what we have deſerted. We undergo a perpetual viciſſitude of deſire and repentance. For we depend entirely upon the judgement of other men; and that, in our opinion, ſeemeth the beſt which is deſired and praiſed by moſt; and not that which we ought ourſelves to deſire and eſteem.

The ſame ſentiment is alſo very elegantly expreſſed in *Horace*.

—Quid? mea quum pugnat ſententia ſecum:
Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit cum nuper omiſit,
Æſtuat, ac vitæ diſconvenit ordine toto;
Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
Lib. i. Epiſt. i. V. 96.

But if my judgement with itſelf at ſtrife,
Should contradict my general courſe of life,
Should now deſpiſe, what it with warmth purſu'd,
And earneſt wiſh for what with ſcorn it view'd;
Float like the tide, now high the building raiſe,
Now pull it down; nor round nor ſquare can pleaſe.
FRANCIS.

And again—

——Amata relinquere pernix—— *Ars Poetica*, V. 165.

——ſwift to leave, what late his fancy charm'd——
FRANCIS.

But

But I philoſophize, and prate too long—
Immortal gods! my late invented lye
Was worth its weight in gold, when I pretended
That I belong'd to the procurer here.
Now with this letter, I'll deceive three perſons;
My maſter, the procurer, and the bearer.
I now ſhall be upon a par with them---
Another thing too which I wiſh'd, has happen'd.
See, *Callidorus* comes! A ſtranger with him!
[*ſtands apart.*

SCENE IV.

Enter CALIDORUS *and* CHARINUS, *in diſcourſe.*

CAL. I've told you all my pleaſures, all my pains;
My love, my trouble and my needs you're now
Inform'd of.

CHA. All of them I bear in mind.
Tell me but this, what 'tis you'd have me do?

CAL. All thoſe, and other things beſides I mention'd,
That you might fully underſtand the affair
About the token---

CHA. I tell you, I know all---
Let me but know, what you would have me do.

CAL. Well, you muſt know then, *Pſeudolus* thus order'd;

V. 36 *Was worth its weight in gold,*] *aurichalco contrà non carum fuit.* There is much diſpute among the commentators, what *aurichalcum* or *orichalcum* properly was. *Bochart* has a long chapter on it,—ſee *Hierozoic.* Lib. vi. cap. 16—But all agree, it was a metal in great eſteem, and much valued by the ancients, which is ſufficient for our thus tranſlating it. The reader may ſee it explained in FRANCIS and HURD's notes, on V. 202 of *Horace's Art of Poetry.*

That

That I ſhould bring him one who wiſh'd me well
And zealous in my cauſe---

CHA. You well obſerve
Your orders: for a friend and a well-wiſher,
You're bringing---But that *Pſeudolus* to me's
A ſtranger---

CAL. Quite a man as one could wiſh.
He's my inventor: and has promis'd me
He'll bring to paſs all for me which I've told you.

PSEU. Now in a lofty ſtrain will I addreſs him.

CAL. Whoſe voice is that I hear there?

PSEU. [*advancing.*] Io! Io!
Io! thrice ſovereign lord!---'Tis you I want,
Who're ſovereign over *Pſeudolus*---'Tis you
I'm looking for, to give you three times joy,
A triple joy, three joys three ways obtain'd,
By three tricks, three times earn'd, over three parties,
Thro' wickedneſs, craft, fallacy triumphant,

V. 14. *—a ſtranger—*] *Novus mihi eſſet*, literally, *he is new to me.* He means, he had never heard his name; nor knew him even by ſight.

V. 14. *Quite a man as one could wiſh.*] The original is, *mortalis graphicus.* See Act I. Scene V. v. 143. Note.

V. 19. *—thrice ſovereign lord—*] The original is, *Io, tyranne.* *Tyrannus* did not always ſignify *tyrant*; but *king*, or *ſupreme governor*, *ſovereign lord* in a good ſenſe. So the *Greeks* uſed their word τυραννος.

Pars mihi pacis erit dextram tetigiſſe tyranni.
VIRGIL. *Æneidos*, Lib. vii. V. 266.

——To me 'twill prove
A pledge of peace, to touch that monarch's hand.——
TRAPP.

Seal'd

Seal'd in this little ſcroll, to you I've brought them.
CAL. This is the man---
CHA. The raſcal's in heroicks!
CAL. Advance thy ſteps and join him---
PSEU. Give thy hand
Freely to him who has ſav'd thee---
CAL. Tell me, *Pſeudolus*,
What god ſhall I ſalute thee as?---As hope,
Or as ſalvation?
PSEU. Both, both---rather both---
CAL. Well then, as both I do ſalute thee---
What's done?
PSEU. What fear you?
CAL. I have brought the perſon.
PSEU. What, brought him, ſay you?
CAL. I would ſay, conducted---
PSEU. Who is it?
CAL. Why, *Charinus*.
PSEU. O, well done!
There's a good omen in the name.
CHA. Whate'er
Is neceſſary to be done, command me.
PSEU. My thanks---Good day, *Charinus*---But I would not,
You think us troubleſome.

V. 30. *Or as ſalvation?*—] See *The Captives*, Vol. I. of this tranſlation, Act III. Scene III. v. 18. Note.

V. 37. *There's a good omen in the name.*] The original is *Greek*. Χαρῖνον οἰωνον ποιῶ, alluding to his name, *Charinus*, from χαρις, *grace, kindneſs, good will*. Some editions read χαῖρε οἰωνον *volo, I wiſh to hail the omen*. *Aldus* has it in *Latin*, *Carinum volo*. Another commentator tells us, an ancient MSS. has it, χαίρειν χαρενον *volo, I wiſh to hail* Charinus, and contends for it as the right reading. Which of them is adopted, is not very material.

CHA.

CHA. You troubleſome!
That word to me is all that's troubleſome.
PSEU. Then ſay no more---
CHA. What have you in your head?
PSEU. I've intercepted but e'en now this letter:
With it, this token---
CHA. Token?---Say what token?
PSEU. Why, that the captain ſent here by his ſervant,
With it five minæ---He was to carry off
Your miſtreſs---But I eas'd him of it---
CAL. How?
PSEU. For theſe ſpectators is the play perform'd;
And if they know it who were preſent at it,
I'll tell it you another time.
CAL. But what's
The preſent buſineſs?
PSEU. To embrace your miſtreſs,
And to embrace her free.
CAL. Shall I?
PSEU. Ay, you---
CAL. Myſelf!
PSEU. Yourſelf, I ſay---ſure as I live,
So you procure me ſpeedily a man---
CAL. What ſort of man?
PSEU. One cunning, arch and crafty;
One, who when he's poſſeſs'd of the beginning
Of an affair, knows by his ingenuity
What part he has to act. He muſt be one
Beſides, who has little viſited theſe quarters---
CHA. Um! Does it matter ought if he's a ſlave?
PSEU. 'Twere better ſo than free.

CHA.

CHA. I think, I can
Fit you with one, cunning and arch enough,
One from *Charyſto*, juſt come from his father.
He has not yet been out of doors, arriv'd
But yeſterday at *Athens*.

PSEU. That's all right.
But 'twill beſides be requiſite to borrow
Five minæ, which I will repay this day.
His father owes me one.

CHA. I'll lend them you.
Look out no farther.

PSEU. You're the man I wanted---
But I ſhall want a ſoldier's coat, a ſword,
And hat.

CHA. With them I will equip you too.

PSEU. Immortal gods! I'll now no longer call you
Charinus, but *Abundance*. But this ſlave,
That's from *Charyſto* come, what! is he arch?

CHA. E'en from his cradle.

V. 61. *One from* Charyſto, *juſt come from his father.*] *Caryſto* was a city of *Greece*, ſituated on the eaſtern coaſt of the iſland of *Negropont*, over againſt the iſland of *Andros*. It is at this time an epiſcopal ſee.

V. 66. *His father owes me one.*] The original is, *unam hujus mihi debet pater. Salmaſius* is of opinion, that inſtead of *unam* we ſhould read *quinam*, i. e. *quinque minas*, *five minæ*. But it appears by what paſſes in Scene V. and what happened afterwards, that it is better to follow the correction of *Palmerius*, who reads *omne hujus mihi debet pater*, *his father is indebted to me the whole ſum*. For *Simo*, had abſolutely promiſed to give the twenty minæ in queſtion to *Pſeudolus*; and *Callipho* was at all events to be accountable to him for it, if the other old man went from his word. *Limiers* from *Gronovius*.

PSEU.

PSEU. Then 'tis fit he ſhould
Have a long coat with ſleeves—But has he in him
Any thing ſharp?——

CHA. Ay, marry! very ſharp.

PSEU. But can he on occaſion, draw out ſweets
From the ſame caſk; from his own breaſt I mean?—
Has he of that?

CHA. And make you that a queſtion?
He has nectar, ſweet wine, wine enrich'd with herbs;
Mead, ſweets of all ſorts—Nay, he once intended
To ſet up in his breaſt a ſhop to ſell them.

PSEU. O brave! O rare! *Charinus* the facetious!
At my own game you beat me—But what name
Am I to call this ſlave by?

V. 75. —*Any thing ſharp*—] The original is, *ecquid habet is homo aceti?* To which *Charinus* replies, *atque acidiſſimi*—Literally, *has he any vinegar in his compoſition?—Ay, of the ſharpeſt ſort.* It ſeems here to be uſed for *ſmartneſs, cunning, ſagacity, ſubtilty.* And the uſe of the word in theſe kind of metaphorical ſenſes, is not uncommon.

Our author again.

Nunc experiar, ſitne acetum tibi peracre in pectore.
Bacchides, Act III. Scene III. v. 1.

——Now will I try
If you have any ſpirit of reſentment——

Stoicus hic, aurem mordaci lotus aceto—
Perſius, Sat. v. Ver. 86.

——Oh, here ſtands by
A well taught Stoick, whoſe more purged ear
Is waſh'd as 'twere with truth's ſharp vinegar.
Sir ROBERT STAPYLTON.

Thus literally; but it means, *the Stoick truly diſciplined.* We have made uſe of the word *ſharp*, as it ſignifies, acute, cunning, ſubtle, ingenious, as well as acid.

CHA.

CHA. *Simia.*

PSEU. Does he know how to extricate himſelf
When hamper'd?

CHA. Not a whirlwind is ſo ſpeedy.

PSEU. Subtle?

CHA. In great rogueries, very frequently.

PSEU. When caught in the manner, how behaves he then?

CHA. O, like an eel, he ſlips away from you.

PSEU. And is he knowing?

CHA. Yes, as any regiſter.

PSEU. By your account, he is the man we want.

CHA. To tell you more—Let him but fix his eyes
Upon you, he will tell you what you'd have with him.
But what is't you're about?

PSEU. I'll tell you then.
As ſoon as ever I've equipp'd my man,
I'd have him perſonate the captain's ſlave—
To the procurer let him bear this token;
With it five minæ; and bring off the girl.
Thus ends the whole of this my comedy.
But I'll inſtruct him how to act in all.

CAL. What do we wait for now?

PSEU. Go, bring the man
Accoutred quite compleat, to *Æſchinus*
The banker's—But make haſt

CHA. We ſhall be there
Before you——

PSEU. Get you gone then ſpeedily.

[*Exeunt* CAL. *and* CHA.

Whate'er before was doubtful or uncertain,
Now clears, and I can ſee the light before me.

My legions, every one beneath his ſtandard,
I will draw out, according as I pleaſe,
And with auſpicious omen. Oh! I feel
That I ſhall cruſh my foes. Now to the Forum,
To load this *Simia* with my weighty precepts,
That nothing fail of all he has to do;
But the whole trick be carried handſomely.
The pandar's fort ſhall now be ta'en by ſtorm.
[*Exit.*

*** *Pſeudolus*, who, as the affair he had undertaken was difficult, had not yet come to any fixed determination, opens this Act with a ſoliloquy, expreſſive of different ways by which he thinks the buſineſs might be accompliſhed. When in the ſecond Scene, *Harpax*, a foot-boy of the *Macedonian* captain, appears, whom *Pſeudolus* ſtands aſide to obſerve. When, overhearing the buſineſs he was ſent about, he determines to make him the engine to accompliſh his deſign. Finding that the boy was ordered to pay the money to the pandar's ſteward, and recollecting that he had a ſervant whoſe name was *Syrus*, he tells the foot-boy, that he was the perſon; that his name was *Syrus*, and that he might pay the money to him. This the foot-boy refuſes; inſiſting upon it that he will pay it only to *Ballio* himſelf, who *Pſeudolus* tells him is not at home: but ſuppoſing *Pſeudolus* to be really a ſervant of *Ballio* the procurer's, he gives him the letter and the ring his maſter had ſent him to deliver to him. And to give the affair a greater air of truth, *Pſeudolus* aſks *Harpax* where he is to be met with; and promiſes, when *Ballio*, whoſe ſervant he pretends to be, is come home, he will inform him of it. On this aſſurance, *Harpax* goes to get ſome refreſhment, and reſolves to wait with patience till the procurer's return. This leaves *Pſeudolus* alone; who in the third Scene, congratulates himſelf on this beginning of his good fortune, which puts him in a way of puſhing it on. His having the letter, and the ring, by means of which he was ſure of bearing off *Phœnicium*, was a great thing. But he had not got the money which he was to pay the procurer; and which the letter mentioned to be ſent by the bearer. In the fourth Scene, *Calidorus*, who knew nothing of what had been going forward, enters, with his friend *Charinus*. *Pſeudolus* now

acquaints his maſter with his having the letter, and the uſe he intends to make of it, in order to put his miſtreſs into his hands. And in regard to the money, *Charinus* generouſly offers to ſerve his friend by advancing it. Nothing is now wanting, but to find out ſome perſon, who ſhould perſonate *Harpax*, feign himſelf to be the ſervant ſent by the *Macedonian* captain, and deliver the letter and money to *Ballio*. *Charinus* too ſupplies this deficiency; and promiſes to ſupply him with a crafty clever ſervant of his, who had been come to *Athens* but a few days, and who was totally unknown to *Ballio*. It was ſcarce poſſible, a ſcheme ſo well concerted, ſhould not ſucceed. It all depended on their making proper uſe of the abſence of *Harpax*, who was gone to refreſh himſelf after the fatigue of his journey; and was waiting for the news of *Ballio*'s returning home. The time required for purſuing this buſineſs, makes up the ſecond interval.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter BOY.

WHene'er the gods decree a boy ſhould be
A ſlave to a procurer, and eſpecially
If he be baſely treated too, it muſt
Be own'd, they heap misfortune and diſtreſs,
Great as I feel this preſent at my heart,
So wretched, ſo deplorable my ſervitude.
By miſeries ſmall and great of every kind
I am hemm'd in; nor can I find a friend
Who'll love me well enough to find the means
To keep me clean, or treat me with good cheer.
This is the birth-day of the pandar here,
And every mother's ſon from high to low
Who ſends him not a preſent on this day,
He ſwears with threats, ſhall pay for it to-morrow.
Troth, in my caſe, I know not what to do.
Nor can I do like others who are able.
Unleſs I ſend ſome preſent here to-day,
I'm beaten like a fuller's cloth to-morrow.

V. 16. —*like others*—] The original is, *ſolent*; which ſome commentators, becauſe the word in our author ſometimes has given room for it, (See *The Caſket*, Act I. Scene I. v. 44. Vol. IV. of this tranſlation) would fain torture into an indecent alluſion. But the uſual ſenſe of the word will anſwer very well here.

V. 18. —*fuller's cloth*—] *fructus fullonius*, *fuller's fruit*. The boy is afraid he ſhall be threſhed by his maſter, as a fuller beats his cloth.

Alas! even now how much am I an infant
In this affair? And how much, wretched I
Still dread this man—If any make a preſent
That feels more heavy in the hand than mine,
However hard and grudgingly they pay for it,
I ſeem, as 'twere, to grind my teeth with fear.
But I muſt keep my tongue within my teeth,
For here my maſter comes—With him a cook.

SCENE II.

Enter BALLIO *the procurer, and* COOK.

BAL. The cook-market is fooliſhly ſo call'd;
The thief-market's a better name by half.
For were I on my oath, I could not find
A greater raſcal than this cook I bring.
A prating, bragging, ſilly worthleſs fellow.
Nay, on this very account it is, that *Orcus*
Would not admit him into his dominions,
That he might ſtill remain on earth a cook,

V. 6. —*that* Orcus, &c.] *Orcus* was often uſed to ſignify *Pluto*, the king of the infernal regions, as well as the infernal regions themſelves. So *Plautus* again.

Nam me Acheruntem *recipere* Orcus *noluit*,
Quia præmaturè vita careo———
Moſtellaria, Act II. Scene II. V. 68.

Pluto would not receive me into *Acheron*,
For an untimely death I died———

Jovem *et* Neptunum *deos numeras: ergo etiam* Orcus *frater eorum deus*—— CICERO *De Natura Deorum*, Lib. iii. v. 17.

You reckon *Jupiter* and *Neptune* in the number of the gods; their brother *Orcus* [*Pluto*] then is one.

On

On purpoſe to dreſs ſuppers for the dead:
For only he can dreſs them to their liking—
Cook. If as you think you ſpeak, why did you hire me?
Bal. Out of neceſſity; there was no other.
But if you are the cook you fain would paſs for,
Say, why was you left ſitting in the market?
Cook. I'll tell you—'Tis man's avarice alone
Makes me the cook you ſay I am; and not
My want of genius——
Bal. Ha! how prove you that?
Cook. I'll tell you—When a perſon comes to market
To hire a cook—he don't enquire for one
Who is the beſt, and muſt be paid moſt wages.
They always hire the cheapeſt and the worſt:
Hence have I ſat all day in the market-place.
Thoſe raſcals follow any for a drachma—
I never let myſelf for leſs than gold.
I make not out like other cooks my ſupper,
Who in their diſhes, ſerve up ſeaſon'd meadows,
As if their gueſts would go to graſs like oxen.
Thoſe herbs they ſeaſon; but with other herbs,
Fennel and garlick, coriander, orach,

V. 9: *—ſuppers for the dead;*]— The ancients uſed to make an entertainment or ſupper in ſepulchres, and at tombs. This repaſt they called *ſilicernium*, from *ſilere*, *to be ſilent*, and *cernere*, *to look at*; as every one was at liberty to look at the proviſions, on condition they ſaid nothing; but they were not to touch any thing. Thus applied to a bad cook, as the dead could neither approve of, nor blame his cookery.

Gueudeville, from *De L'Oeuvre*.

V. 28. *—orach—*] The original is *atrum olus*, *black pot-herb*; ſo called, according to *Taubman*, becauſe it cauſes a blackneſs in

Sorrel, blite, beet and cabbage—and then temper it
With a full pound of lazerwort—With theſe
They bray the roguiſh muſtard, ſuch as makes
The grinder's eyes before they've done, drop tears.
E'en let ſuch fellows cater for themſelves!
They ſerve their ſauces with no proper ſeaſoning,
But with vile herbs, that eat the bowels up.
Hence 'tis that men live here ſo ſhort a life,
Stuffing their guts with herbs, as formidable
To hear, as eat—Such as the beaſts won't touch,
They eat themſelves—

BAL. And what do you? Are yours
Such heavenly ſauces, as prolong men's lives,
That you're ſo ſharp on others?

COOK. You may ſay ſo,
And boldly too; for with my cookery,
A man may live two hundred years at leaſt.

the *uterus*, and makes the face pale. *Lambin* ſays it means *hippoſelum* or *hippoſelinum*, *horſe-parſley* or *lovage*. Some of the ſpecies of orach, are now boiled as greens or pot-herbs, and eat in many families in lieu of ſpinach.

V. 30. *—a full pound of lazerwort—*] *laſerpicii libram*, *lazerwort*. The word occurs again in our author.

——ſi ſperas tibi
Hoc anno multum futurum ſirpe et laſerpitium.
Rudens, Act III. Scene II. v. 16.

On which paſſage, ſee Mr. THORNTON's note, in Vol. II. of this tranſlation. He is of opinion it means *benzoin* or *benjamin*.

V. 36. *But with vile herbs—*] The original is *ſtrigibus*, of which there are various ſenſes in the dictionaries, and the commentators are much divided in the ſenſe of this paſſage. *H. Stephens* ſays it is uſed for *olera vilia*, *vile potherbs*, and produces this paſſage of *Plautus* as an inſtance.

For

For when I have into my ſaucepan put
My cicilendrum or my ſipolindrum,
My mace, or my ſancaptis, ſtrait the ſaucepan
Heats of itſelf. For king *Neptune*'s herds this ſauce;
For thoſe of earth, I ſerve my cicimandrum,
My happalopſides, or cataractria.

BAL. May *Jupiter* and all the gods confound you,
With all your ſauces, and your lies together!

COOK. Let me go on.

BAL. Go on then, and be hang'd—

COOK. Soon as my ſaucepans all begin to boil,
I ſtrait uncover them; when the fragrant odour
Mounts down unto the ſkies, and *Jupiter*
Sups on it every night——

BAL. How? mounts down?

COOK. A ſlip that of the tongue.

BAL. How's that?

COOK. I would
Have ſaid, mounts up.

BAL. But when you dreſs no victuals,
On what does *Jupiter* ſup then?

COOK. O, then,
He goes to bed without his ſupper.

V. 46. *My cicilendrum*, &c.] It ſhould ſeem, that theſe words, and ſeveral that follow, are feigned by the cook, in order to ſet off the excellencies of his ragouts. But ſuppoſing them to be the real names of different ſorts of ſpices, it would not anſwer much; as they are not uſed or ſo much as known at this time.

V. 56. *Mounts down*—] The original is, *demiſſis pedibus volat, with the feet hanging down.*

V. 59. —*mounts up*—] The original is, *demiſſis manibus, with the hands hanging down:* the poſition they are uſually in, when a perſon walks faſt or runs.

BAL. Raſcal!
Go and be hang'd! Is it for this I give you
A piece a day?
COOK. I'm an expenſive cook
I own: but for the wages I receive,
You find my buſineſs done—
BAL. Yes, that of ſtealing—
COOK. Expect you e'er to find a cook that has not
The talons of an eagle or a kite?
BAL. Expect you to be hired for a cook,
And not to have your nails par'd cloſe, before
You ſet about your work?—You, boy of mine,
[*to the boy.*
See you put every thing out of the way,
Your eye have upon his; and as he looks,
Look you; and when he goes, go you along.
If he lift up a hand, why, lift up yours:
If he but take his own, why, let him take it;
If ought of ours, hold faſt on t'other ſide—
Moves he? do you move—Stands he ſtill, ſtand you.
Stoops he? ſtoop you. Beſides this pupil here,
I ſhall have private ſpies.
COOK. Oh! never fear.
BAL. Muſt I not fear; that bring you with me home?
COOK. The ſoup that I ſhall make for you to-day,
Shall make you young and lively as old *Pelias*

V. 82. —*as old* Pelias—] It was *Æſon* the father of *Jaſon*, that *Medea* is ſaid to have reſtored to youth, by boiling him in her kettle. *Pelias*, who was his brother, ſhe deſtroyed by her cookery. It ſeems ſtrange, that any of the commentators on *Plautus* ſhould ſo little underſtand the humour of this paſſage, as to fancy that *Plautus* was ignorant of this old fable. The reader

Juſt iſſuing from *Medea*'s kettle; for
As ſhe, by compoſitions and enchantments,
Made an old man come out a young one, I
Will do the ſame by you.

BAL. O, ho! You are turn'd
Enchanter too?

COOK. By *Pollux*' temple! no:
I'm rather man's preſerver.

BAL. Stay, and tell me
What ſhall I give to teach me one receipt?

COOK. What's that?

BAL. Why, a receipt to hinder you
From pilfering.

COOK. If you confide in me,
Two drachma's; if you doubt, not e'en a mina.
But ſay, the ſupper you're to give to-night;
Is it to friends or enemies?

reader may find it in *Apollodorus*, Book i. Section the laſt but one; in *Hyginus*, Fab. xxiv. and in *Ovid's Metam.* Book vii. The humour plainly lies in the cook's promiſes to reſtore *Ballio* to his juvenility by a cookery—that would kill him. *Ballio*'s ignorance is indeed here meant to be expoſed to ridicule by the cook, that is, by *Plautus*: as it likewiſe is in the names of the ſpices, which are probably fictitious.

V. 84. —*enchantments*—]. The original is, *venenis*. *Venenum* ſometimes was uſed for ſpell or enchantment, as well as for poiſon.

——Phœbeque *ſerena*
Non aliter, dirîs verborum obſeſſa venenis——
Lucan, Lib. vi. V. 501.

Can blot fair *Cynthia*'s countenance ſerene,
And poiſon with foul *ſpells* the ſilver queen— ROWE.

The *veneſici*, *enchanters*, were wont to deſtroy men by poiſon. On this depends the turn of the cook's reply.

BAL.

BAL. To friends,
You may be ſure.
COOK. I would you'd giv'n your ſupper
To enemies and not to friends: for I
Shall ſuch a reliſh give to this day's feaſt,
'Twill make them eat their fingers.
BAL. Then, by *Hercules!*
Before you give it to my gueſts, I beg you
Taſt it yourſelf, and give it to your gentry,
That you may firſt gnaw your own thieviſh fingers.
COOK. Perhaps you don't believe a word I ſay.
BAL. Come, ben't impertinent. You prate too much.
I like it not—There is my houſe, go in,
And get the ſupper ready in all haſt.
COOK. You and your gueſts get to your couches quick,
The ſupper's ſpoil'd already.
BAL. See that rogue,
That ſcullion's under-lick-diſh to his maſter:
I know not, troth! which to look after firſt,
Such thieves are in my houſe. A rogue there is
Here at next door. My neighbour at the Forum,
Father of *Calidorus*, here was warning me,
To have an eye on *Pſeudolus* his ſervant,
For that he's been upon the hunt, if poſſible,
How he this day may cheat me of this girl;
And that to him he had engag'd his word,
By ſtratagem to rob me of *Phœnicium*—
Now will I in, and give my people charge
That not a ſoul give credit to this *Pſeudolus*.
[*Exit.*

*** This act is opened by a boy, a ſervant to *Ballio*; who entertains us with a ſoliloquy, very little to the purpoſe of the Comedy. But, as Mr. *Bayes* ſays, "What is a plot good for, "but to introduce fine things?" In the ſecond Scene, *Ballio* enters on his way home, with a cook he had hired to dreſs his birth-day entertainment. After a good deal of pleaſantry of the cook, who is expatiating upon his abilities in his profeſſion, and bragging of the goodneſs of his ragouts and his ſauces, goes into *Ballio*'s houſe in order to dreſs the ſupper, and the boy with him, leaving *Ballio* alone upon the ſtage; who informs the ſpectators, that *Simo*, who was fearful that *Pſeudolus* would ſome how or other procure the money, had adviſed him to have an eye upon him, and to order all his family to take care of themſelves. This he goes into his houſe to do; and his ſo doing fills up the third interval.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter PSEUDOLUS, *ſpeaking to* SIMIA, *ſuppoſing him behind him.*

PSEUDOLUS.

IF the immortal gods meant help to-day,
Myſelf and *Calidorus* they deſign'd
To be preſerv'd, through that procurer's ruin;
Then, when they form'd thee, *Simia*, to aſſiſt me
With all thy arts of cunning and deceit.
Where is he tho'? [*looking back.*] What?—Am I grown a fool,
To talk thus to myſelf—Sure he has deceiv'd me.
Knave as I am, I have not taken care
Not to be cheated by another knave—
If he has given me thus the ſlip, I'm ruin'd:
Nor ſhall I do the buſineſs of the day.
But hold, I ſee the whipping-poſt—How ſtately

[*Enter* SIMIA *the* Counterfeit, *dreſſed like* HARPAX, *at a diſtance.*]

He ſtalks!—Soho!—I was juſt looking for you—
I fear'd, by *Hercules!* you had ſlipt away.

SIM. And if I had, I'd acted but in character.

PSEU. But where have you been loitering?

V. 12. —*the whipping-poſt*—] The original is, *verbeream ſtatuam, a man as much uſed to ſtripes as a whipping-poſt*; or *one as inſenſible of ſtripes as a ſtatue.* DE L'OEUVRE.

SIM.

SIM. Where I pleas'd.

PSEU. I know that well enough.

SIM. Then why do'ſt aſk?

PSEU. But to remind you of it.

SIM. Teach your grannam—

PSEU. You treat me with contempt—

SIM. Why ſhould I not?
I, who am now to paſs for a campaigner?

PSEU. I'd have our undertaking briſkly follow'd.

SIM. And do you ſee me doing of ought elſe?

PSEU. Beſtir your ſtumps then.

SIM. Slow and ſure's my rule.

PSEU. This is the nick of time—While he's aſleep
I'd have you go to *Ballio*.— [*meaning* HARPAX.

SIM. But, what haſt? 25
Softly—Fear not. *Jove* ſend the fellow here,
Whoe'er he be, that's coming from the captain!
He ſhall no more the real *Harpax* be,
Than I am.—Pluck your courage up; and hear me.
I will ſo ſcare this military ſtranger

V. 18. *Teach your grannam!*] The original is, *monendus ne me moneat*; literally, *let not him who is to be advis'd himſelf, adviſe me.* Something like this we meet with in *Horace*.

Diſce docendus adhuc quæ cenſet amiculus——
Epiſt. Lib. i. Ep. 17.

Yet to the inſtruction of an humble friend,
Who would himſelf be better taught, attend. FRANCIS.

The *Romans* had a proverb in this ſenſe. *Sus Minervam*, the word *docet* or *monet* underſtood. We have made uſe of an *Engliſh* proverb to the ſame purpoſe.

V. 24. *—While he's aſleep—*] meaning *Harpax*, who in Act II. Scene II. had told the ſpeaker, that when he had ended his dinner, he would take a nap.

With lies and tricks, he ſhall deny himſelf,
And own, not he, but I'm the very man.
PSEU. Is't poſſible?
SIM. You make me mad to doubt it.
PSEU. A noble fellow! *Jupiter* preſerve thee!
With all thy lies and ſtratagems, for me!
SIM. Me for myſelf!—But does my dreſs become me?
PSEU. It ſits quite well.
SIM. That's good.
PSEU. Now may the gods
Grant you your wiſh; for did they give you all
That you deſerve,—you'd come but poorly off:
For I ne'er ſaw a finer rogue and raſcal.
SIM. To me that compliment?
PSEU. I've done—But ſay
What preſent ſhall I make you, if you manage
This buſineſs cleverly—
SIM. Cannot you be quiet?
Whoever prompts a man that minds his buſineſs,
Putting him ſtill in mind, but puts him out—
I comprehend it all—'Tis laid up here.
[*pointing to his breaſt.*
I've well conſider'd every ſtratagem—
PSEU. He is a worthy fellow!
SIM. No—not he,
[*pointing to* PSEUDOLUS.
Nor I.
PSEU. Take heed you make no blunder now.
SIM. What, will you ne'er have done?
PSEU. Now may the gods
So love me——
SIM. That they'll never do, you're ſo
Made

Made up of lies—and—

PSEU. As I love thee, *Simia*,
E'en for thy rogueries and praiſing fear thee.

SIM. I've learn'd to give thoſe compliments to others,
You cannot wheedle me.

PSEU. How ſhall I treat you,
When you have done your buſineſs?—

SIM. Ha! ha! ha!

PSEU. Nice eating, wine, perfumes, and 'twixt our cups,
Some fine tid-bits—To theſe a girl of wit,
Who'll give you kiſs on kiſs.

SIM. That's nice indeed!

PSEU. Succeed, and find me better than my word.

SIM. If I do not, then treat me like a hang-dog—
But haſt, and ſhew me the procurer's houſe.

PSEU. 'Tis the third door from hence.

SIM. Hold your tongue—
Sure his door gapes—

V. 55. *You cannot wheedle me.*] The original is, *mihi obtrudere non potes palpum.* Literally, *you cannot pat or ſtroke me*; a metaphor taken from patting or ſtroaking a ſpirited horſe in order to make him ſtand ſtill while the rider mounts him.

V. 58. *Some fine tid-bits*—] *Pulpamentis*, which means the fleſhy part of a hare.

So *Terence*—

Lepus tute es, et pulpamentum quæris?—
Eunuchus, Act III. Scene I. v. 36.

——Are you
A hare yourſelf, and do you ſeek *tid-bits?*

V. 64. *Sure his door gapes*—] The original is, *ædes hiſcunt*. *Hiſco*, is properly, *to open the mouth either to breathe or to ſwallow.*

PSEU.

PSEU. Ay, like enough—'Tis ſick—

SIM. How ſick?

PSEU. Becauſe it throws up the procurer.

SIM. Is't he?

PSEU. The very he—

SIM. Vile merchandiſe.

PSEU. Look at the fellow—See, he can't go ſtrait,
But ſide ways, like a crab——

SCENE II.

Enter BALLIO.

BAL. I now begin
To think this cook leſs raſcal than I fancied.
A tankard and a cup are all yet ſtolen.

PSEU. Hiſt! Hark you! now's your time: a fair occaſion [*aſide to* SIMIA.
Preſents itſelf—

SIM. To me it ſeems ſo too—

PSEU. The way he comes, do you ſtep ſlily into;
And I'll here place myſelf in ambuſcade.

SIM. I've kept with care the number in my head;
Sixth from the gate; this lane, the next I come to
My maſter bad me turn into—But then
How many houſes off, I'm quite uncertain.

BAL. [*aſide.*] What fellow's this!—A ſoldier's cloak upon him!
Whence is he?—Or whom ſeeks he!—By his face
He ſeems a foreigner; and of mean rank.

SIM. But I ſee there a man will clear my doubts.

V. 3. —*yet ſtolen.*] The original is *harpagavit*, See Act I. Scene II. v. 11. note.

BAL.

BAL. To me he makes directly—Whence i' th' world
Can come this fellow?—

SIM. Hark you!—You that ſtand
With your goat's beard there, anſwer me a queſtion--

BAL. Don't you firſt give me evil ſalutation.

SIM. I give no gratis ſalutations, I.——

BAL. By *Pollux!* juſt the ſame you'll have from me.

PSEU. This the beginning is of their fair dealing.

SIM. In this lane know you any man? I aſk thee--

BAL. Why yes; I know myſelf.

SIM. Few men do that,
Which you pretend to — For you'll meet i'th' Forum,
Scarcely with one in ten who knows himſelf.

PSEU. O—ſafe's the word—he's now philoſophizing—

V. 24. —*I know myſelf.*] Alluding to that famous ſentence of *Thales*, or as ſome ſay, of *Apollo*. ΚΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ. *Know thyſelf*—

——*E cælo deſcendit γνῶθι σεαυτὸν,*
Fruendum et memori tractandum pectore, ſive
Conjugium quæras, vel ſacri in parte ſenatus——
Eſſe velis—— *Juvenal*, Sat. xi. V. 27.

From heaven to mankind, ſure that rule was ſent
Of *Know thyſelf*, and by ſome god was meant,
To be our never-erring pilot here,
Thro' all the various courſes which we ſteer——
CONGREVE in DRYDEN'S *Juvenal*.

V. 27. —*he's now philoſophizing.*] We meet with this ſentiment again in *Plautus*.

SIM. I'm looking for a fellow here, a ſad one,
A lawleſs, impious, perjur'd, wicked rogue.
BAL. 'Tis me he's ſeeking—Theſe are my additions—
If he but knows my name—But what's he call'd?
[*to* SIMIA.
SIM. Why *Ballio*, a procurer—
BAL. Do I know him?
Myſelf am he, young man, you're looking for.
SIM. What are you *Ballio?*
BAL. Troth the very man—
SIM. How like a houſebreaker the fellow's dreſt?
BAL. Were you to ſee me in the dark, I think
You'll ſcarcely meddle with me.
SIM. Well, my maſter
Would that I give you many ſalutations—
He bad me give this letter to you—Take it—
BAL. What man is he who bad you?
PSEU. Quite undone! 40
He ſticks i'th' mire: he does not know the name—
We're all aground—
BAL. Who, gueſs you ſent the letter?

Salva res eſt: philoſophatur quoque jam, non mendax modo eſt.
Captivi, Act II. Scene II. v. 34.

So, all is right—he's not content with lying;
But reaſons like a wiſe man.——

V. 35. *—a houſe-breaker—*] *Perfoſſor parietum, a breaker down, or underminer of walls.* So *Plautus* in another place.

Ubi parietes perfoderis——
Aſinaria, Act III. Scene II. v. 17.

Thou'ſt broke thro' walls to ſteal——

SIM. Look on the ſeal—Do you tell me his name;
That I may know you are the very *Ballio*—
BAL. Give me the letter—
SIM. Take it—And the ſeal
Examine well—
BAL. O ho! I know it well—
'Tis he himſelf; *Polymachæroplacides.*
SIM. Yes, yes: his name's *Polymachæroplacides*—
By this I know the letter's right deliver'd,
Since you have told his name—
BAL. But ſay, how fares he?
SIM. Why, as a ſtout and gallant ſoldier ſhould—
But haſt, I beg you haſt and read the letter,
There's buſineſs in it; to receive the money,
And ſend me out the girl immediately—
For I muſt *Sicyon* ſee this day, or elſe
Be hang'd to-morrow—Maſter's ſuch a tyrant!
BAL. I know it true—By all the marks agreed,
SIM. Then haſte, and read—
BAL. If you will hold your tongue.
BAL. [*reading the letter.*] "Captain *Polymachæ-*
"*roplacides*
"To the procurer *Ballio* ſends this letter.
"With it the ſeal agreed upon between us.
SIM. The token's in the letter.
BAL. Yes, I ſee it,
And know the figure well—But does he never
Uſe any ſalutation in his letters?
SIM. *Ballio*, that were not ſoldierlike—He ſends
Health to his friends, but to his foes deſtruction.
But on as you've begun; and mark the letter.
BAL. Do but attend then [*reading.*] "He who
"comes to you

" Is my page *Harpax*"—What are you that *Harpax?*
[*to him.*

SIM. I am—I'm *Harpax* ſelf—

BAL. [*reading.*] " He who this letter
" Brings you, from him I'd have you take the money.
" By him too would I have you ſend *Phœnicium.*
" 'Tis worthy to ſend greetings to the worthy;
" Were that the caſe, I had ſent ſuch to you."

SIM. What's to be done now?

BAL. Why, give me the money,
And take away the girl.

SIM. Well, which of us
Makes the delay?

BAL. Then follow me.

SIM. I follow— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PSEUDOLUS *comes forward.*

PSEU. Well! a more cunning raſcal, and a craftier,
Than this ſame *Simia*, never have I ſeen:
I ſadly fear the fellow'll play ſome trick
With me, as he has done with *Ballio:*
And in his better fortune butt at me;

V. 69. —*my page*—] The original is *calator*, which the grammarians tell us, properly means, *the ſervant of a ſoldier*, from the *Greek* καλειν, *to call*; becauſe from the nature of the ſervice, they are liable every inſtant to be called upon.

V. 5. —*butt at me*;] The original is, *nunc mihi obvertat cornua*, *turns his horns againſt me.* A metaphor from horned cattle butting with their horns.

Superſt

He is ſo miſchievous on all occaſions.
And yet I would not think ſo: for I love him:
But after all, I'm in a deſperate fright;
And for three reaſons. Firſt and foremoſt, leaſt
My comrade ſhould deſert me, and go over
To join the foe. Next, leaſt in the interim
My maſter from the Forum ſhould return,
And, with their booty, ſeize the plunderers.
Laſt, in the midſt of all my fears, I fear,
That *Harpax* there, may hither come before
This *Harpax* here, is gone hence with the girl.
We're ruin'd!—what a while they're coming out:
My heart is waiting, ready bag and baggage,
In caſe he comes without the girl forthwith,
To pack off into exile from my breaſt—
Victoria!—Of my guards I've got the better—

Supereſt ea pars epiſtolæ, quæ ſimiliter pro me ſcripta, in memet ipſum vertit cornua. *Apuleius*, Apologia.

There ſtill remains that part of the letter, which, tho' wrote in my favour, has *butted* againſt me.

V. 18. —*ready bag and baggage,*] The original is, *colligatis vaſis, all implements tyed together.* A metaphor from the army, when the ſoldiers, when they break up camp, collect every thing that belongs to them, and tye them up in a bundle.

SCENE IV.

Enter SIMIA *the* Counterfeit, *with* PHŒNICIUM.

SIM. Weep not, *Phœnicium!* you don't know as yet
How ſtands the affair; but you ſhall know at ſupper.
I do not bear you to that gag-tooth'd fellow
The *Macedonian* captain, who occaſions
Theſe tears of yours—I lead you to the man
Whom you moſt wiſh to be with—I'll take care
You ſhall e'er long embrace your *Calidorus*——
PSEU. Why did you ſtay ſo long within? my heart
Was ready to beat through my breaſt the while.
SIM. A plague upon your queſtions, you way-lay me,
When we ſhould gain a march upon the enemy.
PSEU. Well, well, for once we'll take a knave's advice——
Let us be gone ſtrait to our bowl of triumph.

[*Exeunt.*

V. 3. —*that gag-tooth'd fellow*] The original is, *dentatum virum, having large teeth in front, and very prominent:* ſuch teeth are now at this time called *gag-teeth*. And it is obſerved, that we are moſt afraid of wild beaſts that ſhew thoſe ſort of teeth. By *gag-tooth'd fellow*, he means *Polymachæroplacides*. See Scene II. V. 47.

V. 10. —*gain a march*, &c.] *gradibus militaribus, with military ſtrides*. In ſummer time and in fair weather, ſoldiers, as M. *De L'Oeuvre* informs us, marched twenty miles in five hours.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter BALLIO *the* Procurer.

BAL. Ha! ha! ha! ha! [*laughing.*] at length my heart's at eaſe,
Since he is gone, and carried off the girl.
Now could I wiſh that raſcal *Pſeudolus*
Would come, and try out of this girl to trick me.
He has con'd his leſſon well, I know for certain.
I'd rather be forſworn a thouſand times,
Than be the laughing-ſtock of ſuch a raſcal,
If I now meet with him, by *Hercules!*
I'll laugh him off the ſtage—But I believe
He muſt be in the work-houſe ſoon: for ſuch
Were the conditions of his own propoſal.
Now do I wiſh, that I could meet with *Simo*,
That I might make him partner of my joy.

SCENE VI.

Enter SIMO.

SIM. I muſt go ſee what buſineſs has been done
By my *Ulyſſes*; whether he has yet
Borne off the prize from *Ballio*'s citadel.

V. 2. —*my* Ulyſſes—] Alluding to the ſtory of *Ulyſſes* bearing off the *Palladium*. It was a wooden image of *Pallas*, which the *Trojans* imagined had fallen from heaven into an uncovered temple; and were told by the oracle, that *Troy* could not be taken whilſt that image remained there. Which when *Diomedes* and *Ulyſſes* heard of, they privately ſtole into the temple, ſlew the

BAL. O happy man! give me thy happy hand.
SIM. The matter?
BAL. Now—
SIM. What now!—
BAL. You've nothing left
To fear——
SIM. How ſo?—Has *Pſeudolus* been with you?
BAL. Not ſo.——
SIM. Then what good fortune has befaln
BAL. Your twenty minæ, *Pſeudolus* to-day
Promis'd himſelf from you, are ſafe and ſound,
SIM. I would they were, by *Hercules!*
BAL. Of me
Demand the twenty minæ, if this day
He either gets this girl into his clutches,
Or, as he promis'd, gives her to your ſon.
Demand of me the caſh—I long to promiſe,
Depend upon it, all your money's ſafe;
And you ſhall have the girl into the bargain.
SIM. I ſee no danger in the terms you offer.—
And you'll engage the twenty minæ?—
BAL. Ay.
SIM. A ſpecial bargain this! But have you met him?
BAL. Yes, both of them together.
SIM. Well, what ſays he? What is his talk?—What ſtory does he tell you?
BAL. Why, mere ſtage cant. He call'd me names, the actors
Give us procurers: every boy can tell——

keepers, and carried away the image; after which the deſtruction of the city ſoon followed. The reader may ſee the account at large in *Virgil Æn.* Lib. ii. V. 162, &c.

He

He ſaid, I was a wicked, perjur'd raſcal—
SIM. He told no lyes—
BAL. Nor was I angry with him.
What matters it to call a man hard names,
Who nor regards it, nor denies their truth?
SIM. How is it you have nought to fear from him?
I'd fain hear that.—
BAL. Becauſe he never will
Bear off the girl from me, nor ever can.
Don't you remember, ſome time ſince I told you,
I'd ſold her to a *Macedonian* captain?
SIM. Yes, I remember—
BAL. Well, e'en now, his ſervant
Brought me the money, and the token with it
Agreed between us, ſeal'd up in a letter.
SIM. What follow'd?—
BAL. Why, as 'twas agreed, the bearer
Has not long ſince borne off with him the girl.
SIM. Do you ſay this with honeſty and truth?
BAL. Whence ſhould I get thoſe qualities?
SIM. Howe'er
See that he has not put ſome trick upon you.
BAL. The letter, and the token that's within it,
Put it beyond all doubt—And, more than that,
He has not only ta'en her from the city,
But gone away with her to *Sicyon*.
SIM. Well done, by *Hercules!*—'Tis now high time
To ſend off *Pſeudolus*, to join the colony

V. 46. —*join the colony*—] The original is, *ut' det nomen ad molarum coloniam, to give a name to the colony of hand-mills.* An alluſion, ſays M. *Gueudeville*, to a cuſtom of the *Romans*, that whoever went to form a new colony, were obliged to give it a name before they left it. So *Plautus* again.

O ca-

At th' work-houſe—Who's this in a ſoldier's coat?

BAL. I know him not—Let's ſtep aſide, and mark
Whither he's going, and what he is about——

[*they go apart.*

SCENE VII.

Enter HARPAX.

HAR. That ſlave's a baſe and wicked fellow, who
Pays to his maſter's orders no regard.
And he too, who neglects to do his duty,
Unleſs he's often put in mind of it,
Is good for nothing. They, who deem themſelves,
As ſoon as maſter's back is turn'd, at liberty;
And give themſelves to riot and debauch,
Shall never have another name than ſlave.
Nor any ſpark of genius do they ſhew,
But to maintain them in their wicked ſleight.
With ſuch I herd not, ſpeak not; nor am I
Renown'd among 'em. But, as I am order'd,
I deem my maſter preſent in his abſence;
And dread his anger tho' he is not by:
That when we meet, I may have nought to fear.
'Tis worth attending to. *Syrus*, to whom
I gave the token, wou'd have let me ſtay
Till this time in my quarters.—As he bad me,
I ſtaid there—When the bawd came home, he ſaid
He'd ſend for me.—But ſince he neither came,
Nor ſent, I'm come here of my own free motion,
To ſee the cauſe, leſt he play tricks with me.

O catenarum colone!—— *Aſinaria*, Act II. Sc. II. v. 32.
Townſman of chain-town——

I'd

I'd beſt knock at the door, and give a call
For ſome one to come out; for I would fain
The pandar ſhould receive of me this money,
And ſend away the girl along with me.
BAL. Hark you!—
SIM. What would you?
BAL. Here I have my man—
SIM. How ſo?
BAL. Becauſe I'll make a prey of him.
He wants a wench, and has the money ready.
O! how I long to fix my teeth upon him!
SIM. What, would you eat him?
BAL. Yes, while he is freſh,
And warm, and fit to pleaſe my appetite.
'Tis your chaſt gentry keep me poor; your lewd ones
I feed on well: my fortune is augmented
By dealing with bad men—The good and true
I loſe by—All my profit's from the wicked.
SIM. [*aſide.*] Miſchievous fellow!—And the gods will give
Miſchief to thee; thou art ſuch a wicked raſcal.
HAR. But I delay to knock here at the door;
And know, if *Ballio* is at home.
BAL. [*to* SIMO.] 'Tis thus, *Venus* befriends me, when ſhe hither ſends
Her ſons of diſſipation and expence;
Who of their youth and money take ſuch care:
Eat, drink, wench—Quite another kind of creatures,
Than thou art, *Simo*: ſuffering not thyſelf
To indulge, and envying thoſe that do.
HAR. Hola!
Where are you all?
BAL. He's making to my houſe.

HAR.

HAR. Where are you all, I ſay?

BAL. Hark you, young man;
What want you there? (This fellow'll be rare plunder) [*aſide.*
I knew he'd bring good luck!

HAR. Will no one open?

BAL. You, in the cloak, what buſineſs have you there?

HAR. I'm looking for the pandar *Ballio*'s houſe.

BAL. Whoe'er you are, you need not look for it long.

HAR. Why ſo?

BAL. The man's here, face to face before you.

HAR. And are you he?

SIM. Take care, man, of yourſelf; [*to* HAR.]
And point him out—this is an old procurer——

BAL. And, this a man of probity—but oft
Your man of probity, when caſh runs low,
Is ſet with duns, that make the Forum ring,

V. 56. *—point him out—*] The original is, *in hunc intende digitum, point him out with your finger.* The antients, when they would point out any one whom they would have looked on with contempt, uſed to ſtretch out their middle finger towards them. Inſtances of this are frequent in antient authors. Thus *Juvenal*, ſpeaking of *Democritus*—

Ridebat curas, nec non et gaudia vulgi;
Interdum et lacrymas, cum fortunæ ipſe minaci
Mandaret laqueum, mediumque oſtenderet unguem.
Sat. x. V. 51.

The buſ'neſſes of men, their joys and fears,
He laught at, and ſometimes their very tears.
A halter on proud fortune he beſtow'd,
And when ſhe frown'd his middle finger ſhow'd.
Sir ROBERT STAPYLTON.

And

And to the old procurer he's oblig'd
For a ſupply.

HAR. What! won't you anſwer me?

BAL. Yes ſure. What want you?

HAR. Take your money, do.

BAL. I'd long been ready, wou'd you give it me.

HAR. Take it—Here are five minæ ready told;
This debt *Polymachæroplacides*
My maſter bad me pay you—Juſt the ſum,
And that you ſend *Phœnicium* home by me.

BAL. Your maſter!

HAR. Ay.

BAL. The captain!

HAR. Ay, I tell you.

BAL. The *Macedonian* captain?

HAR. To be ſure.

BAL. And ſo, *Polymachæroplacides*
Sent you to me?

HAR. You ſay the truth.

BAL. To give
This money to me?

HAR. Yes, if you're the pandar,
And your name *Ballio?*

BAL. Well!—and to bear off
The girl?

HAR. Juſt ſo.

BAL. *Phœnicium*, did he ſay?

HAR. You're right.

BAL. Well, ſtay a moment, I'll return
Immediately—

HAR. Don't ſtay, for I'm in haſte.
The day's far ſpent you ſee—

BAL.

BAL. I ſee it is.
I'll only call him, [*pointing.*] here to be a witneſs
[*aſide to* SIMO.
What's to be done now, *Simo?* ſay, what courſe
Are we to take? I plainly ſmoke the fellow
Who has brought the money.
SIMO. Well, how ſo?—
BAL. And do you
Know nought of this contrivance?
SIM. Juſt as much
As does the man i' th' moon!
BAL. By *Pollux'* temple!
That *Pſeudolus* of your's, a rogue of rogues!
O what a cunning ſcheme has he contriv'd!
The ſum the captain ow'd me, he has given
Here to this fellow, and inſtructed him
To fetch the girl. Certain, thy *Pſeudolus*
Has hither ſent this Counterfeit, as from
The *Macedonian* captain.
SIM. Ha'ſt the money?
BAL. Do you aſk that and ſee it? Where's your eyes?
SIM. Good! but remember, one half of the prey
Belongs to me; it is to be divided.
BAL. Plague on you! that, you may depend upon.
HAR. Will you diſpatch me?
BAL. Preſently. What, *Simo*,
Would you adviſe me in this caſe to do?

V. 82. *Juſt as much*, &c.] The original is, *juxta cum ignariſſimis*, literally, *juſt as much as the moſt ignorant do.*

V. 94. —*you may depend upon.*] Some commentators obſerve, that a double entendre is here intended. *Simo* means that they are to ſhare the money. *Ballio* replies, *Plague on you! the plague (malum!) is all your own.*

SIM.

SIM. Let's make ſome ſport with this ſame Counterfeit.

BAL. Yes, 'till he's ſenſible he's made a fool of. Follow me then——And, ſo you ſay you are [*to* HARPAX.
The captain's ſlave?

HAR. Moſt certainly.

BAL. What was
The price he gave?—

HAR. His valour in the field—
In my own country, I was general.

BAL. What, did your maſter lay ſiege to a jail,
That he took you?

HAR. Come, no hard words, friend.
You'll have as much from me.

BAL. And when do you ſay
Did you ſet out from *Sicyon?*

HAR. Yeſterday,
At noon——

BAL. He's made good haſt, by *Hercules!*
How ſwift of foot he is: look at his calves,
You'll find by them he can bear heavy chains—
I'll warrant when a boy, he ſcorn'd a cradle.

HAR. Go, hang yourſelf!

BAL. That you yourſelf may do,
You will have time enough for it in the day.

HAR. Come, ſend the girl out, or reſtore the money.

V. 104. —*You'll have as much from me.*] The original is, *contumeliam ſi dices, audies*—literally, *if you give me foul language, you ſhall hear it yourſelf.*

V. 109. —*heavy chains*—] Here follow five lines in the original, which are omitted in the tranſlation. The learned reader will eaſily ſee the reaſon.

BAL.

BAL. Well, ſtay a little.

HAR. Wherefore ſhou'd I ſtay?

BAL. What give you for the hire of that ſame cloak?

HAR. What do you mean by that?

BAL. And of that ſword?

HAR. Theſe fellows ſhould be doſed with hellebore.

BAL. How!——

HAR. Come, ha' done.

BAL. What do you pay the owner
For that ſame hat?

HAR. What, owner! Do you dream?
The things are mine, and bought with my own money.

BAL. With your own back, you mean!

HAR. Theſe dotards here
Have bath'd, and want a' nointing and a rubbing,
As is the cuſtom.

V. 117. —*dos'd with hellebore.*] See *The Twin Brothers*, Act V. Scene IV. v. 23. and the note.

V. 122. —*a rubbing.*] The original is, *fricari ſeſe volunt.* The antients after bathing uſed to have their bodies anointed with oyl, and then rubbed with a fleſh-bruſh.

In ſeceſſu ſolum balinei tempus ſtudiis eximebatur; cum dico balinei, de interioribus loquor. Nam dum deſtringitur tergiturque, audiebat aliquid aut dictabat. *Plinii*, Lib. iii. Epiſt. 5.

In the country, the time of bathing only was exempt from ſtudy. When I mention bathing, I mean the time when he was actually in the bath: for whilſt he was rubbed and wiped, he either heard ſomething read to him, or dictated ſomething to others. Lord ORRERY.

——*Domus*

BAL. Prithee tell me, truly,
What now does *Pſeudolus* give you for this job?
What is your price?

HAR. What *Pſeudolus* do you mean?

BAL. Your tutor, your inſtructor in your art,
How you may rob me of my girl by ſlights.—
HAR. What *Pſeudolus*, what ſlights do you tell me of?
I know of no ſuch man.

BAL. Will you not pack?
Here's nothing to be got by counterfeits.
You may go back, and tell your *Pſeudolus*,
One *Harpax* has been here, beforehand with you,
And carried off the booty.—

——*Domus interea ſecura patellas,*
Jam lavat, et bucca foculum excitat, et ſonat unctis
Strigilibus, et pleno componit lintea gutto—
Juvenal, Sat. iii. V. 261.

Meantime unknowing of their fellow's fate,
The ſervants waſh the platters, ſcour the plate,
Then blow the fire with puffing cheeks, and lay
The rubbers, and the bathing ſheets diſplay,
And oyl them firſt, and each is handy in his way.

DRYDEN.

There is a metaphorical ſenſe in this paſſage of *Plautus*; which let *Shakſpeare* explain.

Shylock. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!
Solarino. Out upon it, old carrion,
Rebels it at theſe years?——
Merchant of Venice, Act III. Scene I.

V. 127. *I know of no ſuch man.*] *Quem ego hominem nullius coloris novi.* Literally, *I know not what colour the man is of, whether black or white.*

HAR. *Pollux'* temple!
Why I am *Harpax*—
BAL. So you wou'd be thought—
But are an arrant counterfeit—No more.
HAR. I'm ſure, I paid the money to yourſelf;
And ſome time ſince, on my arrival, gave
The token to your ſlave, here at the door,
A letter ſeal'd up with my maſter's ſeal.
BAL. A letter to my ſlave! To what ſlave, ſay.
HAR. To *Syrus*.
BAL. This rogue has not braſs enough.
He's but a ſorry counterfeit, and ſhallow.
But O rare *Pſeudolus!* By *Pollux'* temple!
How cunningly the rogue had hid his hook.
Here was the very ſum the captain owed,
Ready in hand; and then he had his leſſon,
To take the girl away.—For the true *Harpax*
Gave me that letter here, into my hands.
HAR. My name is *Harpax:* my condition, ſlave
To the *Macedonian* captain. I know no trick.
I play, nor act the counterfeit in aught;
I'm not acquainted with this *Pſeudolus*,
Nor know I who he is—
SIM. I'm much miſtaken,
Procurer, if you've not quite loſt your girl.
BAL. The more I hear, the more I am afraid ſo,
By *Pollux'* temple!
SIM. Ay, the very name
Of that ſame *Syrus* made my blood run cold,
Who took the token—Wonderful! 'tis *Pſeudolus!*
Hark you, my lad? What kind of man was he
You gave the ring to?

V. 146. —*he*—] i. e. *Harpax*.

HAR.

HAR. Why, a red hair'd fellow,
Gorbellied, and big headed, with ſharp eyes,
Thick calves, red face, and his complexion, wainſcot--
Swinging large feet—
SIM. Then you have loſt the girl!
The feet are his;—'tis *Pſeudolus* himſelf.
BAL. 'Tis over with me—and I can't ſurvive it.
HAR. Ay, but you muſt tho', 'till you've pay'd the money,
My twenty minæ.
SIM. Twenty more to me.
BAL. And will you take it of me, when you know
I ſpake it but in joke.
SIM. Of a known raſcal
'Tis right to make one's market any how.
BAL. At leaſt, you'll give up *Pſeudolus*.
SIM. Give him up?
What is his crime? Have I not giv'n you warning,
An hundred times, to be upon your guard?—
BAL. He has undone me.
SIM. And has lay'd a fine
On me of twenty pretty minæ.
BAL. What
Shall I do now?
HAR. Give me the money but,
You may go hang yourſelf.
BAL. The gods confound you!
Then to the Forum follow me, that I
May there diſcharge the debt— [*to* HARPAX.
HAR. I follow you.

V. 160. —*a red hair'd fellow.*] Some commentators are of opinion, that *Plautus* in this deſcription intended to point out himſelf. If ſo, the picture is not a very agreeable one.

BAL. This day I clear with ſtrangers:—Fellow-citizens
Muſt tarry till to-morrow. [*to* SIMO.] This ſame *Pſeudolus*
Has from all quarters ſummon'd all his forces,
And ſent this fellow to bear off the girl.
You, follow me.—You muſt not, Sirs, expect, 185
[*to the ſpectators.*
As matters ſtand, that I return this way;
By alleys blind, I'll in at the back door.

HAR. Were your legs nimble as your tongue, by this
You'd reach'd the Forum.

BAL. 'Stead of my birth-day,
They've made a dying-day of it to me. 190
[*Exit* BALLIO, HARPAX *following.*

SCENE VIII.

SIMO *alone.*

SIMO. I've touch'd him handſomely—ſo has our ſlave
His adverſary. And for it, I'm determin'd
To lay a trap for *Pſeudolus*, unlike
The common end of plays, with whips and ſcourges:
The twenty minæ ſhall be my revenge, 5
I promis'd him, in caſe he did the buſineſs.
I'll ſeek him for the purpoſe——*Pſeudolus*

V. 182. *Has from all quarters—*] *Centuriata comitia.* The aſſemblies ſo called, were the largeſt, and conſiſted of the greateſt number of people among the *Romans.* So *Ballio* would ſay that *Pſeudolus* had got together all his artifices, in order ſo to ſpread the net, that he ſhould not eſcape. LIMIERS.

Is

Is the moſt crafty, ſubtle knave alive;
He outdoes *Trojan Dolon* and *Ulyſſes*.
I'll go count out the money; and this *Pſeudolus*
Shall find I'll have my quirk, as well as he.
[*Exit.*

V. 9. *He outdoes* Trojan Dolon *and* Ulyſſes.]. *Dolon* was a *Trojan* noted for ſwiftneſs. He came into the *Grecian* camp as a ſpy, and was taken by *Ulyſſes*; when, having, in hopes of ſaving his life, made a diſcovery of the deſigns of the *Trojans*, was by him ſlain to prevent his telling more tales.

Sic tamen et ſpreto noctiſque hoſtiſque periclo,
Anſum eadem, quæ nos, Phrygia *de gente* Dolona
Interimo: non ante tamen, quam cuncta coegi
Prodere, et edidici quid perfida Troja *pararet.*
OVID. *Metam.* Lib. xiii. V. 243.

The danger of the foe, and night deſpis'd,
I *Dolon* then a counter ſcout ſurpriz'd;
Nor him, till I had ſearch'd his boſom, ſlew,
Informed what perfidious *Troy* would do— SANDYS.

Limiers tells us, that *Douza* ſuppoſes that *Ballio* is meant by *Dolon*, and *Simo* by *Ulyſſes*. But we rather think that by *Ulyſſes*, is meant *Pſeudolus*; and that for two reaſons: firſt, becauſe it is *Pſeudolus* and not *Simo*, who had impoſed upon *Ballio*; and the ſecond, in order to preſerve the analogy of the ſpeech, and the juſtneſs of the compariſon.

*** *Pſeudolus* having met with a perſon proper for the execution of his project, in perſonating *Harpax*, enters, followed by the ſaid perſon, whoſe name was *Simia*, diſguiſed like *Harpax*; to whom he gives the proper inſtructions, which are by the counterfeit properly received, who ſhews himſelf to be a very adroit, clever fellow. Having received his commiſſion, he is going to find out *Ballio*; but is prevented by his coming out from his own houſe, himſelf; and is preſented by the Counterfeit, with the letter and the ring from the *Macedonian* captain, which the pandar acknowledges; and after ſome queſtions, which he very adroitly anſwers, he takes him with him into the houſe in order to de-

liver up *Phœnicium* to him. *Pſeudolus* ſtands apart all this time, watching the ſucceſs of his enterprize; and thinking that the counterfeit *Harpax*, was rather tedious in his return, his uneaſineſs ſupplies matter for a ſoliloquy, which makes the third Scene. In the fourth Scene, *Simia* the Counterfeit having had *Phœnicium* delivered up to him, enters with her in tears; for as ſhe knew nothing of the trick, ſhe ſuppoſed herſelf really in the hands of the *Macedonian* captain. But ſhe is ſoon undeceived, by being told ſhe is going to be in the power of her dear *Calidorus*. They all quit the ſtage: When in the fifth Scene, *Ballio* enters, rejoicing that he has now, as he thinks, put it out of *Pſeudolus*'s power to impoſe upon him. And on *Simo*'s appearing in the ſixth Scene, he inſtantly communicates the joyful news to him; and that there was now no fear of *Pſeudolus*'s playing his tricks with him. On ſeeing a perſon entering, they ſtand apart. This perſon was the true *Harpax*; who, impatient of the coming of *Pſeudolus*, whom he imagined to be *Syrus*, to tell him of *Ballio*'s being at home, begins the ſeventh Scene, with a ſoliloquy to that purpoſe. The procurer viewing him nearer, ſuppoſes him to be an impoſtor ſent by *Pſeudolus*. On this ſuppoſition, he banters him for ſome time, in order to take an advantage of having the money which he is ſuppoſed to be bringing to him. But at laſt he finds out, that he himſelf is the dupe of his own credulity; that inſtead of being an impoſtor, he is the true *Harpax* who was ſent to carry off *Phœnicium*; and that the other was the counterfeit, who had been beforehand with him. And what was more perplexing was this; that beſides the money which he was to return to the *Macedonian* captain, he was alſo to pay the twenty minæ to *Simo*, according to their agreement. On this *Ballio* goes off, and *Harpax* follows him; leaving *Simo* alone: which makes the eighth Scene. He comforts himſelf with the thoughts of the money which he is to give to *Pſeudolus*, in hopes of receiving the ſame from *Ballio*, who is the only victim in this affair. The good man is ſo well ſatisfied to ſee the pandar duped, and ſo amazed at the ſly conduct of *Pſeudolus*, that he determines to ſeek him out in order to reward him for it. The time required for him to do this, fills up the fourth interval.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter PSEUDOLUS, *drunk, with a wreath on his head.*

PSEUDOLUS.

HOW's this? [*ſtaggering.*] And is it ſo? Will you ſtand ſtill
My feet, or not?—Or would you I lie here,
And ſome one pick me up?—If I do fall,
By *Hercules!* the fault is all your own.
And will ye on?—Ah! I muſt now ſit down—
There is in this ſame wine a horrid fault;
It lays you firſt by the heels—A ſubtle wreſtler!

V. 5. —*I muſt now ſit down.*] The common editions read, *Ah! ſæviendum eſt mihi. I ſhall be angry with you. Juſtus Lipſius,* from an old MSS. of *Roverius,* inſtead of *ſæviendum,* read *ſedendum.* His words are theſe:

Cum enim pulchrè madidus Pſeudolus *introducatur, nec vini vim pedes penitus ſuſtinerent; quis non videt* ſedendi *verbum huic ſententiæ eſſe—* *Ant. Lect.* Lib. v. cap. 9.

When *Pſeudolus* is to be introduced half drunk, ſo that his feet can ſcarce ſupport him, who does not ſee that the proper reading ſhould be *ſedendum, I muſt ſit down.*

V. 7. *It lays you firſt by the heels—*]

Et paſſo Pſythia *utilior, tenuiſque* Lageos
Tentatura pedes olim, vincturaque linguam.
VIRGIL. *Geor.* Lib. ii. V. 93.

Beſt are *Pſythian* when by *Phœbus* dry'd;
Thin is *Lageos'* penetrating tide,
By which the faultring tongue, and ſtaggering feet are try'd.
WARTON.

Ibid. —*A ſubtle wreſtler!*] It is the art of a wreſtler, to get his feet under thoſe of his adverſary, ſo trip up his heels and

Now 'troth I've fairly got my fill, and left them,
Delicious feaſting!—delicate fine living!—
So rarely in ſo rare a place receiv'd!——
But what need many words?—'Tis this makes men
In love with life—Here every pleaſure, here
Each grace [*Uh!*] Ay, next the life the gods live ſurely.
Here when the lover claſps his miſtreſs' waiſt,
Joins lip to lip, and preſſes breaſt to breaſt——
Where the white hand puts round the luſcious cup
To [*Uh!*]—friendly friendſhip—Where none holds his neighbour
In hate or envy—or in ſenſeleſs prate.
Ointments, perfumes—ribbons and feſtal wreaths—
Nor was the reſt ſerv'd niggardly—So aſk

give him a fall. This was called in *Latin ſubplantare*, from *ſub* and *planta*, *to put one's feet under thoſe of another.*

V. 16. —*the white hand*—] After this a ſentence is omitted.

V. 19. *ribbons*—] The original is, *lemniſcos*; which *Feſtus* tells us, were purple ribbons wrapped round one another, and hanging down from the wreaths, which the antients wore on their heads, at their entertainments, and on their days of feſtivity.

Craſſus *dives, primus argento auroque folia imitatus, ludis ſuis coronas dedit. Acceſſeruntque et lemnici, quos adjici ipſarum coronarum honos erat propter* Hetruſcas, *quibus jungi niſi aurei non debebant.*

PLINII. *Nat. Hiſt.* Lib. xxi. Cap. 3.

Craſſus the rich was the firſt man, who at the ſolemn games and plays which he ſet out in *Rome*, gave away in a brave ſhew, chaplets of gold and ſilver, reſembling lively flowers, and leaves of herbs. Afterwards, ſuch coronets were adorned with ribbons alſo, and theſe were added as pendants thereto for more honour and ſtate. PHILEMON HOLLAND.

From this paſſage, it ſhould ſeem, that all wreaths had not theſe pendant ribbons, but thoſe that were worn by people of diſtinction. GRONOVIUS.

No queſtions.—Thus I, and young maſter ſpent
This day luxurioufly:—my taſk all finiſh'd
Quite to my mind, and all my foes diſpers'd.
Feaſting, carouſing, wenching have I left them,
With each his laſs, and mine among the reſt,
Indulging every one his heart and ſoul.
When I roſe up, they begg'd of me [*Uh*] to dance:
And thus---I bore me; to convince them all
'Twas done by art---For at the *Ionic* ſtep
I am a dab---But having on a cloak,

V. 29. —*at the* Ionic *ſtep*—] The *Ionic* dancers and dances were remarkably wanton and indecent: for the *Ionians* were ſuppoſed to be the moſt voluptuous people in the world.

Plautus again mentions them—

Qui Ionicus *aut* Cinædicus, *qui hoc tale facere poſſiet.*
Stichus, Act V. Scene VII. v. 1.

Pſha! your *Ionic* or *Cinædic* dancers,
A fig for them——

Again—

——*me quoque velo*
Reddere, Diodorus *quam olim faciebat in* Ioniâ.
Perſa, Act V. Scene II. v. 144.

——I'm willing to repeat the dance
Which *Diodorus* in *Ionia* made.

Horace alſo mentions the ſame.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, et fingitur artubus
Jam nunc, et inceſtos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui. *Carm.* Lib. ii. Od. vi. V. 21.

Behold a ripe and melting maid,
Bound 'prentice to the wanton trade.
Ionian artiſts at a mighty price,
Inſtruct her in the myſteries of vice,
What nets to ſpread; where ſubtle baits to lay,
And with an early hand, they form'd the temper'd clay.
Earl of Roscommon.

This

This way I mov'd in fun---Some clapp'd and roar'd,
I ſhould return---Then thus I took a roll
Up to my love, that ſhe might cuddle me---
When, as I turn'd, down flounc'd I---There, be ſure
An elegy was ſung to all our fun.
Aiming to riſe---So!---Now again, I've nearly
Bedawb'd my cloak---Then, there was mirth in plenty---
Upon my downfall---Strait, a cup of wine---
And down it went---Then I but chang'd my cloak,
And laid aſide the other---And came here
To---[*Uh.*]---eaſe my ſtomach after my debauch.
From my young maſter come I to my old one,
Juſt to remind him of his bargain ſtruck---
Here! Open, open---Somebody tell *Simo*,
That I am here——

SCENE II.

Enter SIMO *and* BALLIO.

SIM. 'Tis a ſad raſcal's voice
That calls me forth---But what's this? How! What would you?
And may I truſt my eyes?---

V. 35. *—an elegy was ſung—*] The original is, *id fuit nænia.* There are many ſignifications of the word *nænia:* but it means in this place a mournful ſong, ſung at funerals; and, as that was only made uſe of when life was over, it ſignified here, that *Pſeudolus's* fall put an end to the entertainment. *Limiers* from *Boxhornius.*

We meet with the word again in *Plautus* in the ſame ſenſe.

Huic homini amanti mea hera, apud nos dixit næniam de bonis.
Truculentus, Act II. Scene I. v. 3.

My miſtreſs once had ſung her funeral dirge
To this gallant's eſtate.——

PSEU. Truſt them---'Tis I---
Your *Pſeudolus*--And with a garland--[*Uh!*] drunk--
SIM. Troth, free and eaſy this---But how he ſtands!
Does he then fear me?---But I am thinking, whether
To treat him with ſeverity or mildneſs---
No, I muſt uſe no violence at preſent,
As I pretend my hope is all in him!
PSEU. Behold the worſt ſalutes the beſt of men!
SIM. Heaven bleſs thee, *Pſeudolus!* [PSEU. *belches.*]
Foh!---Curſe thee rather.
PSEU. What ails me thus to toſs ſo? [*Uh.*]
SIM. Pox! what ails you
To belch juſt in my face?
PSEU. Nay, ſoftly, Sir---
Hold me a little up, for fear I---[*Uh!*]---fall---
'Tis a ſtrange thing, you ſee not I am [*Uh.*] drunk---
SIM. What impudence is this?---To go about
Drunk, with a wreath; and in broad day-light too?
PSEU. It is my pleaſure---
SIM. Is it too your pleaſure,
Thus to perſiſt in belching in my face?
PSEU. A belch is comfortable! [*Uh.*] Indulge me, Sir---
SIM. I verily believe this hang-dog here
Could drain the *Maſſick* hills, however fertile,

V. 4. —*with a garland*—]. It has been often mentioned in the courſe of theſe notes, that the *Romans* at their entertainments wore a wreath or garland of flowers on their heads. See in particular *Amphitryon*, Act IV. Scene I. v. 23. Vol. I. of this tranſlation, and the note to V. 18.—*with a wreath*, which ſlaves were not permitted to wear.

V. 22. —*the* Maſſick *hills*—]. The *Maſſick* hills were famous for vines; and the wine made there was highly eſteemed by the *Romans*.

Of four years vintage, in an hour's carouſal---
PSEU. A winter hour; put that in---
SIM. You ſay well---
But ſay, whence bring you your o'erladen veſſel?
PSEU. E'en now I've had a bout with my young maſter.
But, Sir---How finely *Ballio*'s taken in?
Did I not ſay, how I would do his buſineſs?
SIM. A ſneering raſcal!---Does he laugh at me?
PSEU. I have done it---And the girl may with your ſon,
Live a free woman---[*Uh.*]

Romans. They are ſituated in the kingdom of *Naples*, on the *Tuſcan* ſea. They were alſo called *Falernian* hills; and *Falernian* wine we often meet with celebrated by the ancients. There is at this time a hill called in *Italian*, *Monte Maſſico*.

——*vertunt felicia* Baccho
Maſſica *qui raſtris*—— *Virgil. Æn.* Lib. vii. V. 725.

Where *Maſſic* hills produce the generous wine. PIT.

Eſt qui nec veteris pocula Maſſici,
Nec partem ſolido demere de die
Spernit, nunc viridi membra ſub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput ſacræ.
Horat. Carm. Lib. i. Od. 1.

Old *Maſſic* wine regales the taſte
Of him, who half the day can waſte,
Beneath the fragrant myrtle's ſhade,
Or by a ſacred fountain laid— DUNCOMBE.

V. 24. —*a winter hour*—] The *Romans* divided the ſummer days as well as the winter ones into twelve hours, and the nights the ſame. Conſequently the hours were longeſt in ſummer days and in winter nights. To this *Plautus* alludes. *You would*, (ſays *Simo*) *drink a whole year's vintage from off the* Maſſic *hills, tho' e'er ſo fertile, in an hour—Yes*, (ſays *Pſeudolus*) *even tho' that hour was a winter one.* This adds to the hyperbole. GRONOVIUS.

SIM.

SIM. I have heard all in order.

PSEU. Give me the money then without delay.--

SIM. I can't deny your right to it---Take your money---

PSEU. But once you ſaid, you'd never give it me.--
You do, tho'---Come, load me this fellow's ſhoulders, [*meaning* BALLIO's.]
And with it, follow me in here---

SIM. I load him!

PSEU. Load him---I know you will---

SIM. What's to be done
With this ſame beaſt?---He takes my money here,
And laughs at me beſides---

PSEU. Woe to the vanquiſh'd!---
Then turn about your ſhoulder---There---

V. 39. *Woe to the vanquiſh'd!*] *Væ victis.* A proverbial expreſſion, the original of which is thus related by LIVY.

Jactantibus obſcurè Gallis, *haud magna mercede ſe adduci poſſe, ut obſidionem relinquant. Tum ſenatus habitus, tribuniſque militum negotium datum, ut paciſcerentur. Inde inter* Q. Sulpicium *tribunum militum et* Brennum *regulum* Gallorum, *colloquio tranſacta res eſt, et mille pondo auri pretium populi gentibus mox imperaturi factum. Rei fœdiſſimæ per ſe, adjecta indignitas eſt. Pondera ab* Gallis *allata iniqua, et tribuno recuſante, additus ab inſolente* Gallo *ponderi gladius: auditaque intoleranda* Romanis *vox,* VÆ VICTIS *eſſe.*

Lib. v. Cap. 48.

The *Gauls* likewiſe gave diſtinct hints, that they would raiſe the ſiege for a ſmall ranſom. With that, the ſenate met; and gave the military tribunes power to make an accommodation, which was concluded in a conference between *Q. Sulpicius*, the military tribune, and *Brennus*, general of the *Gauls*; and a thouſand pounds weight of gold was to be the price to be paid for a people who were ſoon to command the univerſe. This was in itſelf a ſhameful capitulation; but the *Gauls* ſuperadded another mark of indignity. They brought falſe weights; and when the tribune

BAL. Alas!
Alas! I never thought to ſee the day,
That I ſhould be a ſuppliant to thee.
PSEU. Have done---
BAL. I ſuffer---
PSEU. And 'tis well thou doſt---
I ſhould if thou didſt not---
BAL. How, *Pſeudolus!*
And will you take this money of your maſter?
PSEU. Aſſuredly, with all my heart and ſoul.
BAL. And have you not the heart to favour me
With ſome abatement?---
PSEU. Now you'll ſay I'm ſtingy---
But, you ſhall ne'er the richer be for me.
You'd ne'er had pity on my back to-day,
If I had fail'd.---
BAL. And if I live, a time
Will come, to be reveng'd---
PSEU. Why threaten ſo?
My back is at your ſervice---
BAL. Very well---
PSEU. Then come along---
BAL. And why along with you?
PSEU. Along, I ſay---You'll find I ſpeak the truth.
BAL. Along then---
PSEU. Ay, to take a rouſe with me.
BAL. Muſt I go in?---

refuſed them, their haughty monarch threw his ſword into the ſcale, and was heard to ſay, WOE TO THE VANQUISHED! an expreſſion altogether inſupportable to the *Romans*.

This *Pſeudolus* applies, not without humour, to the procurer.

PSEU.

PSEU. Do as I order you.
Go in; and you ſhall have the money with me,
Or more---
BAL. I go then---Lead me where you will.
PSEU. Well, *Simo*, are you angry with me now,
Or with your ſon, for what has paſs'd to day?
SIM. Not in the leaſt---
PSEU. [*to* BAL.] This way---
BAL. I follow you.
But the ſpectators---You invite them too?
PSEU. By *Hercules!* they ne'er invited me,
And ſo I will return the compliment.
But if, with approbation and applauſe,
[*to the ſpectators.*
You grace our Actors and our Comedy,
I aſk you all——to come to it to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

V. 68. —*to come to it to-morrow.*—] It is not impoſſible but *Ben Jonſon* may have had this in his eye in the concluſion of his *Alchemiſt*.

——This pelf
Which I have got, if you do quit me, reſts
To feaſt you often, and invite new gueſts.

*** *Pſeudolus* had been during this time at a debauch with his young maſter, who was celebrating the ſucceſs of his ſervant's rogueries, and the deliverance of his miſtreſs into his hands, with a chearful glaſs. But, as it was not enough to have had their deſign on the procurer ſucceed, unleſs they got from *Simo* the money he had promiſed, this is the buſineſs of this Act. It is opened by *Pſeudolus*, drunk; who in a ſoliloquy, expatiates in a pompous manner on the pleaſant ſcene he and his maſter had juſt been preſent at. In the ſecond Scene, he is joined by *Simo* and *Ballio*; when, addreſſing himſelf to his old maſter *Simo*, he gets of him the money he was engaged to pay. And this, with the uſual addreſs to the ſpectators, ſoliciting their applauſe, concludes this Comedy; which, if the commendations beſtowed upon it by the ancients, and the confirmation of the ſame by modern com-

commentators, are of weight, muſt ſtand in the firſt rank of all the Comedies of our author. On the authority of *Cicero*, we muſt ſuppoſe that its author entertained a very high opinion of it; though he mentions it not himſelf, as he has done his *Epidicus*.

Etiam EPIDICUM, *quam ego fabulam æquè ac me ipſum amo,*
Nullam æquè invitus ſpecto, ſi agit Pellio——
Bacchides, Act II. Scene III. v. 36.

Tho' as myſelf I love EPIDICUS,
No Play diſguſts me more, when *Pellio* acts
The part.——

Cicero's words are theſe——

Quam gaudebat bello ſuo Punico, Nævius! *quam* Truculento Plautus, *quam* Pſeudolo—— *De Senectute*, Sect. 14.

How did *Nævius* exult in his Poem on the *Punic* war! What joy had *Plautus* in his *Truculentus*, and in his *Pſeudolus*——

A. Gellius ſpeaks of it as *Comœdia feſtiviſſima*, a moſt entertaining Comedy—Thus far the ancients—

Camerarius, a modern commentator, ſays of it,

Pſeudoli *argumentum eſt varium et plane mirificum.*

The incidents of *The Pſeudolus* are diſpoſed with variety, and in a manner confeſſedly admirable.

Douza calls it *Ocellus Fabularum* Plauti, the pearl of all the Comedies of *Plautus*—

And *Gruter* ſays,

Ubi deſcribitur Pſeudolus, *puto ibi depingi ipſum* Plautum. *Nam ubi id faceret potius, quam in fabulâ ſibi acceptiſſima*—

When *Pſeudolus* is deſcribed, I cannot but think *Plautus* intended *himſelf*. For in what Play ſhould he be more likely to be ſuppoſed to do it, than in one the moſt approved of by himſelf?

This alludes to a paſſage in Act IV. Scene VII. v. 146 of this tranſlation; to which, and the note upon it, the reader is referred.

We have met with, and read with great pleaſure, a very elegant tranſlation of this Comedy into *Italian* verſe, by *Giuſeppe Torelli*, dedicated to the Duke of *Mancheſter*. It is printed in *Florence*, 1765, and called *Il Pſeudolo*. The original is printed with it, at the bottom of the page.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018